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THE
OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

THE
OLD WORLD AND THE NEW;
OR,
A JOURNAL
OF
REFLECTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS
MADE ON
A TOUR IN EUROPE.

BY THE REV. ORVILLE DEWEY,
LATE OF NEW BEDFORD, U. S.

IN ONE VOLUME.

LONDON:
SIMMS AND M'INTYRE,
ALDINE CHAMBERS, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
AND DONEGALL-STREET, BELFAST.

1844.

BELFAST :
PRINTED BY SIMMS AND M'INTYRE.

TO
FRANCIS BOOTT, M.D.
of London,
THE FOLLOWING PAGES
ARE AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED,
BY HIS FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

A FEW words will explain the title and purpose of these volumes. They are not offered to the public as an Itinerary; and for the sake of anything which they contain of that kind, they would not have been published. But on returning to his native country, the author felt a desire which before he had not anticipated, to offer to his countrymen some of the thoughts which the Old World had suggested to his mind concerning the New. It seemed to him that every traveller to the Old World stood on a vantage-ground for surveying the institutions, customs, and character of his own country, which might entitle the results of his observation to some regard. There are many subjects of this nature, which the spectacle of the Old World will force upon the most negligent attention: such as manners, national health, amusements, churches and church establishments, the Catholic religion, the cultivation of the arts, and the many and momentous questions in politics which are now agitating the civilized world, and which press with peculiar weight upon our own country. It was the author's first intention to collect and expand the scattered hints on these and other general topics which he found in his journal, and to publish them in a small volume of essays. But, as observation may lend weight to reflection—as the scene may impart some interest to the sentiments which it awakened—he has thought fit, instead of presenting those reflections and sentiments in an abstract form, to embody them in a general narrative of his tour.

It is only necessary to add, in order to explain the style of address which may occasionally appear in these pages, that they were written for, and sent, parcel by parcel, to his friends at home.

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JOURNAL.

CHAPTER I.

PASSAGE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC—THE OLD WORLD—LIVERPOOL—MANNERS OF SERVANTS—STAGE COACHES—CHESTER—EATON HALL—NORTH WALES—CONWAY—MENAI BRIDGE—CAERNARVON—LLANBERIS—SCENERY OF WALES—GENERAL REMARKS.

June 24, 1833.—Only sixteen days from New York, and we are entering St. George's Channel. A gentle west wind took us up as we left the harbour of New York, and has borne us all the way across the Atlantic without once frowning upon us, or once deserting us (but for twenty hours), and all this, with less motion of the ship than I have more than once experienced in passing through Long Island Sound. I have been frequently reminded of the phrase which seamen often apply to it—"the great pond;" but I do not relish that familiarity with the mighty element. On the contrary, I am yet true to the landsman's feeling about the sea; and it seems to me as if I had passed over some mysterious realm of undefined extent and unknown peril. Nor yet for the landsman's feeling do I propose to take any shame to myself; in truth I would not lose it. Well do I remember how—often and often in my boyhood—I used to put my ear to the conch shell, the only object I had then seen from the ocean shore, and imagined—nay, I believed, that I heard the sound of its eternal winds and waves yet lingering in that mysterious shell. I do not believe that anything in this world can ever give me a more awful feeling of the sublime, than did that sound. And the idea that I should yet traverse that "world of waters" from which it came, involved something fearful, if not impossible, as would now the project of a passage to a distant planet.

In this all-knowing, un-wondering, matter-of-fact age, men cross the ocean, I believe, with as much indifference as they pull on their boots for a day's journey. But not so, I confess, have I crossed it, nor would I. A sense, as of some unfathomable mystery, has haunted me from day to day.

"And loose along the world of waters borne,"

is a fine line of Montgomery's, and conveys something of the vague and vast, in idea, which naturally comes over one, in such circumstances. What a strange thing is it, to step from the "sure and firm-set earth"

to the unstable element—to feel that divorce from all former possessions and familiar objects; from the fields, and the mountains, and the solid world—to be borne on the wings of the wind, on, on, day after day, day after day, and to reach no shore—to hear, night after night, rushing by one's very pillow, the deep, dark, fathomless sea!

And yet there is a strange mixture of things, too, in a life at sea, and on board of one of these magnificent packets. Reality and romance react upon each other, making both more strange. We have been sailing upon the dread and boundless ocean, naturally associated with none but ideas of difficulty and danger. And yet here is a saloon,* more splendid in its cabinet-work and whole finishing than any private apartment, perhaps, in our native land; here are a luxurious table and attentive servants; here, upon that tremendous element, one wave of which, could it put forth its power, would dash us in pieces, are groups of people easy and unconcerned—some are reading, some conversing, some singing, some engaged in amusements—sports and games: at night, all retire to their chambers in this floating palace; in the morning, they meet, and greet one another at the breakfast table, as if it were a large party on a visit in the country.

The grandeur of the ocean on our first getting out of sight of land, seemed to me something greater than I had felt before—the whole circle around boundless; it was, compared with looking off from the shore, like embracing in one comprehensive act of mind, the eternity past and to come. Yet I defy anybody, not thoroughly accustomed to the sea, to feel much of its grandeur after thought, imagination, feeling, sensation, have been rocked into that indiscrible state of ennui, disquiet, discomfort, and inertness, which the sea often produces. No; let me look off from some headland, or out from some quiet nook of the fast-anchored earth, to feel the grandeur or to enjoy the romance of the sea.

I wonder that nobody has talked, or written, or sung, or satirized, about this horrible discomfort of a sea voyage. It is said that Cato repented only of three things during his life—"to have gone by sea when he could go by land, to have passed a day inactive, and to have told a secret to his wife." I will not discuss the other points with the old stoic, but with the first I certainly have the most perfect sympathy. It is not sea-sickness; I have had none of it: but it is a sickness of the sea, which has never, that I know, been described. It is a tremendous ennui, a complete inaptitude to all enjoyment, a total inability to be pleased with anything. Nothing is agreeable—neither eating nor drinking, nor walking nor talking, nor reading nor writing; nor even is going to sleep an agreeable process, and waking is perfect misery. I am speaking of my own experience, it is true, and others find a happier fortune upon the sea; but, I believe that it is the experience of a *class*, not much less unhappy than the most miserable victims of sea-sickness.

June 25.—We are sailing slowly up St. George's Channel. It really almost requires an act of faith, to feel that in sixteen days we have reached the Old World; that yonder is the coast of Ireland, and there, on the right, is Snowdon in Wales. As we move on silently, borne along by an invisible power, it seems as if this were a spectre ship; and

* The George Washington.

the surrounding objects, a dream. The stillness and mystery of expectation come over one's mind like a spell—for this, indeed, is the mighty gateway to the Old World, and the misty curtain before us is about to burst asunder, and to turn the visions of a whole previous life into reality! If I were approaching the coast of Kamtschatka, or New Holland, it would be a different thing; it would be comparatively a common-place occurrence; but here is the birthplace of my language, of my mind's nurture—the world where my thoughts have lived, my father-land—and yet strange and mysterious as if it were the land of some pre-existent being!

The Old World!—my childhood's dream—my boyhood's wonder—my youth's study—I have read of the wars of grim old kings and barons, as if they were the wars of titans and giants—but now it is reality; for I see the very soil they trod. They come again over those hills and mountains—they fight again—they bleed, they die, they vanish from the earth. Yet other crowds come—the struggling generations pass before me; and antiquity is a presence and a power. It has a "local habitation." Its clouded tabernacle is peopled with life. Who says that the earth is cold and dead? It is written all over—its whole broad surface, every travelled path, every wave of ocean—with the story of human affections. Warm, eager life—the life of breathing generations, is folded in its mighty bosom, and sleeps there, but is not dead! Oh, world! world! what hast thou been through the long ages that have gone before us? Ay, what hast thou been? In this vast domain of old time before me, every human heart has been a world of living affections. Every soul that has lived has taken the experience of life; new and fresh, singly and alone, as if no other had ever felt it. Not in palaces only, but in the cottage, has the whole mighty problem of this wonderful humanity been wrought out. Sighings, and tears, and rejoicings, birthday gladness, and bridal joy, and clouding griefs, and death, have been in every dwelling. Gay throngs of youth have entered in, and funereal trains have come forth, at every door. Through millions of hearts on these very shores, has swept the whole mighty procession of human passions. How has it already lengthened out almost to eternity, the brief expanse of time!

LIVERPOOL, *June 26*.—On approaching the higher latitudes, one of the most remarkable things that drew my attention, was the extreme shortness of the nights. It is not quite two hours from the end of the evening twilight to the first dawn of the morning. The sun sets, I think, at about half-past eight o'clock, and rises at half-past three in the morning. A gentleman on board said that he had read in England, by twilight, at ten o'clock in the evening without difficulty.

In sailing up the Mersey, I was struck with the aspect of the fields on the bank, particularly with the various shades of green. Most of them were lighter and brighter than are usually seen in America; the deep green of our fields I could hardly find—which, to be sure, I think nothing could replace. But this may be peculiar to the banks of the Mersey. If it is common in England, I shall conclude that the incessant rains, of which one is now dropping from the willing clouds, have produced one effect upon English scenery, which I have never heard anything of in the books of travels.

The next thing to attract the attention of the stranger in ascending

the Mersey, is—the glory of Liverpool—its docks. They wall up the river on the Liverpool side, with a solid mass of masonry (hammered freestone) thirty, forty, and, in some places, fifty feet from the foundation. The wall at top appears almost wide enough for a carriage way. The basins within are filled with ships, whose tangled masts and yards gird the town on that side with a mimic forest.

The bells have rung three chimes to-day, in compliment to the anniversary of the king's coming to the throne. In our country, it would have been the discharge of cannon; but I prefer the merry bells. What a singular language of rejoicing is the thunder of those death-dealing engines! I suppose it is the noise that recommends this method; just as a barbarian king gets a great drum, or gong, to make a great noise, because he knows of no other way of testifying joy. How much fitter would it be, on a birth-day anniversary, to have a band of musicians pass through the streets and in the public places, playing appropriate airs, martial or patriotic!

The thing I admired most in Liverpool was the new cemetery, with the chapel for the burial service. It was formerly a quarry of freestone; and was dug to the depth of a hundred feet I should think, so that it is quite retired and secluded, though streets and houses are around it. The chapel is on the elevated ground at the entrance, level with the street; and not far distant is the house occupied by the officiating clergyman, who enjoys a handsome salary from the board of aldermen.

The brick of which the town is mostly built, is of the ugliest description, resembling what we call fire-brick, and is besides so begrimed with smoke, that the town presents a very dingy and dismal appearance.

One of the first things that strikes the American stranger as he lands on the shores of the Old World, is the attention and deference he receives from those classes of the people whose business it is to minister to his comfort—from innkeepers, proprietors and drivers of coaches, waiters, porters, &c. servants of all descriptions—from those, in short, the breath of whose life is in the civility of their manners. It is a strong bond for civil behaviour doubtless, this necessity of getting a livelihood, and especially in countries where a livelihood is hard to come by; and it *may* cause civility to degenerate into servility: still, were it not to be wished that something of the *manner* at least could be learned in *our* country? Not that any class among us should entertain a sense of its relation to any other class that would be degrading to it; the very contrary. There is nothing that is more incompatible with a just self-respect, than the manners of a churl. No man really respects himself who is guilty of discourtesy to others. The waiter who brings me my dinner, and stands behind my chair while I eat it, very commonly shows in his frank and easy bearing, as much self-respect as I myself can feel. And the coachman who, when I ask him to give me a seat on the box with him, touches his hat as he answers, seems to me a far more respectable person than the stage driver of our country, who often answers with a surly indifference, as if he did not care whether you sat there, or sat anywhere at all. Both the coachman and the waiter are looking to you for a gratuity, it is true, in payment for their attentions; but it is a fair compact, and degrading to neither party. And for my part, I am as willing to pay for civility as for my dinner.

One would like to buy not only his dinner, but some reasonable chance of digesting it; and that is hard to do, when one has to digest slovenliness, negligence, and ill manners besides.

CHESTER, *July 2*.—It is so cold to-day, that I have ridden with a surtout and Indian-rubber great-coat over it, and have been scarcely comfortable. To be sure, it was on the outside of the coach—the only side, for my part, that I ever wish to see. The hand of prescription is heavy upon many things in England, small as well as great; they do here as their fathers did, in far more respects than we do. At least this is the only reason I can see, why they build in the centre of the coach a small, confined, dark box, with the curtains* obstinately fastened down, and cushioned indeed, so that they are never rolled up even in the hottest day of summer; and in addition to this inconvenience, the only chance of seeing the country is a loophole view through the window.

There are few sensations more agreeable—I believe I am nearly repeating Johnson—than those with which one sets off on an excursion of a fine morning, seated on the top of an English stage coach; the horses clothed in plated harness, burnished to the brightness of gold; the guard, seated on the back part of the coach, taking all care of baggage off your hands, and at the same time regaling your ears with a lively strain of music from his bugle; and the coachman—truly he deserves a separate paragraph. No mortal charioteer ever gave one such a sense of security—such a well-fed, well-dressed, respectable-looking person is he, as he steps forth, amid attendant lackeys and horse-boys, in his drab breeches, white-topped boots, and with the long and graceful whip in his gloved hand—but above all, a person of such corporeal weight and substance, of such a massive and compact frame, that as he takes his seat on the coach-box, you fancy him saying to all obstacles and dangers,

“Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.”

Chester is an ancient city, with marks of antiquity in every structure and stone. The streets are channelled out of the freestone foundation rock. This makes the basement story, which is mostly used for shops. The first story above this retreats back from the street, leaving a planked sidewalk, of six or eight feet wide, while the second story again comes forward to the line of the street, thus making a covered walk over the whole city. These recesses or piazzas are full, everywhere, of queer-looking little booths, or shops, not bigger than a nutshell. The city itself looks as if it were made for “hide and go seek,” or something worse—full of corners and crannies, of a most suspicious appearance—full of narrow passages and blind alleys, leading away into darkness and obscurity.

A fine walk on the walls that surround the old city. I went to the tower on the wall, from which it is said that Charles I. beheld the rout of his army on Rowton Moor. I ascended those steps, which I

* The sides of an American stage coach are furnished with leather curtains, which in fine weather are rolled up, admitting light and air, and of a prospect in all directions.—ENG. ED.

imagined he went up that day, with eager and anxious hope, and which he came down, doubtless disappointed, dispirited, and foreboding evil; for this was a dark hour in the history of that unhappy monarch's fortunes. But how inconceivable it is, that a man, with his blood not frozen in his veins, could stand upon a wall and see his own battle fought out, beneath his very eye—himself an idle spectator!

I am not conversant with antiquities, but there seems to be evidence that Chester was anciently a Roman station. Indeed, I believe the philologists derive the name of Chester from the Latin *castra*, a camp. It is said, that there are remains of a Roman bath to be found in a cellar here; and a Roman altar was discovered near a fountain in this vicinity, in 1821. It now stands in the Marquis of Westminster's grounds, at Eaton Hall, raised on a platform of marble, taken from one of the palaces of Tiberius at Capri: so far westward did the wing of the Roman eagle stretch. This altar might have been erected to the god Terminus; but it is dedicated to the nymphs and fountains—for thus runs the inscription:—

Nymphis
et
Fontibus
Leg. XX.
V. V.

I shall not undertake any minute description of this estate and seat of the Marquis of Westminster. But conceive of a sort of township of land fifteen or twenty miles in circumference, under the most perfect cultivation, and laid out in the beautiful style of English country-grounds—broad lawns intersected by smooth roads and gravelled walks, with noble clumps, and winding belts, and majestic avenues of trees in every direction—the gardens and ornamental grounds alone employing sixty or seventy men the year round; conceive of an immense Gothic building of hammered freestone in the centre of this domain, spreading four hundred and twenty-five feet—about twenty-six rods—in front; enter this building and survey the magnificent apartments, some of them fifty feet long, and thirty-five feet in height, with gilded ceilings and painted windows, and filled with gorgeous furniture of every description; visit the chapel, large enough to accommodate a small congregation, and where daily prayers are said, during the residence of the family; go to the stables and outhouses—a little village by themselves; and then pass through the garden, filled with hothouses and conservatories, enriched with rare plants, blooming with flowers, and laden with fruits enough to supply a village; and then take into the account, that this is but one of the seats of its wealthy owner, and you may have some idea of the princely state of the Marquis of Westminster.

From the moment that you set your foot on this magnificent domain, everything reminds you that you have come within the fairy circle of wealth and taste, elegance and luxury. You enter by a pretty Gothic lodge, two or three miles from the castle. You are borne on, upon a smooth and winding road, with not one pebble to jar your carriage wheel: the edge of it as accurately defined by the bordering, smooth-shaven greensward, as if the thing were done with scissors; a fine belt of trees accompanying it on either side, at the distance of twenty or

thirty feet, and only interrupted here and there, to open to you the view of an almost boundless lawn, covered with herds of cattle and deer. When I was going through the garden, the immense quantity of fruit led me to ask the gardener who accompanied me, what was done with it; "for," I said, "you cannot possibly eat it at the castle; do you sell it, then?" The man drew himself up, and said, "Oh no, sir, nothing is sold from this garden." "Well, then," I said, "what is done with it?" "It is sent in presents to my lord's tenants," was the reply. A very pleasant way, doubtless, for my lord to make himself agreeable to his tenants! There must be something good and grateful in a relation that leads to acts of kindness like this. And the corresponding deference and gratitude of the tenantry may, doubtless, in a certain state of society, have their uses, and proprieties, and beauties. But is there no danger of servility on the one hand, or of tyranny on the other? And do not fixed conditions like these of lord and tenant, necessarily tend to prevent, in the lower classes, the fair expansion of character? I certainly do not believe in the expediency of such a state of social relations; and yet, when I have seen those in our country—they are not the many—whom *fee simple* and freedom have taught to respect nothing but their own importance, I have thought it had been better for them to have been tenants of an English landlord. If men will not reverence anything higher, then let them reverence the Marquis of Westminster!

BANGOR, *July 3, 1833.*—On the road to Bangor are Holywell and St. Asaphs, not remarkable, except as all these Welsh towns seem to me remarkable, for ugliness; built without any order; the streets narrow; scarcely any sidewalks; the houses mostly small, dingy, brick buildings; and yet, every now and then, is seen some singular, picturesque-looking house, with its walls covered with ivy or vines, and with shrubs, roses, &c. about the door and in the windows—redeeming features in the scene, and indications of that diversity of provisions for the gratification of taste, which is so much more striking in the Old World than in ours, and of tastes too that rise above physical wants.

But Conway is really worth seeing. It is an old walled town—the wall still standing, with twenty-four circular towers in very good preservation. The castle of Edward I. in ruins, flanked by four immense round towers, is a sublime object. This castle, which also "frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood," brought to mind Gray's ode, where the ghosts of the ancient Welsh harpers are represented as hurling down anathemas upon the "ruthless king." Time has executed the anathema upon the building itself, for the grass is growing upon the tops of the towers.

THE MENAI BRIDGE.—Who could ever have thought of calling a *bridge* sublime? And yet that is actually the impression made by the Menai Bridge. It is very different, to be sure, from the sublimity of castles or cathedrals; it never, perhaps, can have the sublime of association—a battle, indeed, might give it; but this structure has a grandeur of its own. It bestrides an arm of the sea—connecting Anglesea with the mainland. It is an hundred feet from the water. The part suspended is 550 feet in length. The arches and towers are masses of masonry as stupendous as the Roman aqueducts.

The sole material of the part suspended is iron. As I approached it

—it was towards evening—I could see nothing but the towers. And when you distinguish the fine delicate tracery of the iron chains and supporters, it seems as if it were nothing but gauze or cobweb, compared with the mighty masses of masonry on which it rests. The vehicles travelling over it look as if they were suspended in the air. I went down to the shore below, and as I looked up, it seemed to span a whole third part of the heavens. A celebrated lady,* since dead, in speaking of this stupendous work, said, that she first saw it from the Isle of Anglesea, so that it was relieved against the lofty mountains of North Wales; and she added in a strain of eloquent and poetical comparison familiar to her, that “Snowdon seemed to her a fit back-ground for the Menai Bridge.”

July 4.—To-day I made an excursion down to Caernarvon, through the pass of Llanberis, to Capel Carig (Kerrig) and back again to Bangor, and on to Holyhead.

At Caernarvon is another old castle of Edward I. in ruins: the town, too, like Conway, is surrounded by a wall with towers. The walls of the castle are very thick, in some places ten feet. I should judge the space enclosed must be 1500 by 150 feet. There are several huge towers, one of which I ascended to the top: the stone steps much worn. It consisted of two walls, with narrow, dark passages all around between them. On the inner wall, abutments on which the beams and floors of the successive stories were supported, were evident; and also the fire-places. An anteroom to one of these central apartments (about twelve by seven feet), was pointed out as the birthplace of Edward's son, the first Prince of Wales. It was thus, as history says, and Welsh tradition still holds, that Edward the I. claimed the promise which he had obtained of these intractable mountaineers, that they would submit to a native-born prince.

This is indeed a place in which to muse and moralize. Who can look upon the humblest hearthstone of a ruinous and deserted cottage, such as I have sometimes seen, even in our own country—our only ruins—without reading on it the whole history of human affections? The hearthstone seems everywhere like a tablet of the heart. But here kings and nobles have come, with the tramp of horses, and the blast of trumpets, and the ringing of armour. Here proud men have bid defiance, and brave men have died. Here fair women have mingled in feast and song, or started and turned pale, at the summons of the besieger's horn. And now all is silent and desolate. Grass overgrows the court-yard, and waves from the tops of the walls and towers. The birds build nests in these turrets, and chirp about them as if they were grand old places for aviaries; and the visiter comes, not to feast, but to meditate. What different scenes have passed here! what thoughts have been revolved around these lonely, deserted, and scarce discerned firesides! what affections have here kindled, and glowed, and withered, and faded away! what footsteps have been upon these rough stairs! Enough! they have been the footsteps of *men*! Light and joyous hearts had they borne, though they had not been the hearts of princes. And heavy hearts had they borne, though they had not been carried wounded and bleeding from the battle strife.

* Mrs. Hemans.

Everything about this old castle shows the purpose for which, mainly, it was constructed; small apertures rather than windows, out of which arrows, or other missives could be thrown, and opening inward to a space in the wall large enough for a warder to stand in; three or four narrow loopholes on each side of the great gate of entrance, for the purpose of reconnoitring those who approached; and inside of the gate, the groove in which the portcullis slid up and down.

I am satisfied that in order to gain any approach to an idea of these things, without seeing them, one must not be content with barely reading the description, but must lay down the measurement upon some familiar spot. For instance, the walls of this castle, I judged from a rough measurement, to be two hundred rods in circuit; and they are nearly eight feet thick, and perhaps thirty feet high; and the principal tower may be ninety or one hundred feet high, and fifty feet in diameter. So of the Menai Bridge, or of Eaton Hall. I am sure I got a far more impressive idea of Niagara falls, and probably far more just, by laying it down on a landscape three quarters of a mile in extent, and then conceiving a precipice of one hundred and sixty feet in height, and an ocean pouring over it.

Except the sublimest, I suppose that every description of mountain scenery is to be found in Wales; unless it be, also, the contrast of hills and mountains to the perfect levels of our New England intervals and river banks—like which I have seen nothing. The pass of Llanberis and the road from Capel Carig are almost level, while the wildest mountains rise almost from the very roadside, on either hand. There is every variety of form—steep, swelling, bald, shaggy; massy and pointed tops; sides sometimes ploughed by the mountain streams, and sometimes only seamed by the trickling rills; while around their eternal battlements and turrets, the light mist floated, every moment varying its shapes, now unveiling some stupendous ledge or crag, and then shrouding it in thick darkness. The pass of Llanberis is part of the Snowdon range; but old Snowdon himself was all day enveloped entirely in clouds.

I observed one curious effect of wind in this pass. As I was walking along the road where it is cut out of a ledge of rock, and leaves a deep defile below, I heard a noise on the lower side, as of a rushing stream chafing its base. I stepped to the wall at the roadside, and perceived that it was, not water, but wind—a mountain gust so powerful, that it was necessary to hold on my hat as I leaned over. I stepped back but four feet, and all was quiet—the air was still. I repeated the experiment several times, with the same result.

For another description of scenery in Wales, imagine something like the following: A deep dingle, sinking almost beneath you, at the roadside, with a little lane winding down through hawthorn hedges to one or two cottages half covered with ivy and overshadowed with trees; just beyond, rising and boldly swelling up from the chasm below, a noble sweep of hills, cultivated to the very top, yet not bare and naked as it probably would be in America—cultivated and rich, but studded with beautiful clumps of trees; a ploughed field sweeping gracefully around a little grove; a pasture dotted over with noble oaks; the fences on all sides verdant hedges, not always well clipped to be sure, but beautiful in the distance, &c. Now, if you will introduce on the other side,

ragged, bold, precipitous mountains, like those of the pass of Llanberis, with goats far up among the steepest ledges, quietly cropping the grass that springs among the rocks, or sleeping on the very brink, you will have a *panorama* of the scenery of North Wales.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The houses (always of stone or brick, by the bye) are commonly low, miserable habitations. I went into several—those of the cottagers and small farmers, I mean—and I never saw a wooden floor upon any of them. They were paved with stone; or more commonly not even that accommodation was afforded. The women I thought handsomer than those of England—I speak of the common people—the faces not so bold, marked, and prominent, indeed not enough so, but more delicate. This provincial or national difference of countenances is certainly very curious. I perceived it as soon as I was in Wales.

CHAPTER II.

DUBLIN—ARCHITECTURE OF CITIES—BEGGARS—ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL—
MRS. HEMANS—DROGHEDA—IRISH COTTAGES—PEAT BOGS—BELFAST—
SCENERY AND PEOPLE OF THE NORTH OF IRELAND—CARRICK-A-REDE—
GIANT'S CAUSEWAY—CASTLE OF DUNLUCE—STEAMER TO GLASGOW.

DUBLIN, *July 5, 1833.*—I am glad to get a pleasant impression of any spot in Ireland; Dublin is a fine city. It resembles Philadelphia in two respects—its regular ranges of buildings, and its fine open squares. What a pity it is, that cities, or at least streets in cities, could not, like single edifices, be built upon some regular and well-considered plan! Not that the result should be such regularity as is seen in Philadelphia or Dublin; the plan, indeed, would embrace irregularity. But there might be an arrangement, by which a block of buildings, a street, or, indeed, a whole city, might stand before us as one grand piece of architecture. If single specimens of architecture have the effect to improve, humanize, and elevate the ideas of a people, if they are a language, and answer a purpose kindred to that of literature, poetry, and painting, why may not a whole city have this effect? To secure this result, there must, I am afraid, be a power like that of the autocrat of Russia, who, I am told, when a house is built, in his royal city of St. Petersburg, which does not conform to his general plan, sends word to the owner, that he must remove that building and put up another of a certain description. But as we have not, and will not have, any such power exercised among us, I suppose we must have such cities as Boston and New York, such streets as Broadway: which is a sort of language, too, which sets forth visibly, in stone and mortar, what is the spirit that reigns in our country—the very personification of the principle of individuality—where every one builds to please himself, and pleases to build differently from his neighbour—usually a little *higher*. It is a principle that spoils a city; that it will *make a people*, is the reflection in which we must find our comfort.

But to return. Dublin is, indeed, a fine city, and filled with noble mansions and showy equipages; but alas! all is marred by this dismal-

looking population; full half that I meet in the streets, very shabbily dressed; many in rags; the boys would collect in America, and the very dogs would bark, at spectacles that pass me every moment; men and women on every side begging; women with children in their arms, imploring charity for God's sake; yes, innocent childhood is here involved in the common mass of misery, and that is the hardest of it to the spectator. Indeed, I have seldom seen anything more striking or touching, than a child sleeping in its mother's arms amid all this surrounding turmoil and distress. It is actually picturesque, if one may say so: the image of repose amid noise and turbulence; innocence amid vice and wretchedness; unconscious ease on the bosom of suffering; helplessness imploring even more pathetically than the wan and haggard features of maternal solicitude. No doubt there is a good deal of acting in this system of beggary. For instance, I saw a little girl, last evening, seated on the curbstone of the sidewalk, and holding in her arms a sleeping infant—but holding a candle at the same time so as to exhibit the infant to the best advantage. This is going on the stage pretty early. What the receipts were I do not know, but they doubtless expected to be repaid the outlay of lights and wardrobe, and something more.

It is a comfortable reflection which I have often had occasion to make, that Providence does, after all, dispense many blessings, which neither the pride nor improvidence of man can destroy. The children of the poor sleep as sound and are as merry, probably, as the children of the rich. And perhaps, after all, these splendid equipages that are passing on every side, bear as many heavy and aching hearts, as lean against the steps and balustrades by the wayside.

Everything is done here to get money. For instance, the scene in the street before the windows of my hotel, last evening, presented the two following specimens. First, a man with a hand-organ struck up, and a woman and child (his wife and daughter probably), after carefully laying down their bonnets and shawls, commenced dancing in the street, and after a variety of evolutions, they went round to the spectators to collect as many pence as they could. Next came a man with a flute, and a child apparently four or five years old was set to dancing upon stilts five feet high.

SUNDAY, P.M.—This afternoon I have heard the finest church-music by far that I have ever listened to; and the only performers were a man and two boys. It was at St. Patrick's Cathedral. The organ is the richest I ever heard. As to the ages of the children, the one of them might be ten, and the other twelve or thirteen years old. Their voices were so completely formed, that I supposed, for some time, that women were singing, and at the same time peculiarly soft, with none of that shrillness which is apt to be the fault in a woman's voice. The man's voice was a perfect organ. Amid the deepest notes of the organ, I heard it as distinctly as the diapason itself. The greatest ease characterized the whole performance, as it always does the highest music. The sermon was very well—the reading execrably bad. The prayers were sung forth in a kind of recitative tone peculiar to the cathedral worship of the church of England; for it falls short in the tone of song of that which is used in the Jewish and Romish rituals. The service, held as it was in this ancient building, beneath high Gothic arches, surrounded by ancient marble tombs and statues, by galleries of every

fashion, and carved work, curious and antique, with banners overhead, and helmets and swords hung on the walls—the service, I say, in such circumstances, seemed as if it ought to be held by no common people—but by the high-born and the high-bred—by renowned knights, or heroes going forth to battle for their country.

After attending upon the service at the cathedral, I passed the evening with Mrs. Hemans. The conversation naturally turned upon the scene I had just left, and her part in it was sustained with the utmost poetical enthusiasm. She spoke of the various accompaniments of the service, and when she came to the banners, she said, “they seemed to wave as the music of the anthem rose to the lofty arches.” I ventured here to throw in a little dash of prose—saying that I was afraid that they did not *wave*; that I wished they might, and looked up to see if they did, but could not see it. “No,” she replied with vivacity, “wave is not the word—but they thrilled—I am sure of that.” And *that*, it is very likely, something short of “the vision divine” might see. Such vision, however, this lady undoubtedly possesses. She has the genuine *afflatus*, and those who think its breathings too measured and monotonous do not consider or read her poetry in the right way. There is nothing dramatic or epic in her best poetry; it is essentially lyrical; and those who attempt to read it by the volume, as much mistake as if they should undertake to read a book of hymns, or the Psalms of David in that way. In her own chosen walk, Mrs. Hemans has few competitors in Britain, and no equal; and so long as solemn cathedrals, and ancestral halls, and lowly homes remain in England, her song will not die away.

July 8.—I have experienced to-day my first traveller’s vexation. I had fallen in with a couple of travellers in Wales, and we had agreed to go in company to the Giant’s Causeway. We had taken our passage to Belfast, for this morning, and when the coach drove up to the door of our hotel, it was so overloaded that we could not go in it. It was amusing to see the national characteristics of my companions on this occasion. The Englishman was all pride, and wrath, and decision. “I will not go in this coach!” was his reply to the apologetic coachman—“and I will be sent on! or I will apply to a magistrate and see if there is any law in Ireland.” The Frenchman appeared not a little like a *subject* under a galvanic battery; he shook his fist, and his elbows twitched, and he stammered and stuttered—saying I know not what—for I was too much amused with the muscular contractions, to take notice of anything else. The American—videlicet myself—was very calm on the occasion, and this *calmness* is said to be our national trait of manner. I understand this last observation, however, to apply only to the case of an affray or dispute.

To BELFAST, July 9.—The most remarkable town on this route is Drogheda, with a population of 25,000, and yet looking like a population of mendicants; scarcely a well-dressed man or woman in the thronged streets; but decrepitude and disease, beggary, rags, presenting themselves everywhere in frightful masses. It is almost entirely a city of mud-walled cottages, and thatched roofs; and altogether a spectacle so entirely unlike anything I ever witnessed before, or shall probably ever witness again, that I would not have failed to come and see it. Drogheda is a walled town, standing on the river Boyne, and known in

history as surrendering to William III. after the battle of Boyne. The battle was fought near this town; an obelisk, which we saw at a distance, marks the spot. William's conquest is celebrated on the twelfth of this month, by processions of the Protestants, which, being held in dislike by the Catholics, often occasion quarrels—on which account, troops are at this time ordered into the north, and we passed a regiment of them to-day. Indeed, these "grievances red-dressed" of Ireland appear everywhere in all the cities and villages.

We have passed hundreds of Irish cottages to-day; but what pen shall describe them, that does not literally bespatter the page with mire and dirt! Mud and thatch, with little light—nasty as pigstyes—ragged women and children about the door, and often the men lying down by their hovels, in laziness, filth, and rags—a horribly vile puddle always before the door, for the accommodation of the most horribly filthy animals—said animals, in the mean time, equally and worthily occupying the domicile with the human beings who inhabit it. And to complete the picture of general misery, women beggars surrounded us every time we stopped, with children in their arms, imploring charity. From the numbers of children, indeed, it would seem as if this were the most prolific country under heaven. But it may be, because none of them go to school, and all live out of doors.

The latter part of the ride, through Newry, Hillsborough, and Lisburn, has been through a beautiful and rich country, and has been, indeed, such a redeeming scene for my general impressions of Ireland, that I am most glad to have passed through it.

We have passed a number of large peat bogs. They are evidently the beds of decayed forests; for trees are constantly dug out of them. Do I remember to have read, or have I heard, that some king of England, perhaps Richard II. finding that the forests of Ireland rendered it difficult of conquest, gave to his English subjects, who would come over and settle in Ireland, as much land as they would fell the wood upon? If so, an act of destruction and tyranny laid up a treasure for the future wants of Ireland, and one almost indispensable to the existence of the people—and a treasure too, not only of materials for warming their houses, but for building them. For the trunks of those ancient forests are found in these peat bogs in such a state of preservation that they are actually valuable timber—particularly the spruce; the oak too, though not so sound.

CUSHENDALL, *July 10.*—The ride to-day, in the county of Antrim, of which indeed Belfast is the shire town, and through the villages of Carrickfergus, Larne, and Glenarm, has been delightful. The vicinity of Belfast, on this side, is rich in scenery; and the little village of Glenarm, directly under your eye and almost under your feet, as you descend the lofty hill which you pass over to reach it, with its embowering groves of trees, and the fine seat and grounds of some lord of the manor here, is a perfect charm. The road has been mostly by the sea-shore, winding around bold bluffs, and promontories, and rocky crags, and has presented many delightful views of intermingled ocean and hill or mountain scenery. Latterly, the rocky barriers of the ocean, by which I have been passing, have begun to assume something of that appearance of regular formation which I expect to see perfected at the Giant's Causeway.

This north-eastern part of Ireland was originally settled by the Scotch, and it bears a very different aspect from the southern portions of the route on which I have been passing. There is everywhere an appearance of thrift and comfort; and beggars have almost disappeared. The countenances of the people show a different origin—are more agreeable, more intelligent, more alive with expression—nay, and shorter and broader. I saw two or three schoolhouses, also, which I have scarcely met with before, on my way.

July 11. BUSHMILLS, two miles from the Giant's Causeway.—The road is through Ballycastle to this place.

Nothing, it would seem, can resist abject, deep, desperate poverty, for we have passed through two or three small villages to-day, of Scottish origin, which are, if possible, more insufferably dirty than any I have seen before, albeit Irish.

Carrick-a-Rede is about six miles on the road to the Causeway—a place of tremendous precipices by the sea; with a hanging bridge suspended on ropes over a chasm eighty feet deep, leading to a small island, where is a salmon fishery. The ropes looked very small, and very old. I inquired of the guide how old they were, and he said, many years. I advised him in conscience to inform all travellers of that fact, and promised him his task of conducting them over would be excused, as it was of performing that service for me; for I have no chances of life to throw away, when no good is to result either to myself or others. The colour of the sea-green water here, with dark masses of sea-weed interspersed, is more beautiful than I ever saw elsewhere.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.—No one should come here, without taking a boat, if the state of the water will permit, and going to see the great cavern and the Pleaskin; which are the sublime things about this wonderful work of nature. The cavern is six hundred feet long, and the arch over it, ninety feet high. The Pleaskin is the loftiest and most regular part of the gigantic ledge of basaltic rocks. One bold head or promontory advances forward perhaps a hundred and fifty feet in front of the general line of the precipice, and on each side the columns retreat in the form of an amphitheatre. There are several others indeed, but this is the most striking. There is one that sustains a rock, which is called "the Crown," but the Pleaskin cliff appears as if it were the throne of the place, supported by ranges of peers on each side; and thus it has stood out and met, unshaken, the storms of thousands of years.

After examining these spots, I went to the lower ranges of columns which rise just above the water, and landed from the boat to inspect them. They are wonderfully curious; of all sizes and shapes—from six to eighteen inches in diameter, from the triangle to the nine-sided figure—though the hexagonal form is the most common; and so exactly fitted together, that in some places the water stands on them without finding any passage down. Each column consists of many parts, as is usually seen in columns of human construction. The length of the parts varies, from six to twelve and eighteen inches, and one has been found about five feet long. To give strength to the whole mass, the articulations or joints of the columns are never in the same line, but vary—some of the blocks rise a little above others, presenting not a level but an uneven surface on the top. And furthermore, the surfaces at the

ends of the separate blocks are never plain, but convex and concave, the two kinds of surfaces always and exactly fitting into each other.

The height of the precipices upon the shore here is from three hundred and fifty to four hundred feet. The upper half only is columnar. The steamboat in which I took passage—from Portrush, three miles from the Causeway—carried us along the north coast of Ireland. The waves of the wild North Sea seem everywhere to have washed it to precipices. That of Fair Head is the most imposing cliff I have ever seen.

I must not forget to mention the ruins of the Castle of Dunluce, on this coast, a little above the Causeway. It stands upon, and completely covers, a small island which is about twenty feet from the shore, and is now permanently joined to it by a stone bridge for foot passengers. This island is itself a craggy precipice rising three hundred feet from the water, and on the very verge of the precipice stand the castle walls. How impregnable it must have been may be easily judged. And yet it was once taken by a ladder of ropes; not, however, without treachery in the garrison. It has been the scene of much romantic story in the Antrim family—this name having been conferred, with an earldom, upon the family of Dunluce. An earl of Antrim married the wife of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. The castle is in ruins of course, but the forms of the rooms, the chimney flues, &c. are preserved.

I found a usage prevailing on board the steamer which conveyed us to Glasgow, which marks the difference between English institutions and ours.* Every steamboat, stage coach, and hotel, has its aristocratic *place de reserve*. Those who occupied the quarter deck of this boat, paid, I think, four times as much for their passage, as those who stood two feet below them on the main deck. Were such an arrangement to be made in one of our boats, the end of it, I suppose, would be, that everybody would go on the quarter deck.

CHAPTER III.

SCOTLAND—A STAGE COACH CONVERSATION—EDINBURGH; ITS UNRIVALLED BEAUTY—ARTHUR'S SEAT AND SALISBURY CRAG—DIFFERENCE BETWEEN OBJECTS OF ROMANCE AND OF REAL LIFE—HOLYROOD—ST. LEONARD'S CRAG—EXCURSION TO THE HIGHLANDS—STIRLING—THE TROSSACKS—LOCH KATrine—LOCH LOMOND—HIGHLAND COTTAGE AT INVERNAID—HAMILTON—BOTHWELL BRIG—LANARK—TWEEDDALE—ABBOTSFORD—MELROSE AND DRYBURGH ABBEYS—COMPARISON BETWEEN THE PEOPLE OF SCOTLAND AND OF NEW ENGLAND.

As I took my place on the top of the coach at Glasgow for Edinburgh, I found a handsome young man seated opposite to me, a boy of twelve years, and a modest-looking Scotch girl, with eyes sparkling like diamonds, and a freckled cheek, which coloured and changed at every turn; and to whom the young gallant was evidently attempting to make himself agreeable. On the fore part of the coach sat a young fellow,

* I am told, however, that such an usage does prevail in the boats on the Mississippi.

who I soon saw was much given to ranting sentiment. We took up on the way a sturdy-looking middle-aged man, dressed in coarse but substantial broadcloth, who said, to my surprise, as he took his seat, "This is the first time I ever was on a coach." What American that ever was dressed at all, could say that? However, this made up our *dramatis personæ*; for we had a dialogue on the way, in which I took so much interest that I shall record it.

I forget how the conversation began, but I soon observed some sharp sparring between the gallant and the sentimentalist, in which the former was expressing some ideas of the strongest sceptical taint, and especially insisting that there was no life beyond the present.

"Ay," said the sentimentalist, "I know what you are; I have seen such as you before; you believe nothing, and destroy everything. Do you believe there is a *God*?"

"Oh! certainly I don't deny that," was the reply.

"Well," said the other, "you'll find there is a *God* yet, and you'll find what it is to die yet, and you'll see that after death cometh the judgment;" and he then, without much delicacy, warned the Scotch girl to beware of such a fellow.

"You may talk," said the gallant, "but you know nothing about it, and nobody knows anything about it. I know as much as you do, and that is nothing. There is a man dying! Now look at him. Everything that you know about him dies with him. His speech dies; his thoughts die; the man dies, and there is an end of him."

It was easy to see that our rustic fellow-traveller was very much shocked. He seemed never to have heard anything like this before.—He was evidently a representative of the true home-bred Scotch faith, who had duly learned his catechism in childhood, and duly attended upon the kirk ever since, and never thought there was anything to be mentioned in religion, but the kirk and catechism. He looked this way, and that way, and shifted from side to side on his seat, and at length said, without addressing any one in particular, "I am sure this man does not know what he says; he is demented I'm thinking." He then adverted to the little boy sitting by, and said that "he ought not to hear such things."

I have more than I wish I had of the English aversion to taking part in conversation with strangers in a coach; but as I saw that both our rustic and ranter were rather failing and sinking before the firm assurance of the young sceptic, I thought I ought to speak. So I said to him, "You seem, from your confident assertions, to know much about death—what is death?"

"Why, death," said he—"what is death? Why everybody knows that: it is when a man dies—ceases to live; and there is an end of him."

"But this," said I, "is no definition. You should at least define what you talk about so confidently. Else you attempt to argue from—you know not what; to draw a certainty from an uncertainty. Is not death," said I, "the dissolution of the body? Is not that what you mean by death?"

"Yes," said he, "that is it; it is the dissolution of the body."

"Well, then," I said, "are the body and the soul the same thing? Is the principle of thought, the same thing with the hand, or foot, or head?"

"To be sure it is not; and what then?" he rejoined.

"Why then," said I, "it follows that the dissolution of the body has nothing to do with the soul. The soul does not consist of materials that can be dissolved. Therefore death, while it passes over the body, does not, you see, as we define it—does not touch the soul."

He seemed something at a stand with this; but like many others in the same circumstances, he only began to repeat what he had already said with more vehement assertions and a louder tone. Meanwhile, there was a little by-play, in which he endeavoured to reassure the Scotch girl, with whom he had evidently ingratiated himself by very marked attention, telling her as she rather drew off from him, that it was all nothing; and that whatever he said, it was no matter; and that he was just like the rest of us. I was determined that the warning which had been given in that quarter, should not want what aid I could give it; and as I saw that the metaphysical argument was thrown away, I had recourse to a more practical one.

Resuming the conversation, therefore, I said, "You believe that there is a God: I think you have admitted this?"

"Yes—I do."

"And you believe that God made the world, do you not?"

"To be sure—I do."

"And you believe that he made man?"

"Certainly—of course."

"And you believe that he made man a social being, do you not?—that he constituted man, and made and meant him to dwell in families and in societies?"

"It would seem so; he was willing to admit it."

"Now, then," said I, "answer me one question. Do you believe that men could live either safely or happily in society, without any expectation of a future life? If this life were all, do you not think that you, and most men around you, would give yourselves up to all the pleasures that you could find here—to pleasures that it would cost you the least of effort and self-denial to obtain? Is it not evident and inevitable, taking men as they are, that all virtue, all self-discipline and restraint, all domestic purity, and all correct and temperate living, would fall with the doctrine of a future life?"

Somewhat to my surprise, he frankly confessed that he thought it would.

"Well, then," I said, "here is a very plain case; and I am willing to trust this *boy* with the argument. He can decide, and every one here can decide, between a belief that would confessedly destroy the happiness and improvement of the world, and the only belief that can sustain it. If God made society, he established the principles that are necessary to its welfare. And to assail these principles, is hostility at once to heaven and earth. It is as if a man would spread blight and mildew over these harvest fields, and starve the world to death!"

EDINBURGH, *July 14*.—I was never aware till I came to England, of the pre-eminence which Edinburgh is allowed to hold as a beautiful and imposing city. But on my route hither, I have been continually hearing of the glories of Edinburgh; and now, instead of being disappointed, I am ready to say that the half was not told me. You enter it from the west, through a suburb which, it is much to say, has nothing disa-

greeable in it—none of the usual accompaniments of dirty streets, vile, miserable houses, and squalid and suffering poverty. The *coup d'œil*, at your entrance, is on every side the most striking imaginable. Before you stretches Princes-street, wider than Broadway in New York, more than a mile long, lined on the left with noble ranges of buildings, bordered on the right, throughout its whole extent, with gardens, and terminated by Calton Hill, crowned with monuments. On the left, again, spreads the New Town, built in stone, and thrown into every graceful variety of forms—square, circle, and crescent. On the right is the Old Town, which is itself, in contrast to the other, one grand piece of antiquity. On this side of it towers the lofty crag on which the castle is built, and a little beyond it rise the heights of Salisbury Crag and Arthur's Seat.

July 15.—Edinburgh (Old Town) has a most singular and touching air of antiquity. It is to other cities what old ruins are to other dwellings. As you traverse some of those streets—the High-street, and Canongate, and the Cowgate—whose houses rise like towers, six or seven stories high, on either side, and reflect that the stream of existence has flowed through them for centuries, the same as now—with the same elements of human weal and wo mingled in it as now—with the same sounds—the din of business, the words of anger, or the tones of laughter, the cries of childhood, and the deep hum of stern and intent occupation—the same sounds reverberated from those weather-beaten walls as now: ay, and as you reflect that infuriated mobs have passed here, and the trampling footsteps of armies, and the sad funeral trains of successive generations—and that through these streets Queen Mary was brought after her defeat at Carberry Hill, in degradation, and disgrace, and tears—yes, and that here, upon these very pavements, Robertson, and Hume, and Mackenzie, and Burns, and Scott have walked; a holy air of antiquity seems to breathe from every wynd and close, and touching memories are inscribed upon every stone: it is difficult to preserve the decorum that belongs to a public walk, or to have patience with the indifference that familiarity has written upon the faces around you.

Yet all multitudes of men are themselves touching spectacles. And when I have stood on Calton Hill, and looked, as you *may* do, right down upon the sea of human dwellings in the New Town, I have felt an indescribable, painful, awful emotion—as if I laid my hand upon the very heart of the mighty city, and felt its heavings and throbbings—felt that life was there, and as if it were my own life, multiplied an hundred thousand times, in magnitude, intensity, and importance.

If I were asked what is the great charm about this Old World, and if I wished to generalize the answer, I should say, *it is antiquity*—antiquity in its castles, its towns, its cathedrals, its cities. The sublimity of ages is about you at every step, and you feel your connexion with past races of men, in a way that you are not naturally led to do in a country where there are no monuments of the past.

To-day, however, I saw a relic of the past in a very grotesque attitude; a Highlander in full dress—yes, the wild, fierce, haughty Highlander—playing on a fiddle! a street beggar, asking a few pence to keep him from starving. He was dressed in the philabeg, or kilts, and hose; and I am surprised to find that there are some Highland regiments, in the English service, who are dressed in this manner. I have seen some

of these soldiers, both here and in Glasgow, parading about in this dress—which, to describe it, is very like a petticoat hanging from the waist halfway down the leg, a hose coming up halfway on the calf—so that the person is naked from above the knee down to the middle of the calf. It appeared very uncomfortable, and scarcely decent. When George the Fourth visited Scotland, and held levee at Holyrood, he appeared in this costume. A picture of him is shown in the audience room.

July 17.—I went to-day to as many spots mentioned in Scott's stories as I could find, and afterward to Holyrood Palace. I was struck with the different effects produced upon the feelings by scenes of romance and scenes of real history. Around the former, indeed, there is a hallowing charm—the halo of genius rests there; but the history of actual events is, comparatively, as if genius itself were embodied in it. You feel that reality is there. Where Mary *really* suffered, shuddered, and wept—is one thing; where Effie Deans is *supposed* to have laid, albeit upon the cold stone, her broken heart, is quite another thing. We admire genius, but genius itself is only the interpreter of all-powerful nature. Or if it be said, that genius is a part of nature, and its noblest part, then take us where genius itself has wrought out its noblest achievement, or manifested its most sublime endurance, and we shall feel, indeed, that *there* is reality in its full sovereignty. The spot so consecrated may be the battle field; it may be the council chamber; it may be the martyr's stake; yes, and it may be the student's cell at Abbotsford, or on the Avon.

Yet as I strolled one day up Salisbury Crag, and down from Arthur's Seat, amid which are laid several of the scenes of the Heart of Mid-Lothian, I felt illusion, at some moments, to be almost as powerful as reality. I felt as if the light-hearted Effie, and the true-hearted Jeanie, and the stern-hearted old man, must have lived there; and that upon that hillside poor Madge must have sung her wild song, and Sharpitlaw and Rattou must have rushed down there towards Muschat's Cairn. The Cairn was situated immediately below St. Anthony's Chapel, some ruins of which still remain. I passed them as I came down from Arthur's Seat; a little spring of fresh and sweet water still bubbling up at the base of the old hermitage.

In the High-street is shown the house of John Knox—looking dark and stern as himself. On the corner, and under a sort of canopy, is a rudely sculptured bust of the old reformer, with the hand raised, and the finger pointed at the words—thus inscribed on the wall:—

Θεός
Deus
God.

On the opposite side of the street, on the front wall of the house, are two figures in stone, supposed to be of very ancient date, and to represent Adam and Eve. The Latin inscription is (trans.), "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

HOLYROOD.—Queen Mary's state-room, with the bed of Charles I. now standing in it; her bedroom, with her own bed in it; her dressing-room; the small apartment in which she, Rizzio, and some others, were supping, when Darnley, and Ruthven, with other lords, entered, dragged

Rizzio out, and murdered him before her face; the dark passage by which they came up; the blood at the head of the principal staircase, where they dragged him down; the partition by which that spot is cut off from the state-room, and apparently cut off for no other reason—thus giving colour to the tradition which alleges that this is the blood of Rizzio; the dressing-table of Mary, with raised work on it done by herself, and the wicker basket, raised on a sort of tripod, which held the infant wardrobe of her son;—these objects bring the unfortunate Mary before one, with a vividness that almost makes him feel as if he had now heard her story for the first time. It is a striking instance of the power of adventitious circumstances, to carry down a name, and almost to embalm it in the memory of ages. Had Mary been homely and happy, we should probably never have heard of her!

Edinburgh (Old Town) is very curious in one respect. There is a town under a town. The valleys are so deep, and the hills so high on which it is built, that bridges or causeways of stone are thrown across; and when you pass over them, you see houses and a street, and crowds passing—all directly beneath you.

Before breakfast, the morning on which I came away, I went to find St. Leonards—not having heard till the morning before that there was a spot so designated. I found it—a small crag; just beneath which and west of it is a cottage, sweetly situated, called St. Leonard's cottage. It is just on the borders of the city, on the side towards Salisbury Crag.

I took leave of Edinburgh; I gazed upon its glories and glorious objects for the last time, with a feeling that it seems to me I scarce shall feel again in leaving any foreign city.

GLASGOW, *July 20.*—From Edinburgh, I have come round through the Highlands to this place. Every step of the way has been on classic ground: the beautiful windings of the Forth with the Grampian Hills on the north; Stirling Castle; the wild grandeur of the Trossacks; Ben Nevis and Ben Venue, and the haunted waters of Loch Katrine, every rock and headland garlanded with romance; the bold and majestic shores of Loch Lomond; the haunts of Rob Roy, the Lennox country, and the soft scenery of the Leven.

I passed the night at Cullender, twelve miles from Loch Katrine, and spent the evening in reading through the *Lady of the Lake*. About a mile and a half before reaching the lake, you enter the celebrated Trossacks, or the Bristled Territory. Conceive of two or three hundred hills, wild and precipitous, some higher, some lower, all covered with shrubbery, ivy, and heather, with often a bold "thunder-splintered pinnacle" shooting up from among them; conceive yourself walking through this region on a winding and almost level road, at the foot of these hills, with some new view opening, some striking object arresting you at every step as you proceed, and you may have some idea of that grand panorama of the picturesque—the Trossacks.

As you emerge from this valley of hills and mountains, Loch Katrine presents itself—a narrow strip of water at the first, and never, at any point, more than two miles wide. You are rowed, ten miles, through the length of the lake, and may spend some of your time, if you please, in fancying where the fair lady moored her bark, or where, under her magic guidance, it shot across the silver waters.

A walk of five miles, through a wild country, with some genuine Highland moors on the way, brings you to Inversnaid Mill, on the shore of Loch Lomond. The pass down to Inversnaid is so steep, and dark, and deep, that it seemed to me an hundred men might have been murdered there without being heard—Rob Roy must have held it as a favourite spot. There is a single cottage on the shore; and I entered it with a curiosity inspired by a thousand tales of romance. A Highland cottage, at the bottom of one of the wildest Highland passes!—what would it be, and what its inmates? I found a woman and her daughter, who told me that they had no neighbours, and exchanged no visits with anybody. There was no chimney. The smoke found its way out at a hole in the roof, but not till it had circulated in many eddies and wreaths around the beams and rafters, which were black and shining with soot. Along the wall adjoining that against which the fire was built—for there was properly no fireplace—were to be dimly seen the apartments or stories, one above another, of a sort of crib, such as Walter Scott has described, as answering the purpose of a bedstead. I asked the woman for food. She had nothing but oatmeal cake, which she produced, and I was glad to try a specimen of Highland bread. But, in good truth, I should never desire to have anything to do with it, save as a specimen; for of all stuff that ever I tasted, it was the most inedible, impracticable, insufferable,—dry, hard, coarse, rasping, gritty, chaffy: I *could* not eat it, and it seemed to me that if I could, it would be no more nourishing than gravel kneaded into mud and baked in a limekiln. As to drink, whiskey—whiskey, the boatmen said, was the only thing, and the thing indispensable. I tasted of it; and truly it had not the usual odious taste of our American whiskey. It is said that the peat, by which it is distilled, gives it a peculiar flavour.

As to the estimate of this article, or something like it—something “wet and toothsome,” as the wretch Peter Peebles says—I should suppose that Highlands and Lowlands agree, nay, and all England for that matter—for I have never seen anything like the numbers of persons that I have observed here, after dinner, or in the evening, sipping their brandy and water or whiskey punch. It would seem strange to some of our American reformers; but I have been at supper, where the meal was introduced by the host with a “grace;” and the brandy and hot water were brought on at the close of the entertainment, evidently as a matter of course, and I was very much urged to take some, as a very excellent thing; and, indeed, as the conscientious Peebles says, “they had like to ha’ guided me very ill.”

From Inversnaid Mill a steamboat takes you up and down the entire length of Loch Lomond, thirty miles. A rainy day did not hide altogether the bold and majestic features of this shore and mountain scenery, though it prevented me from seeing it to the best advantage. Around the lower part of Loch Lomond is the country of the Lennox; from whence a ride through the vale of the Leven brings you to Dumbarton, where a steamboat again, at almost any hour, will take you up to Glasgow.

The cathedral here is a grand old pile; the only one that Knox spared, and which he still frowns upon from his monument in the cemetery on the opposite hill. And this last spot suggests the subject of funerals, which are celebrated with much pomp, as it appears to an

American taste, throughout the kingdom; the hearse bearing a sort of forest of waving plumes over it—white for the young, black for the elder—the carriages and horses put into as deep mourning as their owners. It would seem that there are entertainments on these occasions; for I saw over a shop here this singular advertisement—"Funeral and Fancy biscuit, for sale here."

HAMILTON, *July 23*.—I have come down to Hamilton to-day, on my way to the Falls of the Clyde, Tweeddale, Abbotsford, &c. I have several times observed, as I did to-day, very tidy looking young women walking barefoot, and carrying a little parcel in hand, which was evidently the stockings and shoes. Indeed, neatness and thrift seem characteristic of the people everywhere. When there is no scenery to engage attention, Scotch husbandry, at least, is a pleasing feature of the landscape.

About two miles from Hamilton are the ruins of Bothwell Castle. The property now belongs to Lord Douglas, and the castle is situated just in the rear of his seat. And very few things have I seen equal to the beauty of its situation, on a bold, rounded, wooded bank of the Clyde, with the ruins of an old abbey on the opposite bank.

About half a mile from this is Bothwell Brig. The land slopes on each side of the river to the bridge, so that the two bodies of troops who fought here might, it is evident, be plainly in sight of each other, before engaging—as they are represented by Walter Scott. A fair vale spreads above, and below, the river winds between steep, rocky, and wooded banks, making altogether a scene fitted to rebuke the fierce passions that once drenched this spot with blood.

From Bothwell Brig, stretches fourteen miles, I was told, up the banks of the Clyde, the estate of the Duke of Hamilton. I went to the palace. It has one noble portico; but mostly it is low and inelegant, though immense—looking altogether more like several blocks and squares of fine buildings in a city than anything else. I should suppose the possessor might easily entertain some hundred or two of guests. I observed not much less than a hundred bells in *one* of the lower entries. The furniture was much of it old, but exceedingly rich, mosaics, ebony cabinets, carved work, &c. The ceilings beautifully gilt, and that of the picture gallery exceedingly splendid—approaching the dazzling appearance of the back of a diamond beetle as seen under the microscope. It was this gallery chiefly that I came to see. But I was very much disappointed. There are some paintings said to be of the old masters, but put in such bad lights that it is scarcely conceivable that they should be worth much. There is an original Bonaparte of David—a fine countenance, and more natural, easy, amiable, and even more handsome than is usual in the portraits and busts of him. The gallery consists chiefly of common-place looking men and fair women—mostly Hamiltons; but the *chef d'œuvre* is a Rubens—Daniel in the Lions' Den. The lions I thought were very good, but I did not like the face of the Daniel. It is pale and livid, and shows fright or distress full as much as reliance. If it is trust, it is the agony, and not the repose of trust. Some may think it surprising that a traveller, raw from the New World, should undertake to criticise a painting. But I say that the painter is to be judged by the general eye, as truly as the orator, and so shall I go on my way criticising as if I had been brought

up at the feet of Raphael—criticising, *i. e.* not the technical things of the art—not the mixing of colours, or drawing, or perspective—but criticising the general effect. If the painter means to strike the general mind, the general mind must be his judge.

LANARK, *July 24.*—The ride from Hamilton to Lanark is full of beauties. But the Falls of Clyde here are most beautiful. Whether they are as well worth visiting as the Giant's Causeway and the Trossacks, I will not say; but certainly they raise the emotion of pleasure higher than either. Stoney Byers below is well enough; but the chief beauty is above, at Corralinn and Bonnington.

We left Tillietudlem, three miles from Lanark, on the right, two miles from the road, and out of sight. I am told an old woman near there was very much vexed by the inquiries of rambling visitors, after the publication of *Old Mortality*. She could not conceive what sent all these people, all at once, asking about Tillietudlem.

July 25, 26. From Lanark, through Peebles, to St. Ronans.—St. Ronans is a neat village; and about half a mile distant, at the foot of one of the hills which surround it on all sides, is St. Ronans' Well; but nothing could I hear of any place or ruin called Mowbray Castle.

About twenty miles from Lanark, you strike the Tweed, and thence the road to Kelso is chiefly through the vale of the Tweed. It is mostly narrow, and hemmed in on both sides by high, heathery hills. Tweeddale, I believe, is the northern confine of the Border-land. Three or four old ruins of castles are to be seen on the road; making the appearance of a chain of castles.

The great objects to-day (the twenty-sixth), and enough to make any day remarkable, are—Abbotsford, Melrose Abbey, and Dryburgh Abbey.

Abbotsford takes its name from a ford over the Tweed, near at hand, which formerly belonged to the abbots—of some neighbouring monastery, I suppose. It is well worth visiting, independently of the associations, which make it what it is—what no other place can be. The structure too—the apartments—the furniture—are altogether in keeping with those associations. Everything is just what you would have it, to commemorate Walter Scott. The building is a beautiful Gothic structure. You will not expect a description from me of what has been already so minutely and so well described. You remember the hall of entrance, with its stained windows, and its walls hung round with ancient armour, coats of mail, shields, swords, helmets—all of them, as an inscription imports, of the “auld time;” the dining and the drawing-rooms; the library and the study; the curiosities of the place—choice paintings, curious old chairs of carved work—the rare cabinet of relics, Rob Roy's musket, pistols from the dread holsters of Claverhouse and Bonaparte—and all surrounded and adorned with oaken wainscoting—and ceilings, the latter very beautifully carved, yet very simple—everything, indeed, wearing the appearance of great dignity and taste: well, I have seen it all—I have seen it! But the study! before the desk at which he wrote, in the very chair, the throne of power from which he stretched out a sceptre over the world, and over all ages, I sat down—it was enough! I *went* to see the cell of the enchanter—I saw it; and my homage—was silence, till I had ridden miles from that abode of departed genius.

I am tempted here to give you an anecdote, which has been mentioned to me since I came to Europe. An American lady of distinguished intelligence, had the good fortune to meet with Scott frequently in Italy, till she felt emboldened to express to him something of the feeling that she entertained about his works. She told him, that in expressing her gratitude, she felt that she expressed that of millions. She spoke of the relief which he had brought to the heavy and weary days of languor and pain; and said, that no day so dark had ever risen upon her, that it was not brightened by the prospect of reading another of his volumes. And what, now, do you think was his reply? A tear rolled down his cheek: he said *nothing!* Was it not beautiful? For you feel that that tear testified more than selfish gratification; that it was the silent witness of religious gratitude.

I must pass by the well-known and often-described beauty of Melrose Abbey, three miles from Abbotsford, and ask you to go on with me a few miles farther to Dryburgh—the place where “the wreck of power” (intellectual) is laid down to rest. If I were to choose the place of his body’s repose, from all that I have ever seen, it would be this. The extent, antiquity, and beauty of the work; the trees growing within the very walls of the abbey; the luxuriant shrubbery waving from the tops of the walls and from parts of the roof here and there remaining; the ivy, covering over the work of ghastly ruin, and making it graceful—hanging from “the rifted arches and shafted windows,” and weaving festoons from one broken fragment to another; the solemn, umbrageous gloom of the spot; the perpetual sound of a waterfall in the neighbouring Tweed—all conspire to make this spot wonderfully romantic; it throws a spell over the mind, such as no other ruin does that I have seen. Conway Castle is more sublime: Melrose Abbey is more beautiful in its well preserved, sculptured remains; but Dryburgh is far more romantic. What place can be so fit to hold the remains of *Walter Scott!*

Before crossing the Tweed, and while yet on Scottish ground, I wish to drop one thought which I have carried more than seven years, I believe, without ever finding the proverb to avail me at all. And that is on the striking resemblance between the character of Scotland and of New England. The energy and vehemence of the Scottish character, the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, is universally acknowledged. *Fier comme un Ecossais*, is a proverb. And yet the Scotch are accounted a singularly wary and cautious people; reserved in manners, exact in speech, guarded in communication, and keen and close in the transaction of business. The Scotchman has the singular fortune to stand as a proverb for the most opposite qualities, and I suppose that they really exist in him. The same qualities are found in the New England character. The Yankee—“it will not deny”—is sharp at a bargain. He is cold in manners. The deep reserve of a New England boy, especially if living retired in the country, perhaps no one can understand who has not experienced it. It seems as if his heart were girded with a stronger band than any other, and certainly such as is not natural or befitting to the ingenuousness of youth. I do not wonder that the result of a cursory observation has been, to pronounce the New Englander a being, to whom “nature has given a double portion of brains and half a heart.” And yet nothing could be more untrue.

The New England character is, in fact, one of the deepest excitement and enthusiasm. The whole history of the people proves this, from the Landing at Plymouth to this hour. Every species of enterprise, political, commercial, literary, religious, has been developed in New England to a degree, I am inclined to think, unprecedented in the world. All America is filled with the proofs of it. And private life in New England will exhibit the same character to all who become intimate with it. The two races whom I am comparing have also had the same fate of general misconstruction and opprobrium. The Scot is regarded, on the south side of the Tweed, very much as the Yankee is, south of the Hudson. I will not inquire into the causes of this; but it certainly seems a very hard case on either hand. A people in both instances, industrious, virtuous, religious, almost beyond example—carrying popular education to a point of improvement altogether unexampled in the world, till the Prussian system appeared—and furnishing far more than their respective quotas to the noblest literature of their respective countries—would seem to have deserved more respect than has been awarded to Scotland and New England.

CHAPTER IV.

ENGLAND—YORK—THE MINSTER—CHURCHES AND CHURCH BUILDING—YORKSHIRE DIALECT—AMERICANISMS—ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY COMPARED WITH OURS—KENDAL—WINDERMERE—AMBLESIDE—A CONVERSATION ON ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POLITICS—VISIT TO GRASSMERE—PONY RIDE AMONG THE LAKES—KESWICK—ULLSWATER—THE LAKE SCENERY.

YORK, *July 29.*—From Dryburgh, I came through Kelso, Newcastle, and Durham, down to York.

After a delightful ride on the banks of the Tweed, leaving the vale of the Teviot, and the Cheviot hills, on the south, I entered England, nine miles below Kelso.

In Northumberland, on the road to Newcastle, I passed several extensive moors, very like the country described by Scott as surrounding Osbaldiston Hall.

As you approach Newcastle, it becomes evident that you are in the region of collieries. "The smoke of the country goeth up as the smoke of a furnace." It is not the smoke of its destruction, however. It is the indication of life, and not of death—ay, and of life that has gone down far into the bowels of the earth; for it proceeds from the chimneys of steam engines, employed at every pit, for the double purpose of pumping out water and raising coal.

DURHAM.—The cathedral, one of the finest in England, and the castle, now the bishop's palace, I could not stop to examine.

York is a queer old place, worth coming a good many miles to see for its own sake. But the minster!—it is worth a pilgrimage to see it. It is the only building I have ever seen in a city that stands up and out so completely from the surrounding mass of buildings, that it is, from every quarter, distinctly presented to the eye. The minster, amid the city of York, stands like the elephant in a menagerie. Its propor-

tions, too, are so perfect, its character is so unique, that it makes upon the mind one single impression. You take in the whole object, and feel all its overpowering grandeur, at the first glance of the eye. And yet it seems to me, that if I were to live in sight of it a thousand years it would lose none of the indescribable charm with which it first entranced me. Indeed I shall attempt no description. I dare not bring my measurements here. Nay, it appears to me that the impression here does not depend on any exact idea of size or of parts. It is a whole; it makes its impression as a whole; and you can no more receive that impression from the successive sentences of a description, than you could receive it from contemplating, in succession, the different parts of the structure itself.

There is a sanctity and venerableness about many of the English churches, and even those of the humblest order, which nothing but time indeed can give to the churches of our country, but which time will never give to them, unless we learn to build them with more durable materials than wood or brick. There is something in these churches which leads you instinctively to take off your hat when you enter them—a duty, by the bye, of which your attendant is sure to admonish you, if you fail of it—and I would that the practice were more common than it is among us. The sentiment of reverence for holy places is certainly gaining ground upon the old Puritan and Presbyterian prejudice on this head, and it must grow with the increasing refinement of the people. But still, there are too many churches, especially in our country towns, which are in a state of shameful disrepair, and of abominable filthiness; and which are constantly trampled under the feet of the multitude, at every election. Indeed, the condition and use, and, I may add, the architecture of a church, cannot fail to have a direct effect upon the sentiment of religious veneration; and I trust the time is to come, when (with reference to this last point) the construction of churches among us will be given into the hands of competent architects, and not left to the crude and ambitious devices of parish committees. It costs no more to build in good proportions than in bad; and the trifling expense of obtaining a plan from an able architect (not a mere carpenter) is unworthy to have any weight in a matter of such permanent importance to a whole community. The churches of a country are a part of its religious literature. They speak to the people; they convey ideas; they make impressions. The Catholics understand this, and are erecting, I believe, more fine churches in America, in proportion to their numbers, than any other denomination among us.

I confess that if I could build a church in all respects to suit my own taste, I would build it in the solemn and beautiful style of the churches of England, the Gothic style; and I would build it in enduring stone, that it might gather successive generations within its holy walls, that passing centuries might shed their hallowing charm around it, that the children might worship where their fathers had worshipped from age to age, and feel as if the spirits of their fathers still mingled in their holy rites. Nay, more do I say, and further would I go—I am not speaking, of course, as proposing anything, but only as individually preferring it—but I say for myself that I would place altars in that church, where prayers might be said daily, where daily resort might be had by all whose inclination prompted; so that whosoever passed by

might have liberty, at any hour of the day, to turn aside from his business, his occupation, his care, or his leisurely walk—in his sorrow, or his joy, or his anxiety, or his fear, or his desire, and want, and trouble, and temptation, so often besetting the steps of every mortal life—to turn aside, I say, and bow down amid the awful stillness of the sanctuary. Let it not be said, as detracting from the importance of the religious architecture of a country, or as an apology for neglect or irreverence towards churches, that all places are holy—that the universe is the temple of God. It is true, indeed, that the whole frame of nature is a temple for worship, but is it a mean or an unadorned temple? Nay, what a structure is it! and what a glorious adorning is put upon it, to touch the springs of imagination and feeling, and to excite the principle of devotion! What painted or gilded dome is like that arch of blue, “that swells above us”? What blaze of clustered lamps, or even burning tapers, is like the lamp of day hung in the heavens, or the silent and mysterious lights that burn for ever in the far off depths of the evening sky? And what are the splendid curtains with which the churches of Rome are clothed for festal occasions, to the gorgeous clouds that float around the pavilion of morning, or the tabernacle of the setting sun? And what mighty pavement of tessellated marble can compare with the green valleys, the enamelled plains, the whole variegated, broad, and boundless pavement of this world’s surface, on which the mighty congregation of the children of men are standing? What, too, are altars reared by human hands, compared with the everlasting mountains—those altars in the temple of nature; and what incense ever arose from human altars, like the bright and beautiful mountain mists that float around those eternal heights, and then rise above them and are dissolved into the pure and transparent ether—like the last fading shadows of human imperfection, losing themselves in the splendours of heaven? And what voice ever spoke from human altar, like the voice of the thunder from its cloudy tabernacle on those sublime heights of the creation, when

“Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain height hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers from her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud”?

And, in fine, what anthem or pæan ever rolled from organ or orchestra, or from the voice of a countless multitude, like the dread and deafening roar of ocean, with all its swelling multitude of waves? Yes, the temple of nature is full of inspiration, full of objects that inspire devotion, and so, as far as may be, should our temples of prayer and thanksgiving be made.

To say, as if to detract from the sanctity of religious edifices, that here, after all, is only so much wood, and stone, and mortar, which are nothing but the same mass of materials in any other form, or devoted to any other purpose—why we talk not so of our homes—we talk not so of nature—we talk so of nothing else. It is by mixing up intellectual and spiritual associations with things, and only so, that they have any interest or importance to our minds. Things are nothing but what the mind makes them to be—nothing but by an infusion into them of the intellectual principle of our own nature. The tuft that is shorn

from the warrior's plume by the scythe of death, is nothing else, if one pleases so to consider it, but the plumage of a bird. The relic of a sainted martyr—suppose it were a hem of his garment—is, if one pleases so to consider it, nothing else but a piece of cloth that protected him from the winter's cold, or the summer's heat. The place where his broken and lacerated body was laid down to rest, may be accounted common earth; and the mouldering remains of a buried empire, may be accounted common dust. The Palatine hill on which stood the palace of the imperial Cæsars, and which is now covered with its ruins, may be accounted a common hill. But so do we not speak of things, nor think of them.

No, let us yield to that principle of our nature which imparts a portion of its own character to the things around us; which, with a kind of creative power, *makes* times, and seasons, and places to be holy; which gathers a halo of glory and beauty over our native land; which accounts the maxim devoutly true, that "there is no place like home;" and which hallows "the place where prayer is wont to be made"—which accounts no place like it—and yet so accounting it, judges that to be a good work, which makes the temples of a nation's worship strong and beautiful, for the use and admiration of successive ages.

KENDAL, *July 29*.—From York, through Tadcaster, Leeds, covered with the smoke of its factories, Bradford, a thriving town, Keighley, Skipton, &c. to Kendal—a fine country: the vales successively of the Wharf, the Aire, and the Lune.

The language—the vulgar dialect, that is—of Yorkshire, and Lancashire, too, is almost as unintelligible to me as Chinese. The English critics upon our barbarous Americanisms, might well reserve their comments, and as many more as they can produce, for home consumption. They are troubled with a most patronising and paternal anxiety, lest the English language should be lost among our common people; it is lost among the common people of Yorkshire. They smile at our blunders when we say *sick* for *ill*, and *fine* instead of *nice*. They say that *fine* comes from the milliner's shop; we might reply that *nice* comes from the kitchen. They are shocked when we speak of a *fine* building; but nothing is more common in England, than to hear of the grandest old ruin in the kingdom as "a *nice* old place." As to the word *sick*, it is ours and not the English use* that accords with the standard usage of English literature; sick, afflicted with disease—is Johnson's definition.

One thing that gives this country its peculiarity of aspect as compared with ours, is the substitution of stone in all structures where we use wood—as stone houses, barns, outhouses of all sorts, stone bridges, stone watering-troughs by the way-side. The smallest stream or ditch crossing the road has a stone bridge. All this gives an air of antiquity, durability, and, if I may say so, of dignity, to the whole country. Another circumstance that has the same effect, is the practice of calling many of the farms from generation to generation by the same name. It is not Mr. Such or Such an one's place—at least that is not the only designation—but it is Woodside, or Oakdale, or some of those unpronounceable Welsh names. I like this. It invests every dwelling in the

* For sickness of stomach.

country with local associations. It gives to every locality a dignity and interest, far beyond that of mere property or possession.

July 30.—This morning, the finest I have seen since I landed at Liverpool, I left Kendal for Windermere. Stopped at Bowness and took a boat—visited the *Station*, a romantic eminence on the opposite side of the lake; then rowed up the lake eight miles to Ambleside, the head of Windermere. The head, and the views from the *Station*, are far the most beautiful things about the lake; and, indeed, they are the *only* things very *striking* about it.

What a power lies in association! I was already in sight of the far-famed Windermere, and almost any tract of water and landscape would have appeared lovely under such a sky—surely this did; yet, as I stopped to pick a few raspberries by the hedge, that simple action—the memories that it brought with it—the thoughts of those hours of my early days, passed near my own native home—passed by those hedges, thronging ever since with a thousand inexpressible recollections—passed in the fond romance of youth, amid the holy silence of the fields, and all the thick-coming fancies of an unworn imagination and sensibility—all this moved me as no scene of mere abstract beauty could ever do! And yet, indeed, what is abstract? What is nature but an instrument harmonized into unison with something in us—every vibration of which either awakens or answers to some thrilling chord, in the more mysterious frame of our own being? What is the traveller but a pilgrim of the heart, the imagination, the memory? Such a little passage, now and then, as this to-day, convinces one that there is much poetry in boyhood, though one does not find it out, perhaps, till long afterward.

From Ambleside I took a pony and rode to Rydal Mount, the residence of Mr. W——.*

I was so much disappointed in the appearance of Mr. W—— that I actually began to suspect that I had come to the cottage of one of his neighbours. After ten minutes' common-place talk about the weather, the travelling, &c. had passed, I determined to find out whether I was mistaken; and aware of his deep interest in the politics of England, I availed myself of some remark that was made, to introduce that subject. He immediately left all common-place, and went into the subject with a flow, a flood almost of conversation that soon left me in no doubt. After this had gone on an hour or two, wishing to change the theme, I took occasion of a pause to observe, that in this great political agitation, poetry seemed to have died out entirely. He said it had; but that was not the only cause; for there had been, as he thought, some years ago, an over-production and a surfeit.

Mr. W—— converses with great earnestness, and has a habit, as he

* I depart here from the rule I have laid down to myself—not to draw any details of private society into this journal—for three reasons.

The first is, that the conversations which I take the liberty to quote in this place, relate principally to one of the very subjects for the discussion of which I have been tempted to publish the present volumes. The next is, that the sentiments here advanced on the part of the individual referred to, are his *well-known* sentiments—so that nothing is betrayed. And the third reason is, that they are so well advanced, and so ably advocated, that I think the exposition of them could not disturb or displease that distinguished person—even if such a fugitive sheet as mine should ever be wafted so far as to fall on the still and deep waters of his meditation.

walks and talks, of stopping every fourth or fifth step, and turning round to you to enforce what he is saying. The subjects, the first evening I passed with him, were, as I have said, politics and poetry. He remarked afterward that although he was known to the world only as a poet, he had given twelve hours' thought to the condition and prospects of society, for one to poetry. I replied that there appeared to me to be no contradiction in this, since the spirit of poetry is the spirit of humanity—since sympathy with humanity, and with all its fortunes, is an essential characteristic of poetry—and politics is one of the grandest forms under which the welfare of the human race presents itself.

In politics, Mr. W—— professes to be a reformer, but upon the most deliberate plan and gradual scale; and he indulges in the most indignant yet argumentative diatribes against the present course of things in England, and in the saddest forebodings of what is to come. The tide is beating now against aristocracy and an established religion, and if it prevails, anarchy and irreligion must follow. He will see no other result; he has no confidence in the people; they are not fit to govern themselves—not yet certainly; public opinion, the foolish opinion of the depraved, ignorant, and conceited mass, ought not to be the law; it ought not to be expressed in law; it ought not to be represented in government; the true representative government should represent the *mind* of a country, and that is not found in the mass, nor is it to be expressed by universal suffrage. Mr. W—— constantly protested against the example of America, as not being in point. He insisted that the state of society, the crowded population, the urgency of want, the tenures of property, in England, made a totally different case from ours. He seemed evidently to admit, though he did not in terms, that hereditary rank and an established priesthood, are indefensible in the broadest views of human rights and interests; but the argument for them is, that they cannot be removed without opening the door to greater evils—to the unrestrained licence of the multitude—to incessant change, disorder, uncertainty, and finally, to oppression and tyranny. He says the world is running mad with the notion that all its evils are to be relieved by political changes, political remedies, political nostrums—whereas the great evils, sin, bondage, misery, lie deep in the heart, and nothing but virtue and religion can remove them; and upon the value, and preciousness, and indispensableness of religion, indeed, he talked very sagely, earnestly, and devoutly.

The next evening I went to tea to Mr. W——'s, on an hospitable invitation to come to breakfast, dinner, or tea, as I liked. The conversation very soon again ran upon politics. He thought there could be no independence in legislators who were dependant for their places upon the ever-wavering breath of popular opinion, and he wanted my opinion about the fact in our country. I replied, that as a secluded man, and accustomed to look at the *morale* of these matters, I certainly had felt that there was likely to be, and probably was, a great want of independence—that I had often expressed the apprehension that our distinguished men were almost necessarily acting under biasses that did not permit them to sit down in their closets and examine great political questions and measures, in a fair and philosophical spirit. Then, he said, how can there be any safety? I answered, as I had frequently said before, that our only safety lay in making the people wise: but I

added that our practical politicians were accustomed to say, that there was a principle of safety in our conflicts, in the necessarily conflicting opinions of the mass—that they neutralised and balanced each other, I admitted, however, that there was danger; that all popular institutions involved danger; that freedom was a trust and a perilous trust. Still I insisted that this was only an instance of a general principle; that all probation was perilous; that the greatest opportunity was always the greatest peril. I maintained also, that think as we might of political liberty, there was no helping it; that in the civilized world, the course of opinion was irresistibly setting towards universal education and popular forms of government; and nothing was to be done but to direct, modify, and control the tendency. He fully admitted this; said that in other centuries some glorious results might be brought out, but that he saw nothing but darkness, disorder, and misery in the immediate prospect, and that all he could do was to cast himself on Providence. I ventured to suggest that it seemed to me that all good and wise men had a work to do. I said that I admitted, friend to popular institutions as I was, that the world was full of errors about liberty; that there was a mistake and madness about popular freedom, as if it were the grand panacea for all human ills, and that powerful pens were needed to guide the public mind; and that the pen of genius could scarcely be more nobly employed. But he has no confidence in the body of the people, in their willingness to read what is wholesome, or to do what is right; and this, I took the liberty to say, seemed to me the radical point on which he and I differed. I told him that there were large communities in America in whom I did confide, and that I believed other communities might be raised up to the same condition; and that it appeared to me that it should be the grand effort of the world now, to raise up this mass to knowledge, to comfort, and virtue—since the mass was evidently ere long to rule for us.

After this conversation, Mr. W——proposed a walk to Grassmere Lake, to see it after sunset; and in that loveliest of all the scenes I ever witnessed on earth, were lost all thoughts but of religion and poetry. I could not help saying, with fervent sincerity, "I thank you, sir, for bringing me here, at this hour;" for he had evidently taken some pains, pushing aside some little interferences with his purpose, to accomplish it. He said in reply, that so impressive was the scene to him, that he felt almost as if it were a sin not to come here every fair evening. We sat by the shore half an hour, and talked of themes far removed from the strife of politics. The village on the opposite side lay in deep shadow; from which the tower of the church rose, like heaven's sentinel on the gates of evening. A single taper shot its solitary ray across the waters. The little lake lay hushed in deep and solemn repose. Not a sound was heard upon its shore. The fading light trembled upon the bosom of the waters, which were here slightly ruffled, and there lay as a mirror to reflect the serenity of heaven. The dark mountains lay beyond, with every varying shade that varying distance could give them. The farthest ridges were sowed with light, as if it were resolved into separate particles and showered down into the darkness below, to make it visible. The mountain side had a softness of shadowing upon it, such as I never saw before, and such as no painting I ever saw, approached in the remotest degree. It seemed, Mr. W—— said, as if

it were "*clothed with the air.*" Above all, was the clear sky, looking almost cold, it looked so pure, along the horizon—but warmed in the region a little higher, with the vermilion tints of the softest sunset. I am persuaded that the world might be travelled over without the sight of one such spectacle as this—and all owing to the circumstances—the time—the hour. It was perhaps not the least of those circumstances influencing the scene, that it was an hour, passed in one of his own holy retreats, with Wordsworth!

Amid these lakes and mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, nature seems to delight herself in contrasts, and that, as in many human works, is here perhaps the secret of power: the wildest mountains and mountain crags, with the sweetest valleys and dales amid them—as Borrowdale, Patterdale, Langdale, and sometimes one little sheltered spot, all verdure, only large enough for one farm—as in coming from Conniston through one of the Langdales; the roughest passes through mountain defiles, opening suddenly upon smooth and green vales, as in going from Buttermere to Borrowdale, or entering Patterdale from the south; a lake and a valley beneath your eye, and a world of mountains beyond, as in entering Keswick from the south: and then, when were ever seen such crystal streams—waters of such transparent and living purity!

All this, to be sure, is mere memorandum; but for the same purpose I will take up half a page with marking my route, which was adopted on competent advice, and may possibly be of service to some friend who shall follow me—which friend I advise to take for his excursion, as I did, a pony at Ambleside. From Ambleside, then, I went to Conniston and back—a day's ride; then to Keswick; thence, a day's excursion, around through Newlands, by Buttermere, and Honister Crag—through Borrowdale, by the Bowder Stone—an immense rock, evidently fallen from the precipice above, sixty-two feet long, thirty-six high, eighty-nine round, weight, 1,971 tons—by Lowdore Falls, a little *nothing* for a fall—as were all the falls I went to see about here—scarcely any water, but a romantic little scene; back to Keswick by the shore of Derwent Water. This is the most beautiful part of the ride; the bold wooded islands in the lake, with the glades and cultivated swells beyond appearing between them, and Skiddaw in the back ground.

From Keswick to Lyulph's Tower on Ullswater—the first view of Ullswater very striking; the waters very dark; a dark, leaden-coloured mountain rising up from the very edge of the water—a fine ride along down the shore, four miles, to Patterdale—through Patterdale, back to Ambleside. On the whole, perhaps, Ullswater presents more impressive scenery than any other lake. The scenery certainly is more bold.

Nothing can exceed the beauty of the cottages, and of their situations about these lakes. So also the sail-boats, passing in all directions, seen among the wooded islands and shooting out from behind the headlands, freighted with beauty, and mirth, and music, communicate an inexpressible life and charm to the scenery. And I fancy that such tokens of social happiness are very necessary to give these scenes the power they have, over the heart and imagination. It fills up the measure of the contrast. But that is not it—or it is not all. These signs of humanity and happiness make the scene image to us ourselves, as well as the Supreme Power. In the unvisited wilds of nature, in dell and

grot, in grove and greensward untrodden by the footsteps of men, the mind is prone to imagine that fairy creatures walk; poetry has peopled them with life; the strong sympathy of the soul calls upon the whole creation to give it back the image of itself.

August 3.—I left the lake country and came down to Kendal.

The ride from Kendal to Lancaster is a pleasant one, especially about the banks of the Kent. At Lancaster is a castle, now turned into a jail, which belonged to the house of Lancaster, and was built in the reign of Edward III. The central tower, the only portion of the old castle remaining, is square, and huge enough to have belonged to

“Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.”

It is called John of Gaunt's Chair. Appropriately to this title, there is from the top of the tower a very delightful prospect. A fine symbol of office for an old baronial sovereign—patriarch, chieftain, landlord, all in one; a tower for his chair, where he sits, a king farmer, to overlook the rich glebe, pasture and valley. Those forms of power, with the rough and stern-hearted times that gave them birth, are passing away. May other and nobler forms arise to take their place!

CHAPTER V.

RAILWAY FROM LIVERPOOL—MANCHESTER—DERBYSHIRE—CHATSORTH—
HADDON HALL—MATLOCK—SCENERY AND GUIDES—WILLERSLEY CASTLE—
LICHFIELD—BIRMINGHAM—MUSIC HALL—CONCERTS IN AMERICA—KENT-
WORTH—WARWICK—STRATFORD ON AVON—SHAKESPEARE.

Railway from Liverpool. The tunnel disappointed me. It is not so great a work as I expected—not so long. The motion on the railway is so rapid as to set everything in the country about—houses, trees, groves—dancing a waltz. It seems as if the whole surrounding creation were revolving in circles—the distant objects going one way, and those nearest, the opposite way.

MANCHESTER—wrapped in the cloud of smoke proceeding from its innumerable manufactories. For the sole power is steam here; every factory has its engine and its high chimney, sending out its dense black volume of smoke, as it were, in the very face of the pure heavens—which foul mass of sulphurous vapours descends into the streets, infesting the nostrils, choking the lungs, blinding the sight, clouding the vista, so that sometimes you can scarce see an hundred yards.

They say it rains oftener in Manchester than in any other place in the kingdom. I should think it. And, indeed, I have several times heard it observed of one city and another, that it rains oftener in them than in the surrounding country. So far as appearances are concerned, and, I think, comfort too, it is fortunate for *our* cities that the anthracite coal is to be the staple fuel.

BAKEWELL IN DERBYSHIRE, *August 6.*—In approaching Derbyshire, you leave the immense levels of Lancashire for a more diversified and beautiful country, and when you *enter* this country, the limestone cliffs, with deep hollows and vales worn between, appear everywhere—marking the country of the Peak.

It must be, I think, that the body of people in this country, the nine-tenths, are less intelligent than the same body in our country. I certainly find more well-dressed and well-behaved people here who are ignorant, to an extent that would shame such looking people in America. For instance, I heard a very self-sufficient Scotchman here this evening, boasting of Walter Scott as his countryman, and yet very soon saying, that the scene of one of his novels could not be in Derbyshire, because *none* of them was laid in England.* I have heard very plain, hard-working people in America, in the conversation of the bar-room, quote Locke and Stewart. There are not so many books here—in the taverns, in the farmhouses, in the houses of the common people, on the shelves everywhere—as there are among us.

Have I spoken of women, working in the fields? Not in Ireland, nor in Wales only, but in Scotland and in England, this is constantly seen: not in harvest only—but they hoe, and dig, and delve, in all fields and at all seasons—sometimes four, five, ten—nay, twenty I have seen in a field. It must tend to give them a rough and coarse character; to their persons it certainly does.

While at Bakewell, I visited Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and Haddon Hall, an ancient and deserted castle, on the estates of the Duke of Rutland; one, five miles, and the other two miles distant.

Chatsworth is an immense castle, of the Ionic order, the oldest part built round a hollow square—the new part, a continuation, one story lower, of the rear-block or portion of the pile; and so extensive, that, when finished, there is to be a suite of rooms, through the whole of which the eye will range, at a single view, six hundred feet. The hall of entrance is from the hollow square; the sides and ceiling painted in fresco, by Verrio and La Guerre. The ceilings, also, of the whole range of staterooms, on the second story, are painted in the same style, by the same artists. The designs are mythological. There cannot be less, in all, I should think, than five hundred figures—of gods and goddesses, in every possible attitude and predicament—pursuing, flying, fighting, making love, &c. As far as one can judge, who almost breaks his neck in looking upward, and looking at objects eighteen feet distant, the paintings, many of them, are beautifully executed. What must have become, by the bye, of the necks and brains of the artists, looking upward while painting such an immense number of figures, I do not know. I must say that to my simple American taste, if not to any other taste, this appears to be a very improper exhibition—the forms being, generally, represented without any costume. The house-keeper, however, observed that these rooms now were never *used* on any occasion.

I must just make a memorandum of some other things that struck me in going over the house. In the range of staterooms, the sculpture, by Cibber, of the alabaster and marble doorways, and the carving, by Gibbon, throughout are beautiful; but of the latter especially, the carving of birds, over and around the fireplace in the principal stateroom, quite exceeds anything of the kind I have seen, or could have conceived. There is a large number of paintings, but nothing that

* Only an instance I allow.

struck me much—a Henry VIII. by Holbein; a Holy Family, by Murillo; a piece by Salvator Rosa, but in so bad a light as to be lost, if it is anything. There are a great many statues. Canova's Hebe is here, and a copy of the Venus de Medici by Bartolini.

Chatsworth is situated on the Derwent, on a rising ground, with terraces before it, formed by walls of wrought stone, which walls are surmounted by balustrades of stone. There is a finely wooded hill in the rear. The view southward, through grand avenues of trees, of the vale of the Derwent, is most beautiful.

In the conservatory, there were splendid specimens of the India rubber plant and the fan palm; and there was the curious nepenthes (pitcher plant), which at the end of every branch has an actual pitcher growing, large enough to hold more than half a wineglass of water—said pitcher nicely fitted with a lid.*

In the park were immense herds of cattle and of deer. The park is fourteen miles round; besides which the Duke of Devonshire has large possessions in this neighbourhood. As I turned away from the fine range of buildings, the smooth-shaven grounds, the gay flower-beds on the terraces, fenced round with chiselled stone, the noble groves, with the water of two or three fountains rising and falling in spray amid them, the vast range of the park, with the Derwent flowing through it, and above all, the rich and magnificent view southward, I thought that nothing could be more beautiful. But I had soon to correct my impression; for Haddon Hall is more beautifully situated; and Willersley Castle, Mr. Arkwright's seat, near Matlock, leaves it, in natural scenery, almost out of comparison.

Haddon Hall, two miles from Bakewell, on the way to Matlock, is a very ancient seat, on a somewhat precipitous bank of the Wye. It has been built in successive periods by different families—the Peverils, the Avenels, the Vernons, and lastly, the family of Manners. There are two hollow squares, and some towers. The whole is in great preservation, and especially the tapestry. In the dress of some of the figures wrought into the tapestry, are seen the fashion, and several of the varieties, too, of the modern ladies' sleeve. I had thought before that it was entirely a modern monster. But it seems that there is nothing new under the sun. There is a large dancing hall, with a finely carved oaken wainscoting and cornice—in which Queen Elizabeth led down the first measure. This hall was to-day put to a use which, amid de-

* The reader may be pleased to see the following beautiful description of this plant from the French of Richard:—

"*NEPENTHES* sont tout originaires de l'Inde ou de l'isle de Madagascar. Leurs *feuilles* se terminent à leur sommet par un long filament qui porte une sorte d'urne creuse, d'une forme variable dans les diverses espèces, et recouverte à son sommet par un opercule qui s'ouvre et se ferme naturellement. Ces urnes ont toujours causé l'admiration de voyageurs, par le phénomène singulier qu'elles présentent. En effet, on le trouve presque constamment remplis d'une eau pure, claire, limpide, et très bonne à boire. Pendant quelque temps, on a cru que cet eau provenait de la rosée qui s'y accumulait; mais comme leur ouverture est assez étroite et souvent fermée par l'opercule, on a reconnu que le liquide avait sa source dans une véritable *transpiration*, dont la surface interne de l'urne est le siège. C'est ordinairement pendant la nuit que l'urne se remplit, et dans cet état, l'opercule est généralement fermé. Pendant le jour, l'opercule se soulève, et l'eau diminue de moitié, soit qu'elle s'évapore, soit qu'elle soit résorbée."

solation and ruin, startled me at first, almost as much as if the ghosts of her own royal train had risen before me. While I was wandering about the deserted walls and chambers, from that very hall the sound of a viol reached my ear: "I heard music and dancing!" I inquired "what these things meant;" and was told by the old guide, that he occasionally gave liberty to the young people of Bakewell to come and dance here. He seemed vexed, however, to have them come, as if he personated the genius of the place (his family indeed had lived here three hundred years, he told me): but for my part, I could not at all sympathise with him; for I was glad to feel this strange mingling together of death and life, of the past and present, of ruins and revels, of hoary decay and ever-flourishing and happy youth, which reminds us at once of the ever-passing fashion of this world, and the ever-present beneficence of heaven. A full-length portrait of Queen Elizabeth, in gorgeous costume, looked down from the head of the hall upon the passing show of this world's pleasures—passing, but not more transient than the joys and splendours of her own life.

The view southward from Haddon Hall, the bold wooded bank on the left, the windings of the Wye, the lovely valley, the hills rising in the distance, make altogether one of the most romantic and beautiful scenes in the world.

But Matlock—sweet Matlock! dare I talk of beauty when approaching thee? It certainly is a spot of rare, if not unsurpassed loveliness. I shall not undertake to describe it—only in general as a sweet little valley, watered by the Derwent, surrounded by cliffs the most romantic, of every form and position. But it is to be remembered that cliffs and precipices in this country are very different things from what they are with us. The moisture of the climate causes ivy, laurel, and every shrub and tree, to grow up their sides and to spring out from their very summits. The cliffs here, too, are of every shape; some of them rising perpendicularly like battlements or towers, bare in some places, covered with ivy in others, and waving out from their tops green banners of luxuriant foliage; while between and through them you see the soft, deep, blue sky—softer, deeper, bluer, than it appears elsewhere; and would that it oftener had this aspect in this country of clouds, and rain, and smoke—for in this respect it is not to be compared with ours. I suppose this is the reason why Englishmen rave so much about the Italian sky. And I do not doubt, that when cultivation and good roads have gone up among the wild and craggy places of our own country, as many beauties will be unveiled as are found here. And even here, let it be remembered, for the comfort of you who stay at home, that all special beauty is but a small addition to the general beauty of nature. In another respect, you have the advantage. For sight seeing, travelling to see spectacles, is not favourable to that calmness of mind, so in unison with nature, and that leisure, that reverie mood of mind, which is necessary to "drink in the spectacle." This quotation from Wordsworth calls to mind what I heard a celebrated poet remark a few days ago, about some fine scenery he had lately been to visit. He was asked what he thought of it. He replied, that he hardly knew what to say, for he doubted whether he felt the scene; there was company; and there were ladies to be assisted; there was not time enough, and there was not silence and contemplation; and one of the

party wanted him to sit down in a certain place, in order to feel the effect.

Sometimes, too, the guides vex one sadly. At the Giant's Causeway, I thought, at first, that they would have torn us to pieces, literally stripped us naked like robbers, with their kind offers of assistance; and when we had selected one to get rid of the rest, he stood up in the boat, and with loud vociferation attempted to *direct our admiration*, first to one, and then to another of the wonders of nature; till I was obliged peremptorily to silence him, that we might have leisure and liberty to admire for ourselves.

I wish I could give you a sketch in pencil of the woman at the falls of Stoney Byers on the Clyde. As we jumped from the coach, I saw her there ready for a start, and knowing that we didn't want her, I hastened down the path, quite upon the run at length; but she came in ahead at the critical point, when the falls burst in sight, and then stopping short, her costume, headgear, &c. scarcely obeying the command of the will to halt, she lifted up her hands, and outroared the cataract with exclamations, "Beautiful! beautiful!"

Guides are usually privileged persons, holding their situation from the proprietor of the grounds or the curiosities they exhibit. At the Matlock Cave, however, I found there was a double tax. I purchased a ticket down below for a sight of the cave, and that, I supposed, was the end of it. But when we came out, my guide, a very pretty young woman, who with a very naive manner and accent had pointed out all the curious crystals and spars, fluor, dog teeth, lead, zinc, &c. said, with an equally naive manner, "Please to remember the guide, sir."

By the bye, one of the peculiarities here is, that women do a thousand things that *men* do with us. They not only tend shop, but butcher's stalls, bar rooms, and offices of the stage coach in the capacity of agents; they are often guides to waterfalls and other spots which are visited; and nearly half of the people that I see in the streets of the villages and towns, are women.

Willersley Castle near Matlock is a fine building in simple but very good taste, consisting of a main building, and wings set off a little from it, and small towers at each corner of both the main building and the wings. It is situated on a bold bank, east of the Derwent. Behind it is a fine hill of cliffs and woods, laid out with beautiful walks; before, the Derwent, and over the river in front, a noble range of cliffs; beyond these, a swell of rich and cultivated country seen above them; and on the south, one of the finest prospects of valley and hill ever spread out to the eye.

LICHFIELD, August 8.—It is curious that the moment you leave Derbyshire you leave the picturesque country, the country of hills and valleys, for a level tract, far more rich, though far less beautiful—a tract, whose whole broad surface seems to be loaded with the wealth of agriculture. This is Staffordshire.

What legacies do men leave after them, that they little think of! There are certain spots, about which, in my wanderings through a strange land, I have felt as if they were a kind of home. Such is Lichfield, because Johnson was born here. So I felt about the lakes, from the residence of living, familiar authors.

The cathedral here is not so large as the York minster; it is not so

sublime: but the interior is, if possible, more beautiful. It has not, indeed, so much exquisite carving, and the stained glass is mostly modern, though very rich: but there is a keeping about the whole interior, a unity of design and similarity of finish, that are very grateful to the eye. The west front is very rich in sculpture, and the three spires very delicate and beautiful. I visited the house, and saw the room, in which Johnson was born; and went to the schoolhouse where Johnson, Addison, and Garrick were taught the rudiments: and where, if what Johnson says be as universally true as he makes it, "Latin was whipped" into Joseph, and Samuel, and David.

BIRMINGHAM, *August 9.*—Visited the pin manufactory, the button, the jappanning—so have others, who can tell you about them better than I can. The royal Clarence vase, made by the Lockharts here, was on exhibition: the mammoth of all baubles; a most splendid thing. Weight, eight tons; fourteen feet high; twelve feet, the diameter of the basin; capacity, nine hundred gallons; cost, ten thousand pounds; when taken apart to be removed, consisting of six thousand eight hundred pieces; made of cut glass laid upon gold, inlaid with enamel; and appears like burnished gold, enriched with jewels. It was expected that the late king would purchase it, but he died before it was finished. You will ask, for what use? I answer, for none, but that to which my eyes put it, for sixpence!

They are erecting in Birmingham a very large building for a town-house, which promises to be one of the finest modern structures in the kingdom. One of the uses to which it is to be put, is that of furnishing accommodation for musical festivals. For this purpose an immense hall is reserved.

We have no such places in America for music; and it seems to me that our concerts are arranged and carried on, in some disregard of that circumstance. We have too much noise. Our orchestras are too powerful for our buildings. I will not say that they are too numerous; but it appears to me that the object of numbers in this case is overlooked. It is not to make a great noise—unless it be in occasional choruses, of a particular character. It is, I conceive, that every performer may give softness to his instrument or his voice, by diminishing its strength. In buildings of an ordinary size, such as our churches, strength is the quality least required. One voice—that of the preacher—fills the church, and that too while labouring under the impediments which distinct articulation and vocal utterance must throw in the way of loudness. Surely, then, one voice, in song, may fill a church. I do not deny that thirty singers *may* make better music than three; but, as matters stand in our country, I had rather take my chance with three. Responsibility is weakened by diffusion, and three persons pledged to this duty would give me a better guarantee for good music than thirty. At any rate, they could not put in danger the very organs of hearing. I know of few situations more painful or absurd, than to be seated at a concert, within ten feet of an orchestra of a hundred singers, and as many instruments, and to be obliged to stand the onset of one of their choruses. I cannot describe it; but I wish that Jack Downing would attend one of these concerts, and give an account of it. It is only to strip the occasion of the technical and conventional language in which it is usually described—wherein lies much of the humour of the Down-

ing family, by the bye—and it must appear to be one of the most ridiculous things in the world. What if one man had the strength of a hundred voices in him? Should we like to go to some one of our concert halls, and sit within ten feet of him, and listen to him three hours in succession? But why not?—if mere loudness is so expressive and pleasing, we might have a platoon of soldiers to fire blank cartridges before us all the evening. It would be a great noise, and give us a great idea—of something or other. And that, I fancy, is all the idea that most persons get from most of these deafening choruses. The aspect of an assembly stunned, drowned, dumbfounded, with this visitation—of the elements (of sound)—sufficiently shows, that they have found the pleasure they sought very trying to bear. But when the soft solo or duet pours in its sweet melody, how does every heart thrill, and every eye kindle and melt! It is a trembling snatch of pleasure, however, held in instant dread of the thundering wave that is coming. I am ignorant and have not inquired, but perhaps that is the very design of the chorus—to enhance the effect of real music!

Save that which is imported—when shall we have real music in America? It is scarcely too much to say, that nineteen-twentieths of all the instruction and expense bestowed upon the art among us, is thrown away. Not one young girl in fifty, I am afraid, who is taught music, is ever taught or led to pour her soul into her song; and what music can there be without that? If music is a cultivation of the fingers only, not of the soul—if it is not at once the instrument and offspring of intellectual and moral refinement, it is nothing worth. I may be told that many of the best performers have been low-minded and vicious persons. There may have been that unfortunate contrariety, too often seen, between their practice and their sentiments. But it will not do, I think, to say that the highest efforts of music may be reached without a high susceptibility of this nature.

Germany has laid the only sufficient basis for a national taste and talent in this art, by introducing its rudiments into the system of popular education. Would that some of those many idle and weary half hours now passed in our common schools, might be employed in singing the sweet old ballads of England, and holy Psalms. What a beautiful form of worship would it be for a school of little children!

Kenilworth Castle—a very majestic ruin; the whole not in such good preservation as Conway or Caernarvon; but particular parts, ranges, and windows, much more perfect. It is curious that Leicester's part, the latest built, is in the most ruinous condition. The lake is drained, and the towers of the gateway, by which Elizabeth entered, on the great occasion of her celebrated visit to the Earl of Leicester, are fallen. It was not the principal gate of entrance; but was chosen that she might pass by the lake and receive the homage of the fantastic water gods. This lake was on the west side—a small stream now flows through its bed—and with that to diversify the scenery, it must, in that quarter, have presented a noble landscape. The park was formerly twenty miles round, but is now pasture and ploughed fields.

The walls of the buildings left standing are very lofty; but the ivy creeps to the very top, surmounts the loftiest towers, and spreads its living screen and soft curtaining over the richly carved windows. The banquetting hall was eighty-four feet long by forty-eight broad, and its

windows twenty-seven feet high. Alas! the feast and the song are gone; the gathering of nobles and the flourish of trumpets are here no more; but instead of them, I heard a single buglehorn at a distance that came softly up among the crumbling walls and mouldering arches, as if to wail over their desolation; and here and there, in the court-yards, I saw picnic parties, carelessly seated on the grass, as if in mockery of the proud and guarded festivities and grandeurs of former days. I thought with myself, that they must be more familiar with the spot than I was, to be able to sit down, and "eat, drink, and be merry."

Warwick Castle, the seat of the Earl of Warwick, is, in its appearance from the inner court-yard, far the most majestic, magnificent castle I have seen—altogether more imposing and impressive. Its range of building, its noble towers, and one of them particularly, rising amid embowering cedars and banks of ivy—must be seen, to be felt or understood. The walks, and grounds, and woods beyond, are in keeping with all the rest; not looking as if everything was handled, and shaped, and trimmed, and shaven down, with elaborate art; but full of nature's beauty, with just enough of man's taste and management to open that beauty to the eye. The celebrated marble vase dug up from the villa of Adrian, is in the greenhouse amid the grounds.

The interior of the place corresponds very well with the character of the whole establishment; a very grand hall of entrance, paved with marble, and hung round with ancient armour of the Warwick family; the rooms all supplied with very rich and massive furniture, and especially with many tables, stands, &c. of every form and fashion, in the style of work called *pietra dura*, i. e. a kind of coarse mosaic work, or inlaying of variegated marbles. A great number of really fine portraits—several Vandykes, some Murillos; and one Raphael—portrait of a lady—very Madonna-like and beautiful; some lions of Rubens; and a Henry VIII. of Holbein.

At the Lodge we were shown Guy of Warwick's porridge-pot, about as large as a common potash kettle; and his hook, a sort of pitchfork, to fish up dinner from the caldron; also, his two-handed sword; his walkingstick, big enough for Polyphemus; the armour of his horse—breastplate, headpiece or helmet, &c. &c.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.—Shakspeare's house and tomb; and the site of the house (his own house) in which he died.

I have a strange feeling about Shakspeare, that I never heard anybody express. Though he is seated, by the admiration of mankind, upon an inaccessible height, yet there never was a being among the great men of the world, whom I have felt, if he were living, that I could so easily approach, and so familiarly converse with. He impresses me with awe, he fills me with a sort of astonishment, when I read him; yet he draws my love and confidence in such a way, that it seems to me I should not have feared him at all; but could have met him at the corner of the street, or have sat down with him on the first convenient rail of a fence, and talked with him as freely as with my father. What is this? Is it that the truly loftiest genius is imbued and identified, more than any other, with the spirit of our common humanity? Is it that the noblest intellect is ever the most simple, unsophisticated, unpretending, and kindly? Or, is it that Shakspeare's works were a household treasure—his name a household word—from

my childhood? It may be, that all of these reasons have had their influence. And yet if I were to state what seems to me to be the chief reasons, I should put down these two words—unconsciousness—of which Thomas Carlyle has so nobly written, as one of the traits of genius—*unconsciousness* and *humanity*. He was unconscious of his greatness, and therefore would not have demanded reverence. He was an absolute impersonation of the whole spirit of humanity, and therefore he is, as it were, but a part of one's-self.

If anything were wanted to contrast with the nobleness of Shakspeare, it might be found in a horrible act of meanness perpetrated here, which must draw from every visiter to this place, scarcely less than his execration. Shakspeare's house fell, after his death, into the hands of a clergyman—whose name—but let his name perish! This man, being annoyed by the frequent visits of strangers to a mulberry tree before the house, first caused that to be cut down; and then, vexed by the levy of a poor rate upon the house, he angrily declared that it should never pay taxes again, and razed it to the ground!

CHAPTER VI.

BLENHEIM—OXFORD, ITS COLLEGES AND CHAPELS—NATIONAL HEALTH—ILL HEALTH OF OUR PEOPLE IN AMERICA—CAUSES—REMEDIES.

BLENHEIM CASTLE AND PARK IN WOODSTOCK—the present of the nation to Marlborough after the battle of Blenheim. The structure is immense, built on three sides of a square; the principal range of building one hundred and eighty feet long, and the side ranges nearly as much. The park is not larger than some others, nor so large; but it appears more extensive, from the openings through the trees—not vistas—but openings through groves and clumps of trees, in various directions, and extending, apparently, almost as far as the eye can reach.

On the borders of an artificial lake, and upon a fine swell of land, stood the old royal residence, celebrated in Scott's novel, "Woodstock." Nothing now remains to mark the spot, but two large sycamores, planted when the castle was demolished, and Rosamond's well. There are some remarkable oaks with immense trunks (one twenty-seven feet in circumference), said to be as old as Henry the Seventh, standing in a distant part of the park. By the bye, the principal trees in all the parks of England, and all over the country, indeed, are the oak and the beech. There are some cedars of Lebanon, yews, &c.; but few elms, and none that I have seen to compare with ours on the Housatonic and Connecticut.

The chief attraction of this palace is found in its paintings. It is the first fine collection that I have seen. There is a suite of rooms, four or five hundred feet long, filled with pictures—many of them by the first masters, Vandyke, Rubens, Carlo Dolci, Titian, Teniers, Rembrandt, Guido, &c. Nothing, I think, struck me so much as a Madonna, by Carlo Dolci. There is also a very striking full-length portrait by Kneller, of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough—a very beautiful

face, but looking as if it might easily furnish expression to all the fiery passions ascribed to her.

The library surpasses every room that I have seen, for magnificence; the walls, the alcoves, the doorways, all of marble—the room probably two hundred feet long, and thirty feet high—seventeen thousand volumes. The library looks upon the private gardens.

The chapel contains a magnificent marble monument of the first Duke and Duchess of Marlborough.

On the road to Oxford, I saw for the first time, in travelling more than a thousand miles, wooden fences; in this country they are always stone, or turf, or hedges. Neither have I seen a shingle in the kingdom; but always slate, tiles, stone, or thatch. Multitudes of women are to be seen everywhere, gleaning the harvest fields—sometimes fifty, seventy, in a field. They pick up what remains after the reaper, straw by straw, till they get a large bundle, and then carry it home on their heads. The harvests consist of wheat, barley, and oats. No Indian corn is grown here.

OXFORD, August 14.—A city of spires, pinnacles, and Gothic towers, rising amid groves of trees. The twenty colleges, i. e. ranges and quadrangles of ancient buildings, mostly in the Gothic style, are amazingly impressive. Several of them have beautiful gardens and walks, and some of them are quite extensive.

It is in vain to begin with Oxford; a week would not suffice for a description; and no description could tell what a walk is among these glorious old quadrangles. Yet I cannot pass, without paying a tribute to the unequalled chapels of Oxford. In that of New College, there is an altar-piece, by Westmacott, well worth perusing—representing, in successive pieces, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Descent from the Cross, the Resurrection, and the Ascension. The varying expression in the countenance of the Virgin is very striking and affecting. But the chapel of Magdalen College, the interior but just finished, is, in the substantial parts, the crowning beauty of all the chapels: the entire walls of polished stone—the screen of stone, most exquisitely carved; the whole wall over the altar, with three ranges of niches and canopies, and surmounted by a *noli me tangere*, all carved in the same manner.

There is a *noli me tangere*—"touch me not"—by Mengs, in the All Souls' College chapel, about which I lingered for some time. The considerate, fixed, compassionate look of Jesus—superiority painted in the face, yet shaded by a human tenderness—and, in Mary's countenance, as she kneels and stretches out her hand, something of surprise, great eagerness repressed by deep awe—the delicate suffusion of the eye—a suffusion, not with tears, but as if the blood were starting through every fine and invisible pore, in and about the eye—it was something to gaze upon, and turn back to, for a last look.

I do not know that I shall find a more fit place than under the shadow of these college walls, to say some things that I wish to say on the subject of national health—for it especially concerns our students.

This subject drew my attention on landing in England, and has impressed me at every step. We have nothing among us like the aspect of health that prevails here—the solid, substantial, rotund, rubicund appearance of all classes. We are, in comparison, a thin, delicate, pale-

faced people. We are, I am sometimes tempted to say, a nation of invalids in the comparison. The contrast is great and striking between the labouring classes of the two countries; but it is yet greater and more remarkable between the women, merchants, and men of study. I could scarcely have believed in the difference if I had not seen it. Besides, all health is relative, and "very well" in England must mean something, I think, considerably different from "very well" in America; not to say, also, that the "very well" of common parlance is frequently found, on more minute and friendly inquiry, to be quite distant from the truth.

Much, though not by any means all of this difference, is doubtless owing to our climate. When I was coming abroad I was desired by an eminent physician to inquire what it is, in the habits or circumstances of foreign students, that enables them to accomplish so much more study than we do, and at the same time to live longer and in the enjoyment of better health. I *have* inquired; and I certainly can find nothing in their habits that should give them such ~~advantages~~ over us. They are not more temperate and abstemious than we are; I should think the reverse is the fact. They seem to have no occasion for paying such regard to matters of regimen and diet as we do. They certainly talk less about them, and think less about them, than we do. There are no hardier or healthier students in the world than those of Germany; and it is well-known that they are not remarkably cautious about their modes of living. But then, in Europe, they do not experience the extremes of temperature, and especially the sudden changes, that we do in America. For myself, I have observed, that that temperature, whether hot or cold, which continues longest of an equable character, is most favourable to exertion. It is our autumn, and especially our spring, with its frequent and sudden alternations of sometimes twenty and thirty degrees in a day, that seems to tear the constitution to pieces. I lately met with an observation of the celebrated Blumenbach, to the same purpose. He was asked what was the cause of the extraordinary health of the German students: and he answered that it was the equable climate which they either had, or, by means of the Russian stove *made* for themselves, the year round.

There are, indeed, other differences. All thinking in our country is brought into immediate connexion with the actual interests of society, and is therefore apt to be more exciting, anxious and exhausting. The mind of the country runs to politics, controversies, reforms. We have but few students among us, who are quietly engaged in the pursuits of abstract science, without a thought beyond them. We have none perhaps like Blumenbach himself, spending life in pleasing studies of insects, in calm and retired contemplations of holy and beautiful nature; else we possibly might have some like him, who could study sixteen hours a day, and find a green old age at eighty.

There are yet other differences which affect a wider circle of society among us. We are an anxious people. The paths of competition in our country are wide and free. Hence no man among us is satisfied with his condition. Every man is striving to rise. Every man is ambitious; and many are discontented and sad. These things weigh upon the heart, and wear upon the springs of life. I do not say that this is a bad condition; I think it favourable to improvement; but I say

that it is trying both to health and virtue. At the same time we have fewer sports and holidays than any other people; and what we have are falling into disrepute. The national mind wants buoyancy; and buoyancy of spirit is one of the most essential springs of health.

I am inclined, also, to impute something to our modes of living. The Bonapartean style of dining doubtless prevails among our busy citizens, more than the physician would advise. The silent and awful celerity with which our meals are dispatched, is not altogether a steam-boat or stage-house horror. But this rapidity of eating does not arise, I imagine, from any peculiar voracity of the American *genus*. We are a very busy people; and as such, I think, we arrange our times of eating very unadvisedly. Dinner in our cities at present is unfortunately in a state of transition, from the old customs of the New World to the new customs of the Old World. It has now arrived at the hour of three or four o'clock. It will be far better for health, when it has fairly reached the destined goal of six or seven; when the merchant or the student shall come to his dinner as the grand family *reunion* of the day—"all studies solemnly defied," all cares locked up in the counting-room—when he shall actually *eat less* because he has *more time* (the physician can explain that)—when there may be some chance of enlivening and elevating that humble but necessary occupation, with sprightly or grave discourse—and when it may be followed, not with a hasty walk to the warehouse, or an anxious retreat to the study, but with those domestic or social engagements and recreations which will promote digestion, cheerfulness, refinement, virtue, and happiness altogether.

I must add a word upon our modes of dress. With a climate twice as trying as that of England, we are, on this point, twice as negligent. Whether there is actual violence done to the form in the absurd attempt to make it genteel, I will not undertake to decide; but certainly the bust of an English woman shows that it never was, and never could have been subjected to those awful processes of girting, which must have been applied in many cases to produce what we see among us. At any rate, the fearful prevalence of consumption in our country, is an admonition of our duty on this subject of dress, that ought not to be disregarded. And especially in a country where no limits are set to fashionable imitation—where a man is very liable to mistake upon the door-step his domestic for his wife or daughter—this is a subject that comes home to every family, whether low or high, and comes too in the most palpable forms of interest—in the suffering and expense of sickness, and in the bitterness of bereavement.

But consumption and death are not the only alarming forms in which the subject of female health presents itself. Let any one look at the women of America, and, with all their far-famed delicacy and beauty, let him tell me what he thinks of them, as the mothers of future generations? What are the prospects of the national constitution and health, as they are to be read in the thousands of pale faces and slender forms, unfit for the duties of maternity, which we see around us? Let any one go with this question to their nurseries, and he will see the beginning of things to come. Let him go to the schools, and he will turn over another leaf in the book of prophecy. Oh! for a sight at home, of the beautiful groups of children that are constantly seen in England, with their rosy cheeks and robust frames!

I may seem to be speaking in terms more earnest and admonitory than there is occasion for; but I am persuaded that the public mind among us is by no means possessed with the full importance of this subject, nor with the extent of the evil referred to. I ask any man to cast about his thoughts upon the circle of his female acquaintances, and by some inquiry of their physician or of their particular friends to assist him if necessary, to ascertain what is the real state of their health. The result, I have no doubt, he will find to be, that three out of four, perhaps six out of seven, are, most of the year, unwell—ailing, complaining, feeble, suffering. Certainly more than half of the female population of our country are suffering, either with dyspepsy, or with nervous disorders, or with symptoms of consumption, or with some unaccountable failure of strength, or with some of the many other forms of disease incident to retired and sedentary habits. If any one thinks this statement extravagant, I will only again desire him to make out the list of his acquaintances, and see how it stands. Neither do I say, on the other hand, that everybody is well, in any country. But I do consider the case of our own, in this respect, to be very peculiar.*

If it be so, certainly it would not be easy with any words to overrate the importance of the subject. Why, it would not be difficult to swell it to the importance of the "temperance cause" itself—let it only have for a while the same exclusive and concentrated view fixed upon it. It is not posterity alone that comes into the account; it is not present misery alone; it is vice also. How many have been driven to that very intemperance of which so much is said, and so justly—how many have been repelled from their home, and carried to places of evil resort, by ill health, by low spirits, by a sad and complaining face there, that bereft home of all its charms!

Can nothing be done? If I had thought so, I would have said nothing. But I believe that much can be done, if attention can be aroused to the subject.

We have, doubtless, an unpropitious climate. It is unfavourable to the necessary out-of-door exercise. We have no such habits in this respect as the English—nothing approaching to them; and the difference is doubtless owing to our climate. In the summer it is too hot for exercise; in the winter it is too cold; in the spring it is too variable. The autumn, indeed, is favourable; but that is too short a season to form habits which shall bear up against the adverse influences of the whole year.

What, then, is to be done? I answer, that an effort must be made proportioned to the difficulties that are to be overcome. Exercise, out of doors, *can* be taken in our climate the year round; as there are some good examples to prove. I am told, indeed, that some improvement is already taking place in the habits of our American ladies in this respect.

* I heard the other day the following fireside conversation :—

Doctor, will you please to look at that girl's tongue.

Doctor. It is very much coated.

Mother. It almost always is, more or less.

Doctor. Oh! I never saw the tongue of an American woman that was not.

All. Why, what do you mean?

Doctor. I mean what I say; that I scarcely ever saw the tongue of an American female that did not show that mark of ill health.

And many things besides this can be done. Clothing can be better adapted to the purposes of exercise in, and defence against our climate. We want more of the foreign liberty of walking out, without being in full dress. I am sorry to observe the prejudice of fashion against the India rubber shoe—actual instrument for advancing civilization, as I consider it—promoter of society—which stands instead of carriages, and horses, and servants, if it were but duly appreciated and used. To go back a step: our children should be brought up on plain fare in the nursery; they should be constantly inured to the climate as they grow up; at a later period they should not be made victims to the hard studies of fashionable schools; and when they are sent into the world, they should not be sacrificed to the follies of fashionable dress and dissipation.

If there is any conscience in the country, these things must, at length, come to be regarded. The claims of the present, and of future generations; the most essential welfare of the nation, and the dearest happiness of beings unborn; the anxieties and sorrows of husbands, fathers, and friends, call upon the women of our country to regard the care of their health as an *absolute duty*!

CHAPTER VII.

SLOUGH—STOKE PARK—THE CHURCHYARD OF GRAY'S ELEGY—WINDSOR CASTLE—CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT IN ENGLAND—CLAIMS OF THE DISSENTERS—THE VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE—EFFECT OF AN ESTABLISHMENT UPON THE STATE OF RELIGION—RAMMOHUN ROY—EFFECT OF AN ESTABLISHMENT UPON THE CHARACTER OF THE CLERGY—POSITION OF THE CLERGY IN AMERICA—DANGER OF SUBSERVIENCY TO POPULAR OPINION—GENERAL LIABILITY OF THE SAME CHARACTER.

August 14.—I came down to Slough to-day, and stopped for the night, that I might to-morrow visit Windsor Castle, two miles distant. In the direction opposite to the castle, and about the same distance, is Stoke Park, within the bounds of which is the church (the Stoke parish-church) and the churchyard, upon which Gray is said to have composed his celebrated Elegy; and near at hand is his monument. After I had taken my tea, I determined to walk to the spot.

It was some time after sunset when I arrived there; a glow in the western sky spread a solemn hue over all objects, but scarcely penetrated the deep shadow of the groves. I could not have chosen an hour more fit for such a visit; nor could any place be more fit for such meditations as those of Gray's Elegy. The church is one of those singular structures so common in England, which seems to consist of several buildings clustered together without any order or plan. It has a pretty spire, which rises, with picturesque effect, amid the trees that surround the place on all sides, except that of the approach. The churchyard is full of the swelling mounds, mentioned in the Elegy, and there, too, stands the "venerable yew." The monument appears in the distance, through the opening by which you approach. It is a simple, square block, with a sort of oblong urn on the top. One of the four sides bears

the name, age, &c. and mentions that the poet's remains sleep in the neighbouring churchyard, in the same tomb with his mother's, and bearing no other than the affectionate inscription by which he commemorated *her* virtues. It was so dark when I arrived at the churchyard, that I could only read the words "careful and tender mother"—yet what a wealth of affection, what a world of solicitude and love, what a life of cares never to be repaid nor described, do those few words set forth!

It was among the last shadows of the late evening twilight that I commenced my walk homeward—if, alas! a traveller's home can be called home at all. As I left the park, one of those contrasts presented itself which "the lights and shadows" of life are so constantly depicting upon the many-coloured web of our reflections. Windsor Castle, seen in the distance, was just then lighted up for the evening. "What care we," I said, "who built its mighty towers, compared with the interest we feel in him, who built the simple rhyme of the Elegy on this country churchyard! I had rather take my chance for fame in these few lines, which genius in its holy hour of inspiration has written, than in all that the royal masters of Windsor Castle have done, during the varied and anxious lives which have fretted themselves away, till the exclamation has arisen, as it did from the dying bed of George the Fourth, 'Oh God! this is death!'"

I should have mentioned that three sides of Gray's monument bear appropriate inscriptions from his own verses; two of them were from the Elegy, the other I cannot refer to.

On one side were the following stanzas:—

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

Another side bore these:—

"One morn I miss'd him from th' accustom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

His monument, looking towards the churchyard, still seemed to be uttering the language of his living thoughts. It was long, I assure you, as I turned back from this spot, before I dropped the folded arms, and fell into the common-place gait of this worldly journey.

WINDSOR CASTLE, *August 15*.—I found the state-rooms shut up, in preparation for fêtes about to be given on occasion of the king's birthday, next week. I could therefore only walk around the Castle, and go into St. George's Chapel; which I did during the daily morning service. I asked an attendant (a sort of sexton or keeper, several of

whom are always connected with, and usually found about, all the cathedrals) whether the king was present at this daily worship; and was answered that he attended only on Sunday. The royal family pew is in a sort of screened gallery. The chapel is a beautiful specimen of showy Gothic, consisting of a nave and choir. The banners of the Knights of the Garter are hung in the choir; the carved canopies in oak are very rich, and as old as Henry the Sixth.

Nothing seems to me more sad than these daily cathedral or chapel services, as I have usually seen them; a few official persons with the singers make half of the attendance; the music, the singing, always very admirable, the result of constant practice—the glorious structure, the carved work, the appurtenances, so to speak, of the service—all beautiful, all rich, all fitted to touch the imagination and move the heart: but here is the sadness—it seems all to be gone through as a form; the singing men and boys perform their part like automata; the reading and chanting of the service (and the reading is a sort of chanting) seems not to be aided by one particle of unction. In a high state of devotional excitement, I can very well conceive of it as natural to sing out one's thoughts; but this sort of utterance without the excitement appears something dismal and distressing.

Windsor Castle has an aspect of firmness and durability beyond any I have seen in England. The stone of which it is built is apparently harder—for all the building stone in England is very soft. It is this, I think, that accounts for the vast amount of Gothic work—the thousands of chiselled pillars and pinnacles—which never would have been done in granite. If the buildings of England *were* in granite or marble, it would be far more rich in architectural treasures. Now they are, wherever exposed to the weather, fast mouldering away.

Windsor Castle is surrounded on every side by gravelled walks and terraces, from which there are fine views. It looked to me like a joyless place of abode—no retirements—no bowers—no shaded walks, immediately adjoining it: a little garden is on the side of the private apartments, but its shrubbery is not high enough to furnish any screen or drapery to the fifteen or twenty statues placed in it.

LONDON, *August 16.*—London I must leave till a future day, as I set off in a week for the Continent.

In the mean time, I shall indulge here in some of the many reflections which six weeks in England have forced upon me. One of the subjects which not only the existing state of things, but which continual conversation, at the present moment, urges upon the attention of the American traveller, is the different method adopted in England and America, for the public support of religion.

In England, Christianity is established and supported by law, and it is established in a particular form. With us it is sustained by the voluntary contribution of individuals, and no preference is given to any sect.

The question between these two modes of proceeding is likely to become in England one of the most agitating interest, and of the most profound importance. In proportion as the people are better informed—in proportion as they read and think more, they are likely to differ from one another more widely, at least on minor points of doctrine and ritual. And with every step of this progress, the demand for religious

freedom must grow stronger. And with the growth of this demand, and of juster ideas of religion, it will be more and more felt, that the voluntary and the impartial plan of supporting religious institutions, is, in principle, the most reasonable, the most tolerant, and the most congenial with the spirit of Christianity. So that the only question will be, whether religion can be supported in this manner.

This particular question is becoming, at the present moment, one of great interest in England. The Dissenters are demanding to be relieved from their burdens. Petitions to Parliament, either for an entire abolition of the union between church and state, or for an essential modification of that union, have, it is well known, become matters of almost every-day occurrence. There is a determination on this point, which must at length succeed; and I must say, indeed, from my own impressions about the hardship of the case, that if the Dissenters—if those whose consciences, and property, and personal respectability, are alike invaded by the church establishment, will not cause their voice and the voice of justice to be heard, they deserve to be oppressed! It is in vain to talk about the revenues of the church as a bequest from former times, sacred from all profane hands. It is true; but it is nothing to the purpose. It is true; but whose *are* the profane hands? If the church endowments were a bequest for the benefit of any particular class of Christians, it was for the Catholics. The largest portion of them were actually Catholic endowments. If it is proper that they should be diverted from that original design at all, it ought at least to be done in aid and furtherance of the whole religion of the country. Is one half of the people to be visited with the forfeiture of these advantages, for their honest dissent? Suppose that the attendants on the episcopal churches should dwindle away to a tenth part of the population. Suppose that its adherents should number but a thousand persons in the kingdom. Would it be right that these persons should monopolize all the immense revenues of the church? Would the country endure such a body of ecclesiastical princes, presiding over deserted cathedrals? or would it endure the argument that should undertake to sustain them in such a position?

I would not advocate the abolition of tithes, but their distribution among all the religious sects of the country, in the proportion of their numbers. This, of course, would leave much to be done by the voluntary principle; and cannot that principle be trusted to do much, in a country where half of the population are nobly supporting their own pastors, and paying tithes to pastors of another flock? And what now is the reward of this noble behaviour? I am a stranger in the country, and may err; but it appears to me that there is a good deal of church scorn here. No man, I think, can travel through this country without knowing that the Dissenters are frequently treated in a manner amounting to absolute indignity? As to the *injustice* of the system, it is well known. The Dissenter is excluded from the universities. In fact, he can neither be born, nor baptized, nor married, nor buried, but under the opprobrium of the law.*

And now, what is alleged in defence of this state of things? no prin-

* That is to say, there can be no legal registration of his birth; his baptismal certificate does not entitle him to legal marriage; and he can receive neither marriage nor burial from the hands of his own pastor.

ciple or pretence of justice that ever I have heard, but only the principle of expediency. It is said, that monopoly and exclusion here are necessary. It is said, that religion cannot be supported in dignity and honour, without ample endowments and rich benefices. It is said, that no reliance whatever can be placed upon the voluntary principle. It is constantly alleged, that America has failed in the attempt to sustain religion upon that basis.

This question will make our religious statistics—an account, that is to say, of the number of our churches, and the number of their attendants, and of the salaries of their pastors—a matter of very great importance. When this account is made out, I have no doubt that it will redound to the triumph of the voluntary principle. I have no doubt it will appear, that, in proportion to the population, more people attend church in America, and larger funds are raised for the support of public worship and instruction, than in any other country. I have no doubt it will appear that religion may be left for its support to the feelings which it inspires in the world; that it needs, no more than science or literature, the patronage of governments; that it may, in fine, be safely confided to the care of Heaven, and to the piety of its children.

But it is not enough to say, that religion does not want the state; it is injured by the state. It always suffers from its union with the state. State patronage tends to give religion a mercenary and a mechanical character. Religion is liable to lose something of its vital character, when it is made to depend on a compulsory support. And it ceases, moreover, to be a common interest, when its affairs are managed, when its institutions are regulated, and its officers are appointed, by a few.

Government has no business to intermeddle with religion. It may extend a general countenance and fostering care to it, as it may to learning and the arts. But it might as well, as fitly, undertake to prescribe what men shall think about matters of science, or what shall be the laws of criticism and taste, as to prescribe religious creeds and the methods of enforcing them. The proper business of government is to take charge of the political and civil interests of a kingdom. The moment they enter into the interior departments of the mind—those interior regions of thought and feeling, where the mind for itself, and in perfect freedom, must work out its own welfare—they show that they are entirely out of their sphere, by their complete inefficiency to do good, and their powerful efficiency to do evil.

Is not this one reason, in fact, why Christianity has failed to set up that empire in the minds of men, which it was evidently designed and destined to obtain? Is it not, in part, because its pure, simple, solemn authority has been enfeebled by the intervention of political patronage and influence? Has it not been ambitious to make itself strong, not in men's consciences, but in establishments, and enactments, and creeds, and forms? Has it not thus been made a worldly interest, rather than a spiritual conviction? a due observance of rites, rather than a strict practice of virtues? a creed rather than a faith, and an institution rather than an action—the great action of life? Has not the effect of state interposition been, in fact, to sever religion from the heart—since it has taken religion into its own keeping, and will not trust it to the care, or free examination, of individual minds; since it has

mystified and disguised the simple matter of keeping the heart, which is the whole matter of Christianity, with tests and prescriptions, and with state machinery of all sorts; so that inward virtue has been accounted nothing, by the temporal power, in comparison with outward compliance; so that the former, if it chance to be coupled with dissent, has been marked out for injury and disgrace, while the latter, however unprincipled, has been the passport to the highest honours, privileges, and trusts!

However this may be, there certainly is an amazing insensibility in the world to the spiritual character of Christianity, which seems to require some special reasons to account for it. And I must venture to say, that, bad as the case is with us in America, it seems to me considerably worse in this country. Whoever shall visit this, the most religious nation in Europe, will find an acknowledged neglect of religion and laxity of morals among the higher classes, an acknowledged ignorance of religion, and inattention to its rites among the lower classes; yes, and an acknowledged coldness and mercenary spirit among many of the established clergy of this country, that will fill his mind with painful emotions, if not with painful questions.*

* I can never forget the effect of this spectacle, as I observed it upon the mind of that celebrated Indian philosopher and Christian, who, instead of being permitted to fulfil the hopes of multitudes in a life of eminent usefulness, was destined to fall in the midst of his philanthropic labours, and to leave his remains to sleep far from his kindred, in the bosom of a strange land. There was something—I may say here, since it is not altogether foreign to my purpose in introducing him—there was something touching in the very appearance, and certainly in the fate of this distinguished stranger, when viewed in contrast with the climate and country which he came to visit, and in which, as it proved, he came to die. A child of the soft Indian clime, with all the guileless simplicity and tenderness of a child; with a mind and frame flexible and swayed to each gentler impulse, as if it were to the soft, luxurious, Asiatic breeze of his own native valleys; with an all-embracing philanthropy, of which his oriental manners, all freedom and tenderness, were the fit expression—he appeared to me, amid the cold regions and cold manners alike of the North, as a being dragged from some more genial sphere; and there was something touching, almost as if it were cruel, in the fate, by which such a being was destined to sink beneath a clime, and to mingle his dust with a country, that were not his, nor, in any respect, like his own.

I must not, however, here linger upon the person and manners of this great and good man, but hasten to observe, that one of the most interesting private purposes with which Rammohun Roy came to Europe, was to witness a practical illustration of Christianity. He had revolved the truths of this pure and sublime system in his mind at home—the beautiful theory, the perfect model was in his thoughts, and it was not yet brought down to be reconciled, and partly identified with an unworthy practice, unworthily called Christian—and what now, will it be supposed, were Rammohun Roy's impressions, on surveying the religion of Christendom? I may further premise, that his interest in Christianity seemed as earnest and as vital as any I ever witnessed. It was evidently far more than a speculative faith with him. It seemed to be the absorbing feeling of his whole mind and heart. With such views and feelings, then, his impressions on witnessing the illustration which Christians are actually giving of their religion, were those of the deepest disappointment and the most profound sadness. There was nothing in him of that peevish or angry complaint, still less of that haughty reproach, which is so often found to accompany a depreciatory estimate of the virtues of Christians; but it was a pure, philanthropic, generous, Christian sadness. It was the sadness of sympathy, and disappointment, and wonder. He spoke of the spiritual lives that Christians ought to lead, and of the sacred and dear ties between them, and of the office

Must I confess that this deficiency seems especially to attach to the clerical function? Yet such is my conviction. The pulpit is not—no, it is not in any country, answering the call which the human heart has a right to make upon it, and which the awakened mind of the world is now making with double earnestness. The priesthood is an institution of no practical efficiency commensurate with its power. Though it can scarcely be said of the clergy of America, I think—though it ought not to be alleged against the *working* clergy of England—yet of the whole body of the priesthood in the world, it must be confessed that it does not work enough; it does not show enough industry, intellectual or active; it does not, in any way, accomplish enough. Still less does it work with the requisite energy and unction. The heart, the soul of the priesthood is not aroused, as it ought to be, to its great vocation.

And why is it thus? Why is the priest this dull, formal being—a cold preacher, a mere performer of rites—a negligent worker in the labours of his great calling? Why, unless it be, partly at least, because he is under the sheltering patronage of government; because he belongs to an establishment and a privileged order; because he is independent, to a certain extent, of public opinion? And if the teachers are negligent and indifferent, if they act upon the mercenary rule of getting as much emolument, and doing as little duty as they can, what can be expected of the disciples? I do not say that the people are not to blame. It is not my business, at present, to settle points of this nature. But I do say, that something, and something, too, besides the general depravity of human nature, must have intervened to corrupt the springs of the Christian faith, to taint the salutary virtues of the waters of life, at their very fountain-head. Something, I repeat, has intervened—some heavy weight has been laid on the energies of Christian principle—and I believe that is, in part, the weight of huge and irresponsible establishments.

I do hope, therefore—not presumptuously nor proudly, I am sure—but I do humbly hope, that we are to see a better illustration of Christianity in America. There are moral reforms, there is a religious progress going on among us, unparalleled in the annals of the world, and I hope that these are omens of future improvement. I do not say that our religious condition is at all satisfactory, and I fear it is but too certain it would not have proved so to that eastern confessor, who entertained it as one of the strongest wishes of his heart, to come among us. But still I trust that, since the Word has free course among us, it is yet to be glorified.

But that such a result may be secured, we must take heed, that we use not our religious liberty for evil occasions or purposes. If in other countries, the religious principle is too much bound up in institutions and forms, and religion itself is too much a matter of mere propriety, let us take heed that the same principle does not, among us, spread into extravagant error and wild fanaticism; and that our religion be not,

of the clergy, and of their parochial relations, as if he perfectly understood all these things—as if the holy book and his own heart had perfectly taught him; and he lamented, with the most touching fervour and tenderness, the want of these things in England. I would the whole world of Christians could have heard this affectionate disciple from the banks of the Ganges, and have taken the lesson and the law from his lips.

half of it, controversy, sectarianism, and dissension. And if the clergy of established churches are too liable to be proud priests, or mere dignified officials, if they are too independent of public opinion, let us take heed lest *eurs* be enslaved to public opinion; lest they contract the feelings and manners that befit such an ignominious bondage; lest they become, in other words, pusillanimous, crafty, managing, sycophantic, and vulgar. I am willing that this body of men should feel the legitimate and wholesome effect of public opinion; I wish it. But let them not be restrained from their just liberty, whether of speech, manners, or modes of life. Let them not be brought into the dangerous position, which will expose them to act a double part—into that trying dilemma where conscientious conviction points one way, and public coercion another.

It is a degrading position: not, perhaps, to the individual mind, which may indeed do itself honour, by foregoing its rights for the advantage of others; but it is a position which is likely to degrade the profession, by preventing many high-minded young men from entering into it, that might do it honour. And it is likely to do further injury—injury, indeed, to religion itself—by giving an ascetic, puritanic, stern, and sanctimonious character to an order of men, which is required to be an example of the Christian virtues. And, as on the one hand, public opinion should not lay undue, unlawful, degrading restraint on the clergy; so neither, on the other hand, should it urge them further in the discharge of their professional duties, than their own judgment, conscience, zeal, and physical ability will carry them. Let not a man in this office be unreasonably urged to do this or that thing, to preach many sermons, to hold many meetings, to make many visits, or to adopt new and doubtful measures, by being told, that this or that man, in a neighbouring town, or belonging to a rival sect, is doing thus, and so.

But I must go beyond the clergy in the application of this remark. In fact, there is nothing which I so much dread from the operation of our political and religious institutions, as the subserviency of the best minds in the country to the worst minds in it; the subserviency of men of talents, education, and refinement, to mere numbers. The mind of a country ought to rule it—ought, I mean, to have the ascendancy, not in politics only, but in every species of influence; but that mind does not, and never did, and never will, reside in the mass. There are at any moment, in any nation—there are in our own, a hundred minds that are possessed of more knowledge, of more profound wisdom, than all the other minds in it. Suppose, now, that neither you nor I, reader! have any claim to class ourselves with the elect hundred, and that we take our place with the mass. What now are we to say, in such a situation? Must we say, that because there are a hundred men above us, and above all their countrymen, the entire interests of the country ought to be committed to this council of a hundred? Not at all. And why not at all? Because we cannot implicitly trust such a council; since although it may have more intelligence than all of us, it may not have virtue equal to its intelligence. Hence arises the necessity of popular intervention, of popular suffrage, as a safeguard from oppression. Could we confide in the few, probably despotic institutions would be the best. That is to say, the government of one or a few, possessed of great experience, influenced by uniform principles, and having the con-

fidence and long-continued attachment of the people, would be, simply considered, better than our constant rotation in office, our varying counsels, violent conflicts, and party legislation. All those advantages, however, do we give up; all these evils do we incur, for the sake of security against oppression. This is the object—this security—of all the circuitous and clumsy contrivances of a representative government. This is the object of general suffrage. It is security. It is *not* that universal suffrage best represents or expresses the *mind* that is in a country. It is not that the many are more sagacious than the few. Nothing can be farther from the truth. The people know nothing valuable about many things of which they pretend to judge, and of which their party prejudices make them judge and speak so confidently. Their ignorance, in fact, is opposed as a sort of foil to the weapons of sagacity. If the people could see clearly, as the few champions do that hold these weapons, and if they could, in consequence, be marshalled into parties, according to that clear perception of selfish objects and party interests, it would be far more dangerous than for masses of them blindly to dash against each other, as they do now—breaking their own force, and breaking in, with blundering interference, upon the ambitious plans of their leaders. I repeat it—the popular mass, instead of possessing all the sagacity in the country, throws itself upon the very edge of a sagacity that it does not perceive: and the effect, I admit, is to clog and blunt the sword that might otherwise pierce the very bosom of the republic; but another effect, no less certain, is, that the popular mass comes away wounded and bleeding from the contest. Does this assertion need any far-fetched proof? Do the people of our country need to have it proved to them, that they often are suffering from thrusts and blows given to them, in the sharp and reckless contests of the few?

It may be thought that these facts and suggestions are at war with my leading observation—*viz.* that nothing is more to be dreaded, than the subjection of the best minds in the country to the worst—of the few to the many. But let it be observed, that this is a question about degrees. To a certain extent it is desirable that the many should have a control over the few. It is desirable that the many should influence the few, but it is not desirable that it should enslave them. Subserviency I protest against, not deference to the people. The latter is just and reasonable, and safe for both parties. The former, the subjection of a superior mind to popular control, only makes its sagacity more dangerous. It is still none the less selfish for the subjection, and none the less has its selfish aims; and the people, by enslaving, have not weakened, but only degraded it. And from the action of such a mind, the people must expect eventually to suffer more than from one held in less, but lawful restraint.

It was not, however, to political relations that I intended to apply the observation I have made on the danger of such a subserviency. The same thing exists, and is, perhaps, no less to be regretted, in the religious world. It is a fact, which can have escaped none but the dullest observer, that throughout our whole country, and in every particular sect, the most cultivated and intelligent minds are generally the most liberal minds. They are the most liberal with regard to the comparative unimportance of the differences of religious opinion—the most liberal in the extension of their charity to differing sects—the most liberal,

without being guilty of undue license, in their reading, their conversation, their habits, and manners; the most liberal in the construction they put upon what are to be considered as lawful and proper recreations. It is well known that there is such a class of persons in every religious denomination, who look with distrust or dislike upon all the extravagant religious measures and projects, and the fanatical opinions, that prevail around them.

Now what is the position which this class of persons occupies in the religious community? It is actually an isolated position. It is constructively a position of subserviency. They exert no influence, they take no part against those things of which they disapprove. They seek to pass quietly through the world. They take care to offend as little as possible the religious prejudices of their times. They give up to these prejudices a part of their liberty; they use another part of it, as privately and unobtrusively as they can. They think that many things around them are wrong; nay, there are not a few among them, who sometimes express a great dread of the effects of the popular fanaticism; but they say as little, they do as little as possible, openly, to withstand this sweeping tide of popular opinions and practices.

So far I conceive that they are wrong on their part. But then they are treated in a manner still more wrong. They are never consulted by the religious communities around them. Upon the very points where their advice is most needed—upon questions of doubtful religious wisdom and propriety, all resort to them is especially avoided. Thus, the influence of not a few of the best minds in the religious community, and many of them interested in religion too, is completely lost. They do not like to intrude their opinion unasked—they do not like to go and speak in public meetings when they are not called. They are *not* called, their opinion is *not* asked; and they but too naturally fold their arms—look on—criticise, with their friend, the bad measures or the bad manners of the zealots—lament, by their fireside, that religion is to suffer so much from the moroseness and folly of its professed friends—and think that this is *all* they have to do.

Can society well and safely go on, without all the light that is in it? Can it, without danger, exclude from among its guiding lights the best minds that are in it? Why, there is enough of sober and cultivated thought among us, if it could be gathered from its various religious circles into one mass of public opinion, if it could be induced to speak out—there is enough, I say, to hold in complete check all the religious extravagance, fanaticism, and asperity of the country. There is a body of men that can *produce* that state of modified and mitigated religious opinion and action, which they profess to desire. How is it to be thought strange that some parts of the country are overrun with fanaticism, if religion has been given into the hands of the most ignorant portion of the people? Shall we be told that it is an unpleasant thing to come out, and to be brow-beaten by the multitude, to be rudely assailed as the enemies of religion and of God, and, perhaps, to sacrifice all chances of social and political advancement? Then, I say, let an unpleasant thing be done. Is the religion, that has been sealed in the blood of martyrs, to demand no sacrifices of us? Nay, I say again, if martyrdom be yet required in fidelity to this benign and abused faith—then let there be martyrdoms!

But there are no martyrdoms required. There is nothing needed but that some true, liberal, kind words be spoken—frankly and freely spoken, by every reflecting man as he sees occasion; that he shrink not ignobly from his responsibility, and his place in society, but speak plainly what he thinks of religion and religious measures, and religious men; and in America, I verily believe, is a people that will hear. Many a plain, uneducated, modest man, I am persuaded, is waiting to hear that word, from those to whom he looks up as having advantages superior to his own. Ours is a country that is wide awake to improvement. Our advancing system of education, our improving prison and penitentiary discipline, our progress in religious sentiment (I mean the progress of all sects), our increasing charitable institutions, our temperance reform, all show it. The country, I repeat, is wide awake to improvement. Are the authorized pioneers of this improvement seeking to lose themselves in the crowd? Are the lawful leaders of the host cowering behind the very rear rank of the enemy? The eyes of the world are upon us. There is no argument carried on in the Old World, concerning human rights, free principles, the practicability and safety of reform—no, there is not a fireside argument here, but our country is present to offer her example and plead her cause. There is not a question about our condition, but it is here a party question; and we have defenders in this country, more zealous, more deeply interested, if possible, than we are ourselves. Heaven grant, that while we have champions in every civilized country in the world, we may not want leaders in our own; that while all this interest and sympathy are felt for us in other countries, we may not want patriotism and public spirit, manliness, fidelity, piety, virtue, victory, at home!

CHAPTER VIII.

FRANCE—WALLED TOWNS—BELGIUM—BRUSSELS—FIELD OF WATERLOO—
GENAPPE—HUY—AIX LA CHAPPE—COLOGNE—BONN—PRUSSIAN MILITARY AND SCHOOL SYSTEMS—MAYENCE—VALLEY OF THE RHINE—
FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE—DARMSTADT—HEIDLEBERGH—OFFENBERG—
VILLENGEN—MODE OF BUILDING.

CALAIS, *August 22, 1833.*—The first things that made me feel I was in France, were the chattering of the boatmen who took us off from the steam-packet, and "sacre!" rolling from the tongue of the vexed chief boatman, in the manner I have heard described, but could not well have conceived, without having heard the tone of the last syllable, actually thrilling on the tongue as it never does in the pronunciation of a foreigner.

The next new and characteristic objects that presented themselves, as we went up the quay, were the fishwomen, or fish-girls rather—for they were all young—coming down with their small nets and net frames on their shoulders, looking as stout and resolute as men; bronzed with exposure to rain, and sun, and sea; their dress not coming down to the knee, and the calf below, round and full enough to move the envy of any "lean and slippered pantaloon."

Calais, and most of the French towns of any note that we passed through on the way to Belgium, as St. Omer, Lille, &c. are surrounded by two walls, with moats (now drained of their water) and drawbridges at the gates—which gates also are regularly shut every night. In some of the towns this is done at the inconveniently early hour of nine o'clock; and no one is suffered to pass afterward.

Let the dwellers in our free, secure, unwall'd, ungarrisoned cities, think of it. You cannot take a ride into the country here but through these jealously guarded gates, surrounded with cannon, and infested by an idle, expensive soldiery. You cannot take a journey here, but you must have a passport, and be subjected to perpetual interruption and examination. For my part, I could not breathe freely in these prison cities. Wherever I went, I should feel as if I walked in fetters; and wherever I abode, as if I lived in an enemy's country. And yet such will be the state of things in our own country, if it is ever broken up into half a dozen petty republics.

The change in passing from France to Belgium at Baisieux, just before entering Tournay, is very striking, altogether in favour of Belgium as to neatness, comfortable appearance of living, and houses; though I thought there was rather a Flemish heaviness about the faces of the people, neater and more comfortable as they were.

Everywhere on the route, but especially in Belgium, the women seemed to do as much, and hard, and various work as the men; they tramp about in wooden shoes, which adds a double appearance of heaviness to their movements, and almost of slavery to their condition. The country is very rich and well cultivated; but it impressed me with a strange feeling of melancholy all the while, for there seemed nothing in it but toil and its fruits; no intelligence apparently in the general countenance; no leisure, no agreeable-looking country houses, or cottages embowered with trees; no gardens, with people walking or sitting in them; no persons having the air of gentlemen or ladies, riding or walking out as we entered or left the villages and cities; and the cities and villages not wearing an inviting aspect—with close, narrow streets—irregular, old, obstinately fixed in stone against all improvement, and filled with men, women, and children, without one being of attractive appearance among them—almost without *one*.

The country on the route is remarkable for the long avenues of trees (elm, poplar, beech), all trimmed up so as to be very lofty, without any under branches. For many miles together, the road is lined on both sides with them; and ranges of trees, forming squares, triangles, and groves of parallel rows, are seen everywhere. It is doubtless a bad taste carried to such an extent; and yet I think it might intermingle with that *variety* of English scenery, for which there is such a passion in that country.

BRUSSELS is a beautiful city, and the beauty in some parts is in an ancient and striking fashion; as on the *Grand Place*, in which is the Hotel de Ville, or Town House, a fine Gothic building, with the highest tower, it is said, in Europe. The cathedral is very large; but the want of Gothic decorations within, and especially of the clustered column, instead of which is a great ugly round column, spoils the interior. The palace of the Prince of Orange is very splendid; beautiful floors of tessellated wood through the whole suite of apartments, rich marble

walls, many fine paintings apparently—(one, portrait of a female, by Leonardo da Vinci, struck me much)—but we were not allowed to pause before them, being marched through the palace, a large company of us, in Indian file, after having moccasins slipped over our shoes, that the floors might not be injured. The park, on which are situated the palaces, and noble ranges of houses, is very fine; and the Boulevards—or rides and walks between rows of trees—surrounding the whole town, are such a charm and glory of a thing in their way, as is not, that I know, to be found anywhere else in the world.

From Brussels, the ride to the field of Waterloo is through the wood of Soigny; a noble forest of beech-trees, into which the golden beams of the setting sun streamed, like the light through stained windows into a Gothic temple.

We arrived at the field of Waterloo, nine miles from Brussels, after sunset. We ascended the mound raised in commemoration of the great engagement of June 18th, 1815. It is two hundred feet high, and has a monument on the summit, consisting of a high pedestal, on which reposes the British lion, a colossal figure and finely executed. From this elevation, every point in the position of the armies and the field of battle, is easily comprehended. It is now a ploughed field, with nothing remarkable about it; but bare and naked as it is, of everything but the interest which the *great action* gives it, I would not but have seen it. We descended and passed through the very centre of the field—the road to Genappe leading in that direction; yes, we rode quietly through that peaceful field, where, eighteen years ago, on a summer's night—the same moon shining that now lighted our way—thousands lay in the sleep of death, and thousands more lifted up, on every side, faces marked with the death-agony, and uttered wailings that measured out the long, long hours of that dreadful night. As if to complete the contrast, we heard the sound of a violin as we drove off from the battle-field, and turning aside to the quarter from whence it came, observed a dance before the door of one of the cottages.

At Genappe—a few miles distant—beneath the window of the chamber where I slept, was the street where the retreating French raised the last barrier against the pursuing Prussians and Brunswickers. Along that street sounded the fearful “hurrah!” which, as Prince Blucher's report says, drove the panic-struck soldiers of Bonaparte from their post. By the very window from which I looked, rushed the furious Prussian cavalry, which swept away the feeble barricade like chaff; and on every stone of that pavement, blood—human blood had flowed. Yet now, what but these dread recollections themselves could be more thrilling than the awful stillness, the deep repose which settled down upon that fearful spot—the moonbeams falling upon the silent walls, and upon pavements which no footstep disturbed, and seeming to consecrate all nature to prayer and love, not to wrath and destruction.

August 26.—Our ride to-day, especially down the Meuse from Namur to Liege, has been delightful; the road smooth and level; on the right the Meuse, on the left, a constant succession of cliffs, wanting only the ivy to make them almost as beautiful as the cliffs of Derbyshire in England. Some of the hills, too, were covered with vineyards, and on the meadow banks of the Meuse were the finest orchards of apple, pear, and plum trees, that I ever saw.

HUY, on the route, is beautifully situated, and its citadel, which we visited, seemed, to my inexperienced eye, a stupendous work. It is built on a hill, and its battlements rise seven hundred feet above the streets of the town. The work is very massive, and the cavernous depths to which we descended within, gave me a new idea of the magnitude and strength of a military fortress.

Indeed this whole country, and especially almost every city and town, surrounded with stupendous walls, and defended by gates, which are manned with soldiers, constantly remind you of war—constantly tell you that Europe has been a battle-field for ages, and that her princes and potentates perpetually stand upon their guard for the moment when it shall become so again. Would not a being who had never heard of war, nor of its munitions, nor of the passions that ministered to it—who saw himself surrounded at every step with citadels and battlements, and guns and swords, and men clothed in the panoply of battle—would he not think he was travelling through a country of demons? If he were acquainted with the spirit of Christianity, moreover, how would he be astonished to find these were called *Christian* countries, and their kings "*most Christian majesties!*"

The drive from Liege to Aix la Chapelle presents nothing of interest, but the surprising change from immense open fields, without any enclosures, which have surrounded us all the way from Calais, to a country very much resembling England; full of closes and hedges in all directions. It seems to me that these sudden changes in passing through the same country, from one mode of cultivation, building, and living, to another; from one set of usages and fashions to another, from one form and character of countenances to another, must show that there is by no means so free an intercourse, nor so active an intelligence abroad among the people, as in our country. And indeed the people generally appear to me to have rather a stolid aspect. They generally look more contented than our people. It would seem from appearances as if there could not be much want among them; and yet there are many beggars. There is not the sentiment of shame about begging that there would be with us. Beggar boys and girls, very comfortably clad too, will join the carriage and run along, singing out in a plaintive tone, "*Un sous, monsieur, pour charité!*" apparently calculating that importunity will succeed, though all other appeals fail. There is certainly something very touching in the tones of the French tongue. I have seldom felt anything of this sort more than the plea of a poor fellow I met in Lichfield (Eng.) I said to him, for he was a young man, "You look as if you could work." He seemed to understand my objection, and I am sure he annihilated it, as, the tears coming to his eyes, he said, "*Je suis etranger, pauvre, malade.*" And yet what to do, one knows not; for this indiscriminate giving must be bad; and this unscrupulous asking and clamorous importunity are shocking.

AIX LA CHAPELLE, the birth and burial place of Charlemagne, the coronation city of fifty-five emperors, the scene of important treaties, and of congresses of nations, is indebted for its chief interest with the stranger to historical associations; for the town is not at all agreeable: the streets are narrow, and the houses generally ordinary. There is a fine promenade, however, on the road coming towards Cologne. The cathedral was commenced by Charlemagne. The Town House, origi-

nally a palace, and Charlemagne's birthplace, is built on the ruins of an old Roman castle, and has one tower standing, called Granus, which appears to be of Roman origin.

The celebrated springs here are so strongly impregnated with sulphur, which quality derives an increased pungency from their heat, that I found it would take more than one day to learn to drink them. Bathing in them is much more practicable, and altogether pleasant. The whole air of the city is tainted with the smell of brimstone, at times: it was so on the morning when we came out. Aix la Chapelle has thirty-three thousand inhabitants.

COLOGNE—from Colonia Agrippina, a Roman colony—is quite superior to most of the second-rate continental towns of Europe. The remains of the Roman power are spread through all this country.

The church of St. Mary of the Capital was built by Plectrude, wife of Pepin, and mother of Charles Martel; and in the convent adjoining and belonging to it, Mary de Medici passed in misery the last moments of her life. The house where she died is shown. It is the same in which Rubens was born.

In the church of St. Peter is a painting of the Crucifixion of Peter by Rubens, which is considered as one of his masterpieces, and is certainly very expressive. The countenance of Peter, crucified, according to tradition, with his head downward, expresses extreme agony. The faces of the executioners—of one driving the nail through the foot, full of intense and most malignant emotion; of another looking up with the air of a connoisseur at the operation, as if it were only nailing one piece of wood to another—and so of the others, are very characteristic, and powerfully drawn.

But nothing here has struck me so much as the cathedral, planned by Archbishop Engelberg, and commenced in 1248. It is yet unfinished, though the work is going forward. It is a Gothic building of immense size, larger and higher than the York Minster; and were the proportions as perfect, it would, when finished, surpass the minster. But it seemed to me that the columns were too small for the height, and I should doubt if the width were sufficient to make a just proportion. This, however, does not apply to the towers, of which the one that is highest, though not completed, is a thing so glorious and beautiful, that it makes one sigh to gaze upon it.

Bonn, August 30—a pleasant town of twelve thousand inhabitants. We visited the university, saw the library—of ninety thousand volumes—and the museum of antiquities. The most interesting are the Roman antiquities; lamps, culinary vessels, funereal tablets, urns—with the ashes and bones yet in them, and altars, dug up on the banks of the Rhine, and chiefly in the vicinity of Cologne and Bonn. Little glass vials were shown us, said to be used by the Roman ladies to receive the tears of their lamentation for the dead. The inscriptions upon many of the tablets are very distinct, though from the abbreviations used in such cases, it would require some time to spell them out. Thus has the sheltering bosom of mother earth protected monumental inscriptions and records, which wind and rain would have worn out and erased ages ago; and after eighteen centuries, the names which those who loved them strove to perpetuate, are read by the inhabitants of a then unknown world. Indeed the Roman power has driven its ploughshare

through the whole valley of the Rhine, and its monuments lie so deep, that it is not till recently that many of them have been dug up and brought to light.

There are some fine fresco paintings, by Maler Gotzenberger, in one of the university rooms. They are the Faculties of Philosophy, Theology, and Law. An allegorical female figure presides over each department. Alas, for the justice of the representation! while Philosophy is beautiful, Theology is unattractive and unlovely. The Genius of Law is dignified and fine. In the Faculty of Philosophy are attempted portraits of Homer and the Greek tragedians, of Plato, Socrates, and Phidias; one of Shakspeare; and a bountiful proportion of Germans—Kant, Goethe, Schiller, &c.

We introduced ourselves to Professor A. W. Schlegel, who answered many inquiries about the state of things in Prussia—property, education, the army, &c.—all in a tone of great admiration for their government and institutions. In speaking of Goethe, he said, “We consider him the greatest poet of the age.”

As to the state of things in Prussia, appearances in the *villages* we have passed through are certainly very bad. The houses are poor, the streets very filthy, and the people look miserably. Ramparts, battlements, soldiers, appear everywhere, and everything *looks* like a military despotism.

But another and more powerful army is arising in Prussia; and its spreading tents are the schoolhouses of the land. Prussia has established perhaps the most perfect system of popular education in the world. At least, it appears so on paper; I have some doubts whether its working is to produce as much intelligence as our own. Its patron and provider is the government; and hence all the machinery is likely to be more perfect. But whether the result is likely to be as good as in schools which are the objects of voluntary individual support and affection among the people, is the question.

Still, however, be all praise given to the Prussian system. Whether its formers have their eyes open to the inevitable result; whether they suspect that they are depositing an element in the popular bosom which will yet shake the foundations of the government, may well admit of more than a doubt. But that a people really educated will long endure the crushing weight of the Prussian military establishment—that they will doom themselves, and their wives, and daughters, to such unalleviated toil as lays its burden upon every limb and feature around me—that an enlightened population of thirteen or fourteen millions will consent to support nearly two hundred thousand regular troops, besides training more than three hundred thousand militia, is what no person who has studied the tendencies of modern intelligence and consequent freedom, can believe. Religion may be introduced into the system, as it is well introduced into that of Prussia; and the politician may look upon it as a useful instrument to sustain the system, or to countervail its tendencies: but the issue is as inevitable as the principles of human nature are certain.

MAYENCE.—This valley of the Rhine is, indeed, a glorious thing. It is all that I expected; it is more. The entire route from Bonn to Mayence is, as it were, through a grand gallery of the most striking objects, in the departments both of scenery and antiquities. The eye

is absolutely satiated with majestic old ruins; the imagination is wearied out with calling up the scenes of history and romance, peace and war, life and death, that have passed in them; one is exhausted and paralyzed by the burden and pressure of his thoughts and feelings; a day in riding through these scenes is as if one listened all day to inspiring and thrilling music; his musings are all sighings, and aspirations, and prayers; at every turn of the eye, he can scarcely repress his tears. The memories of a thousand years are around him at every step. At almost every great opening in the view of the banks of the Rhine, stupendous battlements and towers rise, from summit to summit, and upon one inaccessible crag after another—twenty or thirty in number, during the two days' ride—all, save one, in ruins; almost all, with one grand tower in the centre, so firmly built, that time has scarcely touched it; all built evidently for defence—upon heights so steep and stupendous, that it must have required strong heads to look down from their turrets and windows without shrinking.

These objects are indeed the most striking; but to complete the view, the hills are everywhere clothed with vineyards, the banks every now and then spread into little valleys, sometimes into broad ones, as in the Rheingau: and the noble stream, varying in width from one to two thousand feet, embosoms many islands.

There is one thing to detract from the beauty of the Rhine, as well as of all the other principal rivers in Europe that I have seen, and that is, that the waters are turbid—owing, doubtless, to the clayey soils through which they pass. They are of a whitish colour, and no sky, however pure its azure, can give them the rich hue of our American streams.

In entering, at Bingen, the duchy of Hesse Darmstadt to-day, it was curious again to observe the immediate change in houses, countenances, circumstances, manners. The frame houses, filled in with brick or other materials, almost universal in Prussia, instantly and almost completely disappear; beggars gather around the carriage again, and this, too, though the country appears just as well off, and even better; so that there must be a change of education and character to account for this, or else of police.

One thing in all these countries very much attracts our notice. All the people, literally all, live in crowded, and mostly dirty villages. Among all these rich fields and vine-clad hills, so beautiful for country-seats and cottages, there is not one house—not one. There are no fine seats in the vicinity of the towns, with a little more space and decoration about them; but all habitation is confined to the dense, compact, crowded village. This, doubtless, was originally owing to the necessity of building for defence; and now, if the people had a taste for it, they are too poor to build for pleasure, abroad in the country. I should like to know what is the effect of this village life upon society. Is it as pure? Is it not more kind, more social, less reserved, less cold?

Mayence has a very pretty entrance from the north, by a winding road through trees; but the town itself has very little attraction. To my eyes, too, it is a very grievous annoyance, that every fifth, literally every fifth man you meet, is a soldier; there being six thousand troops quartered in a town of twenty-six thousand inhabitants.

We visited a gallery of paintings which has some original pieces by

the masters. An "Assumption of the Virgin," by Annibal Carracci, in which the Supreme Being is represented as a venerable man—a conception quite shocking indeed; but when you throw away that idea, which you may easily do, for it is difficult to retain it, the painting of that countenance is very fine: also, a "Mary presenting to a Carmelite the habit of his order," by Carracci. The upward, reverent gaze of the old man, the loveliness of the virgin, were things to dwell upon for some moments at least. A very beautiful old painting of St. Apollonia, by Dominichino; a "Lot and his Daughters," by Michael Angelo—the fire, eagerness, and fondness of intoxication in the poor old man, with his hand outstretched towards the bowl—into which one of the daughters is pouring wine—and the beauty of the daughters, are the points of attraction: nor is the appearance of the outpoured wine to be forgotten. A "La Petit Jesus," by Jacques Jordan—i.e. Jesus teaching in the temple—nothing good but the appearance of the Jewish doctors, and that was very striking; some of them in the colouring of the flesh, by the bye, singularly like those heads of Jews by Alston, exhibited a year or two ago at the Boston Athenæum.

FRANKFORT ON THE MAINE is worthy of its old fame, of its historical associations, and of being the seat of the Germanic Diet. Some of the streets are gloriously ancient in their appearance; and the modern ones have very good buildings, and all are very neat. There are fine seats, too, in the environs, reminding us, for the first time, of the neighbourhoods of our own cities. The walls, too, and fortifications, like those of Brussels, are levelled; but instead of being planted with regular rows of trees, they are laid out in winding walks, interspersed with shrubbery and trees. The cathedral here is a very ancient-looking pile, and the tower with its pinnacles is very grand; the style pure Gothic. There are some old houses here of a very extraordinary appearance. They are very small on the ground, and at the same time very lofty; and being covered entirely, not only on the roof, but the sides, with small, black, shining pieces of slate, they look like giants clad in ancient armour.

DARMSTADT—a beautiful town, with fine avenues through rows of linden trees, on the road to Mayence, and also southward. The chief attraction to us, however, was the gallery of pictures (six or eight hundred in number) in the palace of the Duke of Hesse Darmstadt. Some beautiful ruins and landscapes, by Schonberger; two admirable winter pieces, by Fosci; a striking portrait, by Lanterre; animals, by Sneyder; a St. John, by Corregio. By Titian, a "Sleeping Venus"—the face particularly—the flush, the fulness of deep sleep—the something almost like delicate perspiration. By Dominichino, a "David and Nathan—Thou art the man!"—the prophet standing above the king, who shrinks back in his chair, with a fear-stricken aspect—the prophet's dignity and fixed eye. By Schmidt, a "Diana and Nymphs bathing"—exquisite beauty of form and softness of outline. "Adam and Eve," also by Schmidt—(German)—a painting of great power. Adam and Eve are flying from paradise; in the back ground the sky lowers with a tempest, and lightning flashes vengeance across the dark cloud. Adam's countenance and brow especially, are full of suppressed, sustained, and manly sorrow; Eve leans upon his breast, as they hurry along, with her face to the ground, and with such an expression of fear

in the eye—of fear, not agonizing, but clear, bright, *spirituelle*, subdued, modest, feminine, as, I think, I can never forget. The contrast of manly strength and female loveliness, in the picture, is very striking. But last and greatest of all, is Rembrandt's portrait of his second wife—so beautiful, so natural, so speaking, so heavenly, in the expression of the bright, calm, pure, and almost living eye, that I could have kneeled before it as a Catholic does before the Virgin Mary.

HEIDELBERG.—The situation very delightful, on the banks of the Neckar. The ruins of the castle, on the brow of the hill southward, are more beautiful far than any castellated ruin I have seen in England; said by Scheiber's Guide-Book to be also the most beautiful in Germany. The walls are standing, in very good preservation, and are ornamented, I should judge, with not less than eighty or one hundred statues, also very perfectly preserved. These, with the niches and canopies, and the work in and over the windows, together with many armorial bearings, present a vast proportion of sculpture, though the building is not Gothic. An immensely deep fosse surrounds the castle; there is a fine paved esplanade in front, and another behind it, laid out with walks, and embowered with trees; and the views, up the Neckar, through richly wooded and vine-clad hills, and downward upon the town, and beyond, upon a broad and boundless plain, watered by the same river, also stretching towards the Rhine—are exceedingly fine.

HEPPENHEIM, on the road from Darmstadt to Heidelberg, is situated amid very charming scenery. The majestic ruin of Starkenburg Castle is on a neighbouring height. At Bensheim, not far from Heppenheim, we saw, for the first time in Europe, Indian corn.

OFFENBURG, *September 5*.—We are still in the valley of the Rhine, though at some distance from the river. The scenery for the last day or two more resembles that of our Connecticut river, than anything else; but the ruin of an old castle, now and then appearing on the neighbouring hills, is a feature which is never to appear in the landscapes of the Connecticut. The time of feudal sovereignties and castles has gone by in the civilized world. Princely dwellings, indeed, are built, and will be built; but they are no longer perched upon almost inaccessible crags and mountains, to be forsaken when the times of danger have passed away. The English castles now in ruins were not, indeed, so inconveniently situated; but still they were built for defence, and not for comfort, and have been given up, as much from their inconvenience as from their insecurity. We have been struck to-day with the picturesque and almost fantastic dress of the people; the men, and even young men, with the immensely broad-brimmed hat, which appears in many of Rembrandt's pictures, and the women showing a singular passion for the colour of scarlet. The throng, gathered in the village market-places, most of whom, by the bye, are women—they are the sellers in market—wears an appearance as strange and bizarre almost as would an assembly of Turks.

There is, in short, no business or labour, apparently, which the women of this country do not perform. In the morning, we always meet great numbers of them, either going to the fields with hoe and shovel in hand, or to the markets with the basket of vegetables or fruit upon their heads. This toil and exposure bereaves them of every

feminine charm of person; though their countenances are not unamiable, nor more dull or coarse than might be expected in the circumstances. We learn from the attentive and sensible keeper of the Fortune Hotel here (to whom I commend all weary travellers passing through Offenburg), that women as regularly hire themselves out to work in the field, as men, and at nearly the same price—being eighteen sous for the women, and twenty-one sous for the men, per day—they providing partly for themselves—i. e. they take soup for breakfast at home; their employer provides bread and a pint of wine for their dinner, they adding meat and eggs if they choose; and they expect supper from their employer.

VILLENGEN, *September 6.*—To-day we have been passing through the Black Forest; by which is meant, not a continuous wood, nor a level country covered with forest, but a succession of hills, clothed with fir-trees principally, and looking dark enough justly to give its name to this extensive tract of country. Many of these hills wear a singular aspect; the foliage being bright and glossy, as well as dark; and the forms, bold and beautiful. The road, for thirty miles from Offenburg, leads up a small river, and through a delightful valley, which eventually becomes very picturesque and wild, and very much like what I expect in the scenery of Switzerland. The inhabitants, too, wear, I am told, the Swiss costume, and build their houses in the Swiss fashion: the former, that is to say, wearing large hats, and the latter an immense pent-house roof, much in the same style. They look—the houses—very comfortable, though they must be very dark; and are delightfully scattered up and down among the hills and valleys—a thing we have scarcely seen before on our whole journey upon the Continent.

We saw a funeral procession to-day, of a very singular appearance. The coffin—it was that of an infant—was borne by a woman, on her head. A boy came after her, with a crucifix, bound with ribbons and covered with flowers. Then followed a few men, and a considerable number of women, walking two and two—the women having black gauze caps on their heads, with a fringe of black lace, nearly covering the forehead, and singing a low funereal chant.

With regard to these large projecting roofs of the houses, and indeed the whole style of them—for they quite commonly embrace domicile, stable, woodhouse, carthouse, and barn, all under one roof—I cannot help again remarking how suddenly, just in passing from one village to another, this new scene presented itself. Certainly, these people cannot be like *our* countrymen; who, if they are about to build a house, or to do anything else, observe, as they pass through the country, how others are doing, and what improvements are to be made. The result, among *us*, is a great deal of variety, and a continual progress. But the people here, either never travel, or they never think—never observe anything; else it would be impossible for them to settle down, each village for itself, into this unbroken uniformity. And, indeed, they have nothing like the look of intelligence, of alertness and inquisitiveness of mind, that are seen in America.

CHAPTER IX.

SWITZERLAND—SCHAFFHAUSEN—OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH ON THE CONTINENT—COMPARISONS OF THE GENERAL ASPECT AND MANNERS OF THE PEOPLE ON THE ROUTE, WITH THOSE OF OUR COUNTRY—FALLS OF THE RHINE—ZURICH—ZUG—RIGHI—WILLIAM TELL—LUCERNE—THUN.

SCHAFFHAUSEN (SWITZERLAND), *September 8.*—We entered Switzerland about ten miles north of this, and the entrance was most appropriate. We had scarcely passed the boundary stone, with Baden inscribed upon it, when there sunk down a deep and narrow valley on our right—deep as if it were placed out of this world, and looking calm, undisturbed, silent, and sequestered, as if it did not belong to this world. We soon descended into it; and with a glorious and gorgeous vista of autumn-painted hills constantly opening before us, we rode all the way to Schaffhausen.

To-day is Sunday, and we are resting at this place. The Sabbath, all over the continent of Europe, it is well known, is partly a holiday. I confess that I was extremely desirous of observing what was the character and effect of this holiday; what kind of relaxation was permitted by the usages of the European churches, both Catholic and Protestant, on Sunday. I had anticipated some modification of the common holiday. I had thought it likely, that relaxation for one part of the day, connected with religious services on the other, would possess a character of unusual decorum. And in this I am not disappointed, unless it be, that I find everywhere, in all the villages and cities which I have had an opportunity of observing on Sunday, a quietness and decorum quite beyond my expectation. The population is all abroad, indeed, after the hours of divine service, in the streets and the public places; but it seems to suffice the people to take a quiet walk with their families; and there is a remarkable restraint among the multitudes upon all noise, loud talking, and laughter.

I state the fact as it is, and as a matter, certainly, of gratifying information. But I cannot conceal that it presents to me a very serious question. And the question is, how far it is desirable that our Sabbath-keeping should partake of the European character. There is much, doubtless, to be objected against the European mode. The day seems to be entirely spent in public—in public worship, or in the public walks. It seems to have no distinct moral object with the people around me. Now this is what, above all things, I would secure. But whether the object is best secured by the views and usages that prevail among us is the question.

We ought, on this subject, to look at the general principles on which time is to be used to the best account; or on which, in other words, time is to be devoted and hallowed to religious uses. Suppose I wish to set apart a day to any intellectual or moral use. How shall I best arrange it? And here let me say, that I know of nothing in the Scriptures that forbids the application of such general reasoning. To sanctify a day is, to set it apart for a religious purpose; and the ques-

tion is, *how* is that purpose to be best accomplished? Now I say, that if I were to arrange the employments of any day, in order to turn its hours to the greatest account for my mind or heart, I should not devote *all* its hours to study, reading, meditation, or prayer. That is to say, in other words, I must give some of its hours to relaxation. And this is what any man does of necessity, let his creed or system be what it will.

So that the only question is, what *sort* of relaxation a man shall give himself. Shall it be taken within doors, or abroad? Shall a man sit down in a sort of superstitious stupor, as thinking that there is something in gloom and dulness that is peculiarly acceptable to heaven? or shall he go forth under the open sky, and amid the fresh breezes? Shall he *sleep* away some hours of the day, or spend them in easy conversation and useful exercise? Which mode of relaxation—for relaxation there must be—will be most favourable to health, to cheerfulness, and to agreeable associations with the sabbath?

But it may be said, that it is dangerous to depart from the old strictness, and that the people will go fast enough and far enough, without being helped on in their course. I grant that there is danger arising from the boundless freedom of the country. I certainly fear that the innocent relaxations of the Sabbath might go to excess and disorder. But may we not hope, that an intelligent and wholesome public opinion is to lay restraints as effectual as bayonets and a police? Besides, the danger exists, whether we discuss the subject or not. Is it not better to take the right and tenable ground at once, than to take a wrong ground which is continually sliding beneath our feet, and bearing us and everything else with it? Yet more: licentiousness is not the only danger. There is danger in bondage, too. For what, I ask, is the effect and result of the old strictness? Some, it makes demure and superstitious on Sunday; others, it makes reckless. They take greater liberties with the day than the most of those who make it a holiday in Europe! They ride, they travel, they labour, they haunt taverns, they engage in hunting and fishing, they write letters of business; they cannot banish the spirit of business even from one day out of seven. Many, and especially of the young, are perhaps still more injured by the old strictness. They dislike the Sabbath. They dread its approach; they are glad when it is gone. And as the Sabbath is most closely associated with religion, they come to get repulsive ideas of religion itself. It is a gloomy thing; it is a superstition; it is a peculiarity; it is a bondage. It is something to be endured; it is something to be sighed about, rather than acted upon; and the result is, that it exerts no genial, no welcome, no thorough nor permanent influence upon the heart. In short, false views of the Sabbath are answerable for no small portion of that host of dreadful popular errors which deform Christianity, degrade its disciples, cut off from the world so many sources of happiness, and open, in the very bosom of life, so many fountains of sadness, dejection, and misery.

On the whole, as a sabbatarian, I am inclined to be at once very strict and very liberal. I would have a more practical and pious use made of the day, than is common with us. I would have as many hours devoted to public worship and to private reading and meditation, as can profitably be given. The right ground on this subject seems to

me to be high ground. No hours in the year should be more busy, more absorbing, more sacred to effort and improvement, than Sabbath hours. No hours in the merchant's counting-room, or at the student's desk, should be more earnestly devoted. But this done, I would give the utmost freedom to all innocent, decorous, and quiet relaxation. I believe that this disposition of time would give us a day far more interesting, useful, and happy. I am persuaded, that this spreading of superstitious restraints over the whole day, tends at once to weaken the springs of those religious exercises, and of those recreative, social, and domestic enjoyments, for which it was alike though not equally ordained.

There is an air about the people at Schaffhausen that pleases me more than anything I have seen on the Continent. We meet bright, intelligent faces everywhere; the people appear more cheerful; we hear laughter oftener; the children look happier; we see groups of them, and they have books in their hands, and are well dressed and neat. In the houses, too, we see people at the open windows: there is not that dreadful solitariness and seclusion that appear in the better class of houses, throughout most of the continental cities. Indeed, where the better sort of people—the people of condition, or learning, or wealth, or leisure, or taste—are, in these countries, I cannot devise. Few equipages, no saunterers, no fashionable or contemplative walkers, no riders out—nothing, or nearly nothing, of all this, which is so commonly seen in and near all our American cities and villages, appears here. The toiling multitude—men with sober brow, women with faces weather-beaten and shorn of every feminine grace, dull children, or the starched, stupid, or fierce-looking soldier—this is almost the entire population that meets the eye of the traveller. Now there must, of course, be other people; but they must be few, and their habits secluded.

In speaking of the general air of the people, I should not forget the extreme courtesy that pervades all classes, and especially the lower classes. No one of these ever speaks to you without touching his hat. The very grooms and horseboys never forget this. If they have no hat, they put their hand where the hat should be. The common people, too, as we pass them, really tax our courtesy, unless we would consent to be outdone in politeness. At the hotels, too, landlords, waiters, valets, are all at your service: you are assisted out of your carriage; you are ushered into your room with a bow; you have dinner announced with a bow; every one of the limbs and senses of those around you is at your bidding—is alert and instinct with obedience—is ready to say, if it could speak, “*Oui, monsieur.*” This, to be sure, is, at the hotels, partly mercenary; but it belongs in part, also, to the general manners of the people.

The fashion of salutation on the Continent is always to take off the hat; and this is done not to superiors alone, but among the country people, from one to another, constantly. I wish it were the fashion everywhere. Our manners in America are too brief, gruff, and hasty. Our “no” and “yes” are very short words; and if we add “sir” to them, that again is an unfortunate monosyllable; and the whole intercourse, I mean the out-of-door intercourse, of our people, seems to me, compared with what I see here, monosyllabic, brief, and ungracious. Is it fanciful to suppose that something of this depends on the very words of salutation, with which different languages provide us?

Oui, monsieur, and *Si, signore*, always seems to come softly and kindly from the mouths of French and Italians; and they cannot well be pronounced as gruffly as *Yes, sir*, and *No, sir*. At any rate, the difference in manners is great, and in my judgment it shows altogether to our disadvantage. When a man here meets his fellow-labourers in the morning, he says, "*Bon jour, messieurs*," and has time, while he is saying it, to take off his hat to his neighbours. It is a good and kind beginning of the labours of the day: there is something almost courtly in it. What a contrast to the manner with which you may often see a man meet his neighbour, in one of our New England villages. "*Morning!*" he says—I suppose he means, "*Good morning, sir*," or "*Good morning*," at least—but he says, "*Morning!*"—but half raising his eyes, perhaps, in civility, from the ground—and his hat as fast upon his head as if he had worn it all night. Ask a man *here* if he knows the way to a certain place, and if he does not know, as it is very likely he will not, he has, at least, the grace of manner to make his ignorance agreeable—which is more than you can say of many people's knowledge. "*Non, monsieur, pardonnez*," he says, and takes off his hat. In America, a man would often answer your question with a "*No, sir*," or, "*No, I don't*," and turn upon his heel.

I believe that utility and philosophy have more to do with these things than we may imagine. The manners of life are the chief language of its affections. If that language be abrupt and harsh, there is some danger that the affections may take their tone from it. Manners infect the mind. And the mind of an ill-bred people is likely, at length, to become coarse and degraded. There is a morality in street salutations. And I have often thought, that a man of a harsh and repulsive demeanour might give more pain, as he passed through the street to his home, than he could give pleasure or do good, if, when he arrived there, he should distribute the most liberal alms.

Are not the manners of our people becoming less courteous? Are they not less so than they were fifty years ago? When we speak of the "*manners of the old school*," do we not imply this? Must republican institutions always be found hostile to the gracefulness and refinement of life? I do not believe it. And yet much is to be done and taught among us. We do exceedingly want some *Censor morum*, some *Spectator redivimus*; and if I could direct the pens that wrote *Salmagundi*, I would engage them in this work.

The Falls of the Rhine are three miles below Schaffhausen. They are glorious and beautiful; but who shall describe a waterfall? Every particle a living thing: a whole mighty river hurled, amid the thunders of its descent, into spray and foam—the drifted snow not whiter nor lighter—and, indeed, if mighty snow-banks were, in succession, driven by a sweeping storm over a precipice seventy feet high, I do not know but it would more resemble the Falls of the Rhine, than anything else I can think of.

The waters of the Rhine here are perfectly pure and transparent, and have a colour of the deepest green, for which I cannot account. This colour, purity, and a rapid flow, make it, at this point, the most beautiful of rivers.

Before I leave the notices of Schaffhausen, I must just mention, what I have seen nowhere but on one small house-front in Frankfort,

the fresco paintings covering the whole front of several old houses here. They consist, some of them, of considerable numbers of figures. On one is an allegorical representation of all the cardinal virtues—a good admonition, certainly, to the dwellers within.

ZURICH, *September 9.*—From Schaffhausen to this place (thirty miles) we came on an excellent road, through a highly cultivated and delightful country. The ride to-day, and the entrance to Zurich—Switzerland, in short, as far as I have seen it—has seemed to me more like home than anything I have looked upon since I landed at Calais. Welcome as the impression might be thought, there are pretty serious abatements from the pleasure. To “an exile from home,” it is some relief to have everything around him strange; the scene is in harmony with his lot. But be this as it may, there are many things here—the bright and happy faces, the groups of children going to school with book in hand, the dwellings scattered up and down through the country, the environs of Zurich filled with beautiful country-seats—which remind one of America. I must add, however, that the villages which I have seen in Switzerland—those, I mean, of two or three thousand people—are very filthy; as bad, I think, as those of Ireland. Before every door is the steaming, stercoraceous heap; the manure of the farm is made under the very windows. Swiss country cottages are one thing; but for all romance about their villages—alas for it!* At Eglisau, to-day, we parted company with Father Rhine, not without some emotion.

Zurich is built on both sides of the Limmat, at the point where it issues from the Lake of Zurich. The colour of the water, green almost as an emerald, the swiftness of the current, like the Rhine, gives to this river, as well as that, an aspect of life and beauty almost unrivalled.

At Zug† we took a boat to Geinser (though it had been better, perhaps, to have gone to Art), to ascend the Righi; Righi Culm, as the top is called, which Mr. Simond thinks is a contraction for *Culmen Regine Montium*; the Summit of the Queen of Mountains. It may have obtained such a name from its standing alone, and commanding a better view than any other in Switzerland.

Our ride from Zurich to Zug presented fine views from the top of Mount Albis (over which, by the bye, we were drawn by four horses and two cows)—the whole Lake of Zurich being at one time in sight; but it was on the Lake of Zug that we had the first view, properly, of Alpine scenery—and it was, of course, sublime. But to multiply epithets would be to convey no impression; and I can only tell you to resort to measurements. There is Righi directly before you; six thousand feet high; the mighty gate of the Alps; rising up almost perpendicularly from the soft and shaded bosom of the lake. Pontius Pilatus, with its sharp pinnacles, about seven thousand five hundred feet high, lies a little to the right, and farther back. On the left is a range of hills wooded to the top, and terminating in Rossberg; down which, in 1806, was the tremendous slide of earth, which buried Goldau and its sister villages—five or six in all, with an hundred houses and five hundred inhabitants. Pontius Pilatus took its name from a legend,

* The beautiful villages of Lucerne show how dangerous it is to generalize.

† Pronounced Zoog. Pronounce u like oo in almost all names on the Continent. Thun—Toon, &c.

which holds, that Pilate drowned himself in a dark lake (*Mare Infernale*) on its top.

It is quite a point with travellers to see the sun set and rise on Righi. We did not reach the summit in time to see him set, nor indeed would it have availed much; for he went down in clouds. We passed the night at an inn on the mountain, and in the morning, at five o'clock, were on the top, with many others, to see his rising. Here again our success was not complete; nor is the full measure of gratification obtained, we were told, one time in forty. However, we were compensated at every step: the morning view was enough of itself, although not perfect, to repay all the toil of the ascent. Looking south, the whole inner circle of the Alps was spread before us, with its hundred dark pinnacles—their bases and fissures covered and filled with snow that never melts away. Never certainly; for now was the end of summer. Back of us, in contrast to this, was spread out, as far as the eye could see, a tract of cultivated country. On the right was Pontius Pilatus. On the left, and almost beneath our feet, were the ruins of Goldal; appearing scarcely more than a dark scathe on the brow of Rossberg. How like the path of calamity, seen from the distance of years, or from the cold heights of worldly prosperity! The dread avalanche of earth that whelmed one hundred families in ruin, appeared but as a furrow on the mountain's side! Simond says that the view from Righi embraces three fourths of Switzerland, three hundred miles in circumference, and fourteen lakes.

These awful heights, and the secluded recesses among them, consecrated, as they might seem to be, from human violence, have often been the seat of war. Not only were they so in the days of the Reformation—for Zuinglius fell on a field of battle in sight from Righi Culm—but in the later days of the French revolutionizing conflicts. From the two summits of Righi, separated by a defile, the French and Russians fired for some time at one another from batteries, which, however, did no harm. To the southwest lay buried amid mountains the small canton of Underwalden, where the French, in '98, committed such dreadful atrocities. To the southeast, and far distant, ran the Muotte Thal, the defile through which Suwarrow, with twenty thousand Russians, was making his way from Italy, when he was met and overthrown by the French general Massena.

Righi, with the country and lakes around it, is the land of William Tell. It was on the Vier Waldstatter See, or Lake of the Four Cantons,* that Tell, in a tempest, escaped from the boat in which Bailiff Gessler was bearing him as a prisoner. Gessler rode out the tempest, and landed at Brunnen; and thence proceeded towards his chateau on the north side of Righi, the ruins of which are still shown. But Tell waylaid and shot him. A chapel, called William Tell's Chapel, is built on the spot which tradition has assigned to this act of vengeance. We passed by and entered it on our way to Kusknacht, which is at the foot of Righi.

On the morning of the eleventh of September we came down the Righi, and took boat for Lucerne. The sail is absolutely glorious. On the left, and in front, the stupendous Alps, rising mountain above

* Lucerne, Underwalden, Schweitz, and Uri.

mountain, their snowy heights retiring one behind another, and rising height above height, till it seemed as if they stretched away beyond the earth's horizon, to the verge of some other creation. On the right lay a bank of verdure, orchards, groves, and cottages, beautiful as the other part was sublime. The lake, too, was a perfect mirror, and presented in its pure and transparent depths, all this glorious array of objects, every pinnacle, cottage, field, and tree, distinct as in the scene that surrounded us. But when we rounded the headland and opened the bay (so to call the upper part of the lake) on which Lucerne is situated, the scenery of the lake reached its highest interest. We were sailing almost under a high and rocky barrier; Lucerne was before us, with its white walls and houses, seated like a swan upon the bosom of the waters; around it and along down on either shore, the fields, orchards, and groves rose in every variety of graceful outline; behind us were "the everlasting hills." One pinnacle, in particular, far off, towered among the clouds, and appeared like a pyramid upon the heights of some more gigantic creation.

ESCHLISMATT, *September 12.*—We have come from Lucerne to this place, not for the sake of scenery, but to take the shortest route to Thun, and thus to reach the southern Alps. We have passed through a country, however, of considerable Swiss scenery, and we have been particularly struck by the appearance of the people and of their habitations. The people still wear the same appearance of cheerfulness that I have already noticed. We stopped at a tavern where a shower had driven many of the labourers. They were eating and drinking, but quite as much engaged in sprightly conversation; for the people in this quarter of the world seem to sit down to their meals quite as much to talk as to eat.

As to the houses—this is the canton of Lucerne—a larger proportion of them on the route to-day have been substantial, in good repair, and in outward appearance comfortable, than in any equal extent of country over which I have ever travelled. Scarcely one dwelling has appeared in about thirty miles, that would be marked by the traveller as the habitation of indigence. The villages, as well as the houses scattered in the country, have appeared extremely neat.

Is it not the reason why the Swiss are not cooped up in villages like the rest of the nations on the Continent, that they have always stood as neutrals in the wars of Europe, and therefore have not undertaken to put themselves in a state of defence? Is not their national freedom, too, which they have always more or less enjoyed, the cause of the superior intelligence and cheerfulness which appear among the body of them?

As to the measure of intelligence, I am aware that I am not entitled to make up any very confident opinion; but for the evidences of cheerfulness, I have seen more smiling faces in three days in this country, I have witnessed more animated conversation, I have heard more hearty laughter, and more songs among these mountains, than I have met with in passing through a portion of France, Belgium, Prussia, and Germany; nay, the Swiss seem to me a more joyous people than the English. Songs from the hills around, and from the lake below, followed me all the way as I walked up Righi.

THUN, *September 13.*—This morning, as we left Eschlismatt, the

appearance of the Alps on the south was very striking; immense, irregular masses of mountain, sharply defined on the clear morning sky, and looking like the stupendous fragments of a broken up world.

The aspect of the country, till we came upon Thun, has been rather less pleasing than it was yesterday; but the signs of competence among the people are still the same. Surely people must be well off who build such houses; the roof projecting over, so as to cover almost twice as much space as the house itself; and having enough timber in it, I might almost say, to build a comfortable house; and then the shingles on the roof, and sides also, of the house, are so small, and so carefully rounded and shaped at the ends, as to require, in building, a vast deal of work. The houses, too, are immensely large.

Both the dwellings and the appearance of the people would seem to indicate that there is great equality among them. If there be *gentlemen* or *ladies* in this country, one is ready to ask, where are they? They certainly do not appear. Neither do I see any persons that I should take to be physicians, lawyers, or clergymen.

As to ladies, if none of the women are dressed as such, yet they certainly do not fail to be very much dressed. The costume of the canton of Lucerne especially is very showy. A black cap, with beads wrought into it, and a border of lace; the hair in braids falling below the waist; the stomacher of black velvet, embroidered with beads of various colours; the sleeves full, and always white, and a sort of armlet of black, reaching from the elbow to the wrist, and tight; the petticoat dark coloured, blue or brown, of taffeta stuff, often embroidered around the border, and terminating a little below the knee; and the feet always dressed with comfortable stockings and shoes. And this, too, is the common dress of the Lucernese women, young and old, in the field and in the market, in the house and by the way. It seems favourable to agility; and yet the movements and forms of these women are very clumsy, and comeliness is very rare among them. Their taste in dress, we could not help remarking, is singularly like that of our North American Indians.

Of the scenery of Switzerland, thus far, the characteristic is not, as I expected it would be, *wildness*; but striking contrasts—the loveliest valleys, between bold hills; cultivation, surpassing, if possible, that of England, carried up among the rocks, and spreading among steep precipices and dark groves of fir, the richest verdure in the world. Certainly there is no *verdure* like that of Switzerland. Like all high countries, it is full of springs, and visited with constant showers. The grass, too, is frequently mowed—three, four, and five times in the summer—which gives to the fields, oftentimes, the appearance of a smooth-shaven English park.

The elevation of the country, also, gives a singular character to the rivers and brooks. They rush forth from their fountains and lakes, with a swiftness, with an aspect of life, as if, unchained and set free from the ice-bound prisons of the Alps, they were hurrying to the broad and fair fields of Germany, and France, and Italy, rejoicing to spread verdure and beauty through the world.

I wonder that travellers have not said more of some of these Swiss towns. I have spoken of Lucerne. Thun, too, is another glorious spot. It is situated on the Aar, about a mile from its rushing forth from the

Lake of Thun, or Thuner See. A beautiful valley, of five or six miles circuit, spreads to the west of the town, terminated by the magnificent mountain barrier of the Stockenberg—dark, severe, with a broken and irregular outline—and relieved, to-day, against a sky of the purest autumnal serenity. Southward lies the lake; and beyond, forty miles distant probably, but seeming much nearer, rise the snowy summits of the Jungfrau, Silverhorn, and the Eigers—mountains between eleven and twelve thousand feet in height, their loftiest and sharpest pinnacles perfectly white, and looking precisely like the forms of our snowbanks after a driving storm. Their immense elevation, with this dazzling whiteness, makes them appear more like things of heaven than of earth.

We went during the afternoon to view the church, the Pavillon de Jacques, and the grove southward, on the lake. The last rays of the setting sun upon the snow-capped Alps, the bright waters of the lake, the soft and solemn shadows of the descending evening, upon the western mountains, the serene depths of a September sky above them—these are the features of the scene. But words are not paintings; and no paintings can do justice to such scenes as these. And yet, the scenes themselves, what are they in all their majesty of form and beauty of colouring, compared with what they are as emblems of our thought—temples and ministrations of religion. “So,” I said as I walked homeward, “let the last shadow steal over me, soft and solemn; the bright waters of life at my feet—for not a cynic would I die; and the serene and illimitable depths of heaven above me—for I would die a Christian.”

CHAPTER X.

EXCURSION TO THE OBERLAND—SAIL DOWN THE LAKE OF THUN—UNTERSEEN AND INTERLAKEN—VALLEY OF LAUTERBRUNNEN—WENGERNALP—JUNGFRAU—AVALANCHES—THE EIGERS—GRINDELWALD—THE GLACIER—CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE—SWISS SONGS—RETURN TO THUN—ROAD TO BERNE—LAKE OF NEUCHÂTEL—CASTLE GRANDSON—BATTLE-FIELD OF CHARLES THE BOLD AND THE SWISS—YVERDUN—LAUSANNE—GENEVA.

On a most beautiful September morning (the fourteenth instant), we set out on an excursion to the high Alps, and the glaciers of Grindelwald. We left our carriage, and took a boat at Thun, to go down to Neuhaus, at the bottom of the lake, on our way to the mountains. These boats on the Swiss lakes are almost uniformly rowed in part by women. We had two on the Zug, and one to-day.

Scarcely a finer day in the year could have been chosen to witness those effects of light, those contrasts of light and shade, which are certainly among the most striking things in mountain scenery. All the morning there was not a cloud in the sky, save one, that rested like a halo on the distant peak of Jungfrau. And whatever may be said about the effect of clouds and mists upon the mountain tops, and whatever it may be in fact, nothing seems to me to give such sublimity to them as a clear and cloudless sky. Then they appear to be invested with that

awful serenity, which is to me their sublimest attribute; and then, too, they seem to pierce, not the clouds only, but the very heavens.

There was a very striking effect of light and shade as we came down the lake, which I suppose one might be here forty days, and not see: for everything depends on the light, and the state of the atmosphere. There was a slight veil, like that of our Indian summer, upon the surrounding hills; and aided by this, the mountain of Arbendberg, though it was ten o'clock in the morning, cast so deep a shadow upon the lake, that a boat, sailing in that direction, seemed to be advancing into a region of awful and perilous obscurity, and, indeed, it was soon lost to the sight entirely. At the same time, the rays of the sun, streaming over the mountain upon the village of Derlingen, situated on the shore beneath, presented it in the boldest relief and the most splendid colouring; and yet, one single foot (so it seemed) beyond the line of light, it was so dark, that, although only a mile distant, we mistook rocks for houses, and were speculating, before our guide undeceived us, upon the condition of the adjacent dwellings as being like that of the antipodes. There was a deep dun colour upon the shore, and a rich dark hue of green upon the adjacent water, which, if brought with the other striking features of the landscape altogether into a painting, would be thought, like many actual scenes of life, if brought into fiction, to be very unnatural and extravagant.

We reached Neuhaus a little after ten o'clock, and took a *char-a-banc* to Interlaken. Surely one may wander over the world and find few places so beautiful as this. The inns and boarding-houses here, show that it is the resort of many strangers. It is a small valley upon the Aar, full of trees, of which a great number of old walnut trees are the most remarkable—with a steep and stupendous mountain barrier on the east, the Lake of Brienz not far to the northeast, and westward a vista, opening through majestic mountains, up the valley of Lauterbrunnen, to the shining heights of the Jungfrau.

Up this valley, after dinner, we rode, struck with new admiration at every step. It is a pass through mountains, rising, often perpendicularly, to the height of two and three thousand feet; standing out boldly into the clear sky, and measuring, as the eye was raised to them, sometimes a whole third part of the arch of heaven; and presenting almost every variety of aspect, broad barriers, sharp pinnacles, deep shadow, bright sunlights, rocky precipices on the one side, and on the other, peasants' cottages rising, with redeemed soil about them, on terrace above terrace, to the very top. The Wengernalp is on the left hand, and presents, at its western termination on this road, an immense circular precipice,* so much resembling a tower, that, as the eye catches it from time to time, one feels inadvertently as if it were the citadel of some mighty though unfinished palace of the Alps.

The Falls of Staubbach, at the end of our ride in the valley, is the descent (nine hundred feet) of a very small stream of water, which is almost dissipated into spray before it reaches the bottom of the precipice. One is disappointed, perhaps, after hearing so much about it, and yet it is something very bizarre and beautiful. If it is a trifle, it is yet a trifle on the mighty scale of Alpine scenery. Since I

* Hunnenflue.

have talked about Alpine pyramids and palaces, I would venture to say, that if there were an Alpine bird of paradise, the Fall of Staubbach would be its tail—the most beautiful thing, certainly, in the splendid cabinet of ornithology.

The village of Lauterbrunnen, where we passed the first night, lies directly beneath Jungfrau and Silverhorn; and those snowy tops which have heretofore been distant, were now so near, that it seemed as if we might throw a stone to them.

This vicinity of eternal snow—of winter, in fact, where there is no vegetation—to the brightest verdure; this contrast, which is either directly before you, or which a single sweep of the eye brings into view, is one of the most striking things in Alpine scenery. The masses of snow descend to a certain point on the sides of the mountains; and at that very point vegetation commences, the cattle feed, and even up between the fields of snow, those eternal fastnesses of winter, the dark line of firs is seen pushing its way and struggling to maintain its ground. At the bottom of the glacier of Grindelwald, though the mass of ice rises two hundred feet in perpendicular height, yet at the very base, within twenty feet, are trees, shrubbery, and herbage, and cottages near at hand. Surely if there ever were contrasts in nature, they are here. There was a point in ascending the Wengernalp, where this was very striking. Behind, and plainly in sight, lay the villages of Interlaken and Unterseen, in the bright sunlight and in the sweetest valley seclusion; before us, towered the Jungfrau and thundered the avalanche.

But I am a little before my story. On the second day of our excursion, at seven o'clock of a beautiful morning, we began to ascend the Wengernalp; my companions on horseback, and myself on foot; our force consisting of the domestique (as the body servant is always called on the Continent), the guide, and two men to take care of the horses; and our outfit, a good pile of sandwiches, and a bottle of vin de Lacote. We reached the highest point of our destination in three hours and a half; and I could not help thinking of it more than once, that before the sun had called my American friends to a new day, he had lighted us all the way up the mountain side, glancing upon rock and stream, spreading his golden rays upon one rocky barrier after another, and kindling the snow-clad pinnacles as with a thousand fires. In ascending the Wengernalp, we go up a mountain to see a mountain; the object is not to reach the very summit of the Wengernalp (which travellers do not), but to gain a station from which to survey Jungfrau, and I may add the two Eigers—the largest of which, though not quite so high as Jungfrau, is really, to my eye, the more imposing object. The point to which we ascended, was probably about four thousand four hundred feet, and yet Jungfrau towered six thousand feet above us. But this was not all. There was a deep ravine between us and the great object, so that we saw Jungfrau, as it seemed, to his very base. How stupendous the object was, I will not undertake to say. The first moments of contemplating it are among the few that have brought a compensation at the time, for being at a distance of four thousand miles from home. But I desire you, as I have formerly, to resort to measurements for an impression. And let us take the "Great Eiger;" for, as it is one single object, and has an unbroken line of elevation.

from the very base, while Jungfrau is irregular, it is to me, as I have said, the more impressive object. Besides, as you descend the Wengernalp on its eastern side, you come much nearer to a level with the base of the Great Eiger. At a certain point in the descent, I judged, from what information I could obtain, that the Great Eiger rose eight or nine thousand feet above us. That is about two miles. Now, measure off two miles upon any familiar ground around you, and suppose that by some convulsion of nature, that tract, thus laid out, were raised up into a mountain! Or, take another supposition. When I was two miles from the base of the great Eiger, and looked up at its summit, it rose half-way up the zenith. Now, when you are, sometime, two miles from the base of the Taghkannuc,* imagine its summit raised up to forty-five degrees, half-way up to the cope of heaven—or, knowing the height of Taghkannuc, pile upon it, in imagination, as many such mountains (five at least) as will make an Eiger, or a Jungfrau, and then you may get an idea, perhaps, of the sublimity of the high Alps. Possibly, indeed, you would get too great an idea of them—and if you were ever to be here, I should warn you against expecting too much. For everything is relative; and here among the Alps, everything is upon so vast a scale, that we scarcely know how to apply the ordinary measure to things.

While we were upon the Wengernalp, there were several avalanches of snow from Jungfrau. Two of them were truly very sublime. The noise exactly resembled prolonged and successive bursts of thunder. The succession is made by the descent of the mass of snow from one precipice to another. It is so completely pulverized by its fall, that it comes eventually very much to resemble a cascade of water.

As we descended the Wengernalp, the valley of Grindelwald opened to us, dotted over with cottages, cut up into small enclosures of two or three acres, and cultivated like a garden. The glaciers here disappointed me much. There is no splendour about them. An immense mass of ice, filling a deep gorge, and—instead of presenting a splendid and shining mirror of polished ice—rough, ragged, and dirty, over the whole surface—that is a glacier; at least in September—it may be, and probably is, a very different thing in the spring. The bottom of the glacier, however, where a small river makes its embouchure—makes it directly from under the ice, whose blue arches rise two hundred feet above—is worth clambering over many obstacles, at the end of a weary day, as I did, to see it. The river that issues from the glacier is almost as white as milk. It takes this appearance, doubtless, from the peculiar clayey soil of its bed.

This ended the fifteenth of September, 1833, in which I have walked over the Wengernalp, and to the glacier of Grindelwald.

We intended to continue our excursion another day among the Alps; but when we rose in the morning, the mountains had veiled their awful heads in the clouds of an autumnal storm—forbidding all further scrutiny and intrusion from us pigmy mortals. We could not complain that our career was checked; for three days—including one at Thun—"three glorious days" among the Alps, is enough to reflect upon, with pleasure and gratitude, all our lives. The storm looked too likely to con-

* In Sheffield, county of Berkshire, Massachusetts.

tinue, and it was too near the equinox to permit us to doubt; so we took a char-a-banc to Neuhaus, and came up by the lake to Thun, in six and a half hours.

On this excursion, there has been much in the apparent condition of the inhabitants to interest us. There appears to be great simplicity and innocence, and there must be great equality among them. For the cottages are all of about the same size and appearance, and each one is surrounded by a small tract of land, which, I should presume, and am told, indeed, belongs to the occupant. Meet it seems, that human distinctions should shrink to nothing at the foot of these stupendous mountains; that man should build no towers of pride beneath their mighty shadow. Indeed, it is poverty and humility that climb high here; for some of these cottages are perched upon rocks and among recesses, high and secluded enough to be the eyry of the eagle. But if the people are poor—and we were told that potatoes, milk, cheese, and butter, constituted the principal food of many—they are apparently not indigent. We met with very little begging—unless it were in the picturesque form of presenting fruit and flowers—ay, and a song, too, at times. A little girl would offer you a pretty bouquet; or a boy his dish of nuts from the mountains; and receiving a batz or two, would run away seemingly very much delighted. As we were going up the Wengernalp, a mother stood at the gate before her cottage with an infant (six months old apparently) in her arms, holding in each little hand a bouquet; and the batz, of course, could not be refused. The singing deserves a more elaborate description. Two and three, and sometimes four girls, of from twelve to sixteen years of age, would every now and then waylay us, so to call it, in the valley, or upon the mountain side, and as we approached them, would commence singing one of their national airs. This they would do with very tolerable effect, executing several parts with good keeping of the harmony, and with a very modest aspect all the while, casting their eyes upon the ground, and scarcely raising them but to courtesy thanks for the expected gift. I observed that all their songs had the peculiar chorus or close of the Swiss national air. The rapid transitions and piercing shrillness of voice, enable one to distinguish it farther than any musical note I ever heard. I have heard it from the bosom of a Swiss lake, when I was on the mountain four thousand feet above.

By the bye, the music of the Swiss cow bells must not be forgotten. It is sharp and piercing, resembling so much the clink of the hammer upon the anvil, that I thought at first there must be a blacksmith's shop among the mountains, though nothing seemed more unlikely. The cows feed on the heights of the mountains; and upon almost the highest point of the Wengernalp, we found many log cabins, called chalets, which are built chiefly for the purposes of the dairy. Large flocks of goats, too, are fed here.

What are called valleys in the Oberland—as those of Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald—are still very elevated spots; the latter three thousand and one hundred and fifty feet above the lake of Thun.*

* This will account for my saying, when at an elevation of four thousand four hundred feet on the Wengernalp, that Jungfrau rose six thousand feet above us; the absolute height of Jungfrau being thirteen thousand seven hundred and twenty feet.

Upon the whole, if I were asked, on our return to Thun, what I had got, I should say that there remained upon my mind an impression of mighty things—seen briefly, seen as if they had appeared in a dream—yet of mighty things which *will* for ever remain in my mind, images of grandeur. I have seen some of the heights of the creation. Its lowly places, too, are lovely, and derive an increased beauty from the stupendous objects around them. Altogether, it is a combination full of wonders.

BERNE, *September 18.*—The ride from Thun to Berne is one of the finest in the world. I cannot make the effort to describe—having acquired a Bernese dulness, or some other dulness, whose *vis inertia* is not to be overcome. Yet, after all, the scene has not exactly those *points* of interest that stamp themselves upon the memory; and if I shall be asked a year hence, what it is in the ride from Thun to Berne that everybody admires so much, I suppose I shall answer, with a sort of rising inflection tone, “Oh! the distant hills I suppose they mean—very beautiful; and the slopes, the swells, the plains—all very graceful: fine wood, too; and queer, strange, strong, grand old houses—ay, old and new, in the Swiss fashion, you understand—but monstrous big houses; looking as if they were crammed with abundance, as if their very sides groaned with a surfeit—with roofs big enough for Noah’s ark; for Noah’s ark held scarcely a more complete museum and menagerie of the whole creation, than some of these substantial, strong-sided, corpulent Swiss farm-houses.” Positively, they have quite broken down my rising inflection, with the description of them.

The entrance to Berne is charming; through rows of linden trees, delightful walks, and magnificent terraces, sloping up so high as to take them quite out of the dust of the road. By the windings of the Aar, Berne is made almost a peninsula, and it rises finely from the water on each side. The far-famed terraces here are indeed delightful promenades, commanding fine views of the surrounding rich country, that extend quite to the Alps. The grand terrace, back of the cathedral, is more than one hundred feet high. From this a horse once leaped, bearing his rider with him. The horse was crushed beneath his master, who escaped with life. A tablet on the parapet testifies his gratitude. The side-walks, almost all over the city, pass under arcades; the basement story of each house giving up space enough for the purpose.

This morning we went out to Hofwyl (six miles), to see Mr. Fellenberg, and his farm and school. One of the students whom he introduced to us, conducted us over the whole literary and (in-door) farming establishments. The students’ room, dormitories, &c. seemed in fine order; but nothing struck me so much as the stalls—the really magnificent cows and oxen. If the intellect is nurtured as well, the establishment must be considered as giving birth to prodigies of all sorts. Fellenberg’s school, you will recollect, perhaps, is the successor to Pestalozzi’s at Yverdun.

NEUFCHÂTEL, *September 19.*—The vicinity to Berne, on the road to Neufchatel, is as magnificent as all its environs are. The road, the promenades, the avenues of trees, the groves, the woods, the whole country, with its graceful swells and swollen abundance—few things can surpass.

The route to Neufchatel is generally through a fine country; and

presents two things to remark upon, viz. some of the poorest and forlornest villages we have seen in Switzerland; they are about the head of the Lake Neufchatel—and this splendid competence, abundance, plethora, of the good things of this world, which I am so much surprised to find in so many parts of the country. I do not know about the mental condition: there is every indication that it is by no means so well as with us in America—five-sixths, however, read and write, says Mr. Fellenberg—but such farms, and such houses, all along, uninterrupted for fifty miles together, are not to be seen in *our* country, nor, I doubt, in any other.

These very farms and houses, indeed, it is to be said, full as they are of everything else, bear but slender evidence of social and intellectual improvement. Women, in great numbers, are everywhere at work in the fields, employed in the hardest, coarsest, and most offensive labours. These stupendous houses, too,—I cannot believe they would be all just alike—all built with these wide spreading, darkening roofs—all sheltering under one roof, men, women, and children, pigs, poultry, horses, oxen, cows, hay, corn, carts, carriages, and a world of things beside—unless it were that these are a people going on just as their fathers have gone on, and just as their neighbours go on, without an intelligent thought of improvement.

In coming to Neufchatel, we intended to turn aside and visit the Lake Bienne; but it rained; and rain and clouds make a dismal thing of a lake.

YVERDON (*September 20*) is at the bottom of the Lake Neufchatel. Some Roman monuments have been dug up here; and we saw a small collection behind the castle. This castle was the seat of Pestalozzi's school; a more worthy employment, certainly, of an ancient baronial residence, than that of Grandson, three miles back, which is turned into a tobacco manufactory.

This last sentence, by the bye, is a pretty large text; for, in the first place, I have to observe, apropos, that tobacco is cultivated on all the route we have taken on the Continent; and it is smoked to an enormous extent. At home, abroad, travelling, lying by, labouring, visiting, I had almost said eating, drinking, everywhere, and for ever, the people are smoking. Nothing is more common than to see young fellows on the top of a German diligence, at the stopping places, discharging the refuse cargo of ashes from pipes, which hold, I verily believe, nearly half a pint of tobacco, and then reloading, lighting, and going on their way, as if they meant to signalize their passage through the world by a trailing cloud of tobacco smoke. Verily, if the ancient heroes had been smokers at this rate, they would not have needed any protection from Venus or Juno, to screen them from observation. We have met with a great many young men, walking over Switzerland, with knapsacks on their backs, and, almost as uniformly, pipes in their hands. Indeed, the sale of pipes in the cities and villages is a considerable business. Be it observed, however, that the pipe on the Continent is a very different thing from the humble clay manufactory of our country. The bowl is made of porcelain, the stem of whalebone, one, two, or three feet long, ornamented, too, with tassels, and much wrought to give it graceful bends, &c. All this being considered, let the pain and horror be proportionably lessened, that the

Castle of Grandson, which sent forth knights to the crusades—on whose battlements brave men fought, and from whose balconies fair ladies looked forth upon the broad sheet of Neufchatel—whose last prince and possessor in the family line (Otho) was so celebrated in chivalry, that he won the affections of the fair lady of Gerard d'Estavayer, living on the opposite shore of the lake, and was by her husband slain in judicial combat in 1139—that the Castle of Grandson, I say, should be a tobacco manufactory! Better make pipes than lances; better light them, than the match for the fusee; better send up the curling, vanishing smoke—that touching emblem of the frailty of human life—than violently to destroy human life!

My second observation is, that from Castle Grandson, Charles the Bold of Burgundy went forth to the battle, in which he was first defeated by the Swiss.

This conflict of Charles with the Swiss is one which both history and romance have made interesting. As we approached that part of the country, therefore, where I knew the battle took place, I put my head out of the carriage window, and desired Auguste, the courier, to inquire about some of the neighbouring localities, Giez especially, a village which is described as near by. He asked the people in a field at work; but they seemed to know nothing about Giez. I was about sitting down in despair, when I told Auguste to ask an old man in the field, if he knew where the battle-field of Charles the Bold of Burgundy was. This seemed more intelligible. "Ici! ici!" exclaimed the old man, pointing all around him. We were quickly out of the carriage, and on the ground. What could be more fortunate for marvel-hunters? The passing plough had just laid open a grave! A little excavation had been made; and by the side of it lay a pile of human bones in the last stages of decay!

This battle was fought in 1476, more than three centuries ago; but I believe that the records of our own Indian burying grounds, show that it is not at all unlikely that human bones should be preserved in the earth, for such a length of time. I had observed, too, that Simond says that fragments of arms were still found occasionally upon this field. Here, then, before me, I could not doubt, were solemn relics of that fierce and fearful encounter. These naked, decayed, marrowless bones stood up, one day, on this very field, a living and breathing man, to breast the shock of battle—yea, stood and fought, perhaps, side by side, with Charles the Bold.

GENEVA, *September 22.*—From Yverdun, we have come here by Lausanne, and the Lake of Geneva.

At Lausanne we visited the house of Gibbon; went out upon the grounds—the fine esplanade, commanding a beautiful view of the lake, where he was accustomed to walk; visited the garden where he wrote the last sentence of his *History of the Decline and Fall*, and made the reflections which are recorded in his autobiography.

At Copet, a few miles from Geneva, we went up, while the horses were changing, and saw the chateau of M. Neckar, where his daughter, Madame de Stael, had lived, and which is still in a branch of the De Stael family. The grounds behind the chateau are beautiful—a delightful level spot, with winding walks, and clumps of trees and shrubbery. In a ground opposite, full of trees, is the cemetery, where sleep the re-

mains of the father and daughter, after a life, spent much of it, in the sight of Europe and the world. The ground is private, and we were not permitted to go into it. The chateau is just above the village of Copet, and commands a view of the lake.

It is a charming ride upon the lake, all the way from Lausanne (forty miles), and the appearance of the people, everywhere, and especially at Geneva, has given me more pleasure far, than anything of the kind since we came to the Continent. There is more intelligence apparent, and far more ease of condition. Women with delicate countenances, and gentlemen at leisure, are seen walking everywhere, on the beautiful promenades that skirt the lake.

The environs of Geneva are richer in scenery than those of any town I have seen, except Edinburgh. I have walked an hour or two to-day on the south side of the city. It is Sunday, and one of the loveliest days of Autumn—and though the brightness of heaven and earth is touched with the sadness which sad news bringeth—yet it is only softened and hallowed—it is bright still. I have found it good to

“Go forth under the open sky, and list to nature's teachings;
While from all around, earth and her waters,
Comes a solemn voice: ‘Yet a few days,
And *these* the all-beholding sun shall see no more,
In all his course.’”

CHAPTER XI.

EXCURSION TO CHAMOUNI AND MONT BLANC—GENEVESE SOCIETY AND MANNERS
—SCENERY OF THE LAKE OF GENEVA—TRAVELLING WITH VETTURINO—
CHILLON—UPPER VALLEY OF THE RHONE—SION—THE SIMPLON ROAD—
SCENERY OF THE SIMPLON—LAKE MAGGIORE—ISLANDS OF MADRE AND
BELLA.

At nine o'clock, on the twenty-third of September, we left Geneva in a char-a-banc for St. Martins, on the way to Chamouni. The road is, most of the way, in a valley, and through one of these glorious mountain passes. It is much of the way by the river Arve, which, taking its origin in the Col de Balme, above Chamouni, falls into the river Rhone, just below Geneva. The valley, most of it in Savoy, is not very highly cultivated, and has not the verdure and beauty of some of the Swiss valleys. The people and their villages look miserable. This is one of the regions of the Alps where the disease named *goitre* exists. It is a large excrescence in front of the neck, appearing like a wen. It is found in females mostly, if not entirely. I did not see it but in one man. The cause of this singular disorder, affecting, except to an inconsiderable extent, no other quarter of the world, is not well settled. Some physicians ascribe it to the air, and others to the water of these regions. I could almost believe that it is sympathy that propagates it; for the sight of it has made my own neck feel strangely all day.

The mountain barriers on each side of this pass have a variety, wildness, and grandeur, not inferior, perhaps, to the valley of Lauterbrun-

nen. At Balme—where, by the bye, a diminutive piece of artillery is fired off, for a franc, that travellers may hear the echoes—are some extensive caverns, said to be interesting, but we had not time for them. There is a collection of water within (from springs, I suppose), which finds vent on the mountain side, a quarter of a mile distant, in a very pretty waterfall, eight hundred feet high. Three or four cascades, indeed, appear by the road side, in the same valley, of from five to seven hundred feet in height; but none of them have a sufficient body of water to make them anything more than *petites* curiosities.

The range of Mont Blanc had been in sight all day, its summits crowned with snow; but it was not till we approached St. Martin that Mont Blanc himself rose before us. The masses of snow appear to be larger than on Jungfrau and the Eigers. We were in time to see the last rays of the setting sun fade away upon the pinnacle, nearly an hour after he had set to us in the valley.

On the twenty-fourth, we left St. Martin at six o'clock, for Prieuré in the valley of Chamouni. The pass up into the valley has all the wildness that I expected to see in Switzerland; a tremendous gorge, through which the Arve tumbled and roared, sometimes five hundred feet almost in a perpendicular descent beneath us; stupendous rocks and mighty fragments of mountains, looking as if they were hurled down by the hand of an earthquake; the thick clothing of fir trees, whose foliage scarcely relieves the rugged features of rock and precipice, while it lends to everything a character more sombre and stern; the deep shadows of the early morning lying upon some parts, and its brightest splendours falling upon others—these are the things that might be brought into a picture, but I have no time to draw a picture.

The valley of Chamouni certainly has disappointed me, and I wonder that some traveller could not have said that it is, in itself, nothing very remarkable. Chamouni—Chamouni—we have heard of it so long and so much, and the word, too, sounds so sweetly, that we naturally expect something extraordinary. Yet, in truth, it is quite inferior to Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald, which, as valleys, we scarcely ever hear named.

We arrived at Prieuré at half-past ten o'clock in the morning, and immediately prepared to ascend to some point of the surrounding mountains, from which to see, to the best advantage, Mont Blanc and the Mer de Glace—the largest of the glaciers. We chose Mont Flégère; and ascended to a point, probably three or four thousand feet high. From this point, not only are Mont Blanc and the neighbouring pinnacles well seen, but a number of glaciers, fourteen in all, it is said, are in view. And now, if I could say that these glaciers were stupendous mirrors, in which the mountains are reflected, it would doubtless be presenting a picture of unequalled splendour and sublimity. But alas! nothing could be farther from the truth. A glacier resembles anything but a mirror. Its surface is rough, ridged, and covered with rocks, stones, and dirt. This, at least, is the appearance in autumn. The finest thing about the glaciers—unless it be the stupendous mass crowding down into the verdant valley—is the shooting up of the ice into innumerable pyramids and pinnacles; and this appearance is most beautiful, not in the Mer de Glace, but in the Glacier de Boisson, lying west of it.

But if the glaciers disappointed us, Mont Blanc, with his attendant pinnacles, shooting up into the clear sky, one of them, a single cone rising, I should think, from its base three thousand feet—Mont Blanc, too, with his vastness of breadth and grandeur of elevation, eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty feet* from the valley of Chamouni, and with the radiant fields of snow upon his head, could not well be said to disappoint expectation. Nevertheless, and after all, Jungfrau and the Great Eiger struck me more.

Mr. Simond says, referring to the weather, that "Alp hunting, like other hunting, is occasionally subject to disappointments." The remark, surely, has had no application to us on this excursion. On the twenty-fourth, particularly, we had such a sky as I have not seen before in Europe, as I never saw surpassed in America, nor do I look for anything more glorious in Italy. Such splendid transparency, such awful serenity, such unfathomable depths of ether, such heavens indescribable, seem to me the fit element in which sublime mountain heights should appear, to give the fullest and fittest impression. The evening, too, spread the light of a full moon upon the mountains; and here were all objects—snowy peak, bare, sharp pinnacle, the deep gorge, the dark fir grove, the bristling glacier, the embosomed valley—everything of majestic scenery, that could make such a night fit close to such a day. Surely, no fire from heaven, nor altars built with hands, could be needed by him who came to worship here. It was one of those seasons of life, when you are silent all the day long, and can scarcely sleep at night, from the burden and pressure of thoughts that can find neither utterance nor repose.

On the morning of the twenty-fifth we left Chamouni, on our return to Geneva. Perhaps it would not be possible that any contrasts in light and shade should surpass those which were presented in the panorama of mountains that we left behind us. In the distance, lay the snowy range of Mont Blanc, beneath the dazzling splendours of the morning, and there was brightness; nearer and on the left lay mountains covered with firs, which the morning ray had not touched, and there was darkness; on the right were hills, partly cultivated, partly wooded, on which streamed the rich light of early day, and there was beauty.

It is not strange, perhaps, but it is a curious fact, that this secluded and delightful spot was, ages ago, the resort of Roman refugees from the persecutions of the state. In and about Passy, a village in the valley below Chamouni, have been found votive altars, with inscriptions, and ruins of villas, showing that it was a place of residence as well as retreat.

On the evening of the twenty-fifth, we returned to Geneva, well tired, but well satisfied, and here we have taken up our abode for a few days.

My chamber at the Hotel de l'Ecu de Geneve, looks out upon the Lake of Geneva, and upon the "arrowy Rhone," as it darts forth from the full and placid bosom of waters that pour themselves out into this—shall I not say—most beautiful of all rivers. I do not mean its banks, on which I have not been; but the stream itself, broad, deep, and so clear, that every pebble is seen upon the bottom, and rushing forth a stream of emerald, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour.

* Fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty feet above the sea.

The lake, indeed, though fifty miles long, and ten broad, is in a sort, like many of the lakes in Switzerland, but an expansion of the river; the Rhone watering a rich and extensive country before it enters the lake. What gives the peculiar green colour to the lakes and rivers which are fed by the high Alps, I do not know; but I think it must be something in the bosom of the mountains, some ore or earth—since I have observed it in many of the streams, very high up towards their sources, and especially in those that issue from the glaciers. For although these streams last mentioned have a milky appearance, as I have somewhere said, yet they are also distinctly tinged with green.

As we are passing a week here, my notes will adventure a step further than is usual into society.

We called yesterday upon M. Sismondi, introduced by a letter from Dr. Channing. Madame Sismondi was very ill, and we saw the celebrated historian of politics and literature but half an hour. What services our friends do us, without intending it! A miniature likeness of Miss Sedgwick, with her own autograph beneath it, hung upon the wall. It was a voice, in a far land, from my own Berkshire home. M. Sismondi is extremely interesting both in person and conversation—in both, full of dignity, intelligence, and graceful ease and kindness. I was much struck with an observation of his upon the effects of the Catholic and Protestant religions. Joining his hands together, and interlacing his fingers, he said, "There are cantons of Switzerland interlocked in this manner, and when the road carries you across the points of intersection, you might know in the darkest night, by the state of the roads, by the very smell of the country, which is Catholic and which is Protestant."

Afterward we went to see the collections, in natural history, of M. de Luc. Those things always weary me; but so did not the man. How rare it is to find such a person in America—surrounded by bones and fossils, stuffed animals and birds, skeletons and shells! By the bye, the collections of our friends in New Bedford could help him much, in the department of conchology; but then theirs are in elegant cabinets, and have not the learned dust upon them.

M. de Luc has a great horror of priestly domination, and gave us this pretty extraordinary fact. In St. Jervais, not far hence up among the mountains (of Savoy, I think), is a bathing establishment, for the use of mineral waters. The keeper of the house had collected for the entertainment of his visitors a miscellaneous library of about a thousand volumes. Last summer, in his absence, two Jesuit priests visited the establishment, looked over the library, took almost the entire body of it, and burned it on the spot.

September 30.—We have made some very delightful visits here, to the *pasteurs*, and one to Dr. Coindet, a very interesting old physician. Dr. C. has a great number of autographs of celebrated men; one of Francis I. one of Louis IX.—think of it!—also of Mirabeau, Carnot, Robespierre; of John Calvin, too, and some letters of Rousseau. I read a few of these letters, and found them to contain some of those extraordinary declarations which he was wont to make, about the Scriptures. One of them to M. Vernes, *pasteur* of Geneva, says, "I believe in the Gospel. It is the most interesting of all writings. When all other books weary me, I turn to it with ever-fresh delight. When

the miseries of life press upon me, I resort to it for consolation." Dr. C. gave us his opinion, that goitre and cretinism, those shocking diseases of some portions of the Alps—the first consisting of swellings in the neck, and the last of the whole body—were owing to the water of the country; and says that the cure of them, as well as of most scrofulous disorders, is *iodine*.

We have dined very pleasantly with considerable parties at M. Neville's and M. Cheneviere's, pasteurs of Geneva. Cheneviere, you know, is considered as very pre-eminent here, if not at the head of the pasteurs; but it is not easy nor agreeable to speak of distinctions, where such men are to be found as Munier and Cellerier.

I wish you could see something of these French manners. They are so easy, so amiable, so affectionate; so entirely free from all formality and affectation. The master and mistress are not stationed in one spot, nor do they receive company with a stiff bow or courtesy; nor at dinner are they fixtures at the table, nailed down to their chairs. For instance, M—, seeing that bread is wanted, gets up and passes it around the table himself. And this not because he wants servants; but neither of the servants at the moment happened to be present. Those awkward appendages which we *wear*—shoulders, arms, hands, legs—they seem to use as part of themselves—they seem to have no consciousness of them, any more than they have of their lungs.

I wish you could have seen the manner in which Madame — and Madame — met; the kiss and the kiss again, as if the first was not enough to satisfy the heart; and the thousand little tendernesses of behaviour that passed during the evening. I wish, too, that you could see the manners of all these people towards us, strangers as we are. They take the heart by a *coup de*—what shall I say?—*d'œil, de main, de*—everything that is irresistible. It is affection—simple, self-forgetting, all-conquering affection. When shall we see such manners in America? When shall kindness—confiding, free, overflowing—disembarrass, unchain, disenchant society among us, from reserve, awkwardness, and suffering?

October 1.—To-day an entire change has taken place in our plans, in consequence of intelligence received of the illness of Mr. —'s son in London. My companions will return to London, and I shall proceed to Italy alone.

The sympathy of our Genevese friends for Mr. —, is a most delightful expression of their character. All of them look and speak as if they made the disappointment and the anxiety their own. M. —, a fine-looking youth among the pasteurs, came in, and when he took leave of Mr. —, said, "I hope—your son—" and then, his knowledge of English failing—what do you think he did? Why, he just put his face to Mr. —'s, and kissed his cheek. That was the way he eked out the sentence; and it was so simple, so natural, so entirely the impulse of the heart, that it was beautiful. It was very touching; perhaps it might be said it was too much so. But I think, in the ordinary intercourse of life, that it is the artificial, affected, overstrained expression of feeling that we dislike. I allow that there are extraordinary exigences where the truest strength and delicacy of feeling are shown in self-restraint, or the restraint, rather, of expression. But this was not such a case, and the act was very simple, and not very exciting.

The Genevese institutions form a very interesting subject of inquiry. I must note some particulars without being able to expand them. The government, you know, is republican; the officers are a body of magistrates. Legislation is shared by a House of Deputies, consisting of two hundred and fifty members, who choose a Council of State, which chooses four Syndics. The qualification for voting is *birth* in the canton, and a condition above service—or else, for foreigners, a *purchase* of the privilege; and it costs, according to the means of the purchaser, fifty guineas and upward. The city has thirty thousand inhabitants; the whole canton, sixty thousand.

There is an established religion here of very moderate creed, mild discipline, and simple forms. There are four very large churches, for fifteen parishes, in which fifteen pasteurs officiate in turn—i. e. in the churches—while each one has a particular parish for his charge. They preach once in two or three weeks, and their salaries are proportionate—from fifty to one hundred pounds sterling. In addition to this, the pasteurs are almost all teachers of youth, professors in the Academy of Geneva, instructors in families, &c.

The children of Geneva are mainly educated alike. Madame C—— told me that the daughters of the poorest man in Geneva are as thoroughly educated as her own. And this is always done at home, and principally by the mother. The boys are sent to the academy, and carried up in it, to the completion of a finished and even professional education.

The system of religious instruction for the youth here, by the pasteurs, seems to be most admirable. Children are taken at an early age, and regularly carried up through regular courses of religious instruction, admonition, and laborious effort, to give them right impressions, till they are brought to the communion. The consequence is, that almost every adult person, of any respectability, connected with the national church, is a professor of religion.

For further accounts of Geneva, I refer you to the last part of Simond's second volume on Switzerland. I am told here by those who were his particular friends, that his accounts, especially of Genevese society, may be relied on; the rather as Madame Simond was a lady of this city.

I should think the danger here would be that of contraction—for Geneva is a world by itself, and a small world. But I saw nothing to justify the apprehension. And I am sure that I have no desire to make abatements from the most favourable account. The manner in which I have been received and treated, and the delightful adieus with which I have been dismissed, have left an impression upon my mind never to be effaced.

LAUSANNE, October 2.—To-day I have come from Geneva, on the way to Milan. It has been a fine day for a ride along the lake. Lord Byron has justly addressed it by the epithets, "clear, placid Leman!" It has been so clear and calm to-day, that not only the clouds and mountains, but every swell and seam of the mountain's side, and every hue of sky and cloud, has been perfectly reflected. Can it be that the enjoyment of nature—the *highest* enjoyment of it, is selfish? I have often asked myself the question; for in such states of mind, I always desire to be, if not alone, yet silent and undisturbed. I say to the

question—surely not selfish, most entirely the reverse. But I am inclined to think that the deepest communion with nature, implies a feeling for the time so profound, and absorbing too, that it can bear no jar, nor diversion from its object. It is as when you listen to the highest music, or eloquence, you cannot bear a movement or a whisper that disturbs your attention.

The views of the lake and mountains in and about Lausanne are uncommonly fine. When we arrived at the hotel, the landlord, as if he knew what I wanted, said, "I will give you a room where you can see the lake." I took my station by the open window, and desired tea to be brought me there, that I might lose none of the flitting shadows and changing colours that were passing in succession over the bosom of the waters. And I scarcely remember to have seen as many varieties of hue and shade as passed here in the half hour after the sun went down behind a dark cloud in the west.

How little of that which is within, and sometimes "most within" us, ever finds expression in any words or writings! If I were to tell, here upon this open page, what my thoughts were as I gazed upon the expanse of waters, and upon the dark mountains beyond, while the veils of the waning twilight fell slowly over the sky and the stars looked forth upon the scene, as if they had been living witnesses—I should feel as if it were like praying "at the corners of the streets."

MARTIGNY, October 3—This town is in the canton of Valais, and up the valley of the Rhone, i. e. from the Lake of Geneva, eight hours' ride, with vetturino.

As I have mentioned this mode of conveyance, and am myself using it from Geneva to Milan, I will say a word further about it. Vetturino is a long word, and a foreign word, and sounds as if it might describe something quite respectable. Moreover, the phrase, "with vetturino," describes a mode of travelling in *Italy*. He who has travelled with vetturino has been in the enchanted land. So the word has always stood in my mind for something very romantic and *recherché*. But nothing could be less so in fact. The vehicle is as good as a third-rate stage coach, and no better. It is drawn by two horses, without relays, and travels but thirty miles a day. However, it is a good way enough for seeing the country, which the diligence and the mail coach are not, as they travel all night. And besides, you may lay aside all care,* for you may engage with your vetturino (i. e. the driver), to take you, say from Geneva to Milan, for a gross sum—(six napoleons, twenty-four dollars)—he carrying you, taking care of your baggage, providing and paying for your meals and lodging, and setting you down at Milan, in six days and a half. But enough of vetturini—who, by the bye, are a set of fellows that will probably cheat you if they can, in the bargain—(mine asked twice as much as he took)—who are so civil before setting out, that they will pull off their hat in the street, if they chance to see you in the fourth story of your hotel, but who, if you stay a moment too long to look at a waterfall or a chateau, will be murmuring "*Sacre! diable!*" under their breath, as if the natural play of their lungs was a sort of cursing; and who would probably foam at the mouth, if the

* That depends, I found afterward, on the character of the vetturino, and the traveller had better look after his baggage.

bonne main should prove less than they expected. I say the *bonne main*, i.e. the civility money, or the money for civility—for be it observed, that no bargain for anything to be done for you, in Europe, was ever final. There are always appendages upon appendages. You hire a conveyance to a certain place. Well, you pay, of course, for the vehicle and the horses, and for being driven—that you expected. But that is not all. You pay the postillion on his own account; and you pay him something more because he has driven you well, i.e. has not broken your neck; and you pay him that he may be further civil to you, by drinking your health; and you pay the tolls at the gates; and you pay a man who opens the door of your carriage, if he can find any apology for doing it; and you pay a boy who put the shoe under the wheel at the top of a hill; and you pay as many beggars as you please, for their good wishes—their “*Bon voyage!*” or their “*Lord bless your honour!*”

The head of the Lake of Geneva, which I passed around this morning, is more picturesque than the lower part about the city of Geneva. The mountains are rugged and wild; the soft and dark shadowing of the morning upon them, made them appear so much like masses of clouds in the horizon, that it was difficult at times to resist the impression; the slight haze of autumn upon them, gave a singular distinctness and delineation to the sun's rays as they streamed in through the cragged pinnacles and deep defiles; and the reflection of all this scenery in the darkened mirror of waters was so distinct, that it seemed as if the world depicted below, were not the counterpart of that above, but the very reality. Really I do not attempt to describe, as thinking I shall convey any clear impression to you, but to assist my own recollection. But truly, what a thing—what an element is *water*—and what scene can be complete, or anything near complete, without it? What images of repose and purity are like its stillness and its transparent depth; and what life is there, in all nature, like that which goes forth upon its touched and tremulous bosom? But the waters and the mountains are not the only things: for the shore also, about the head of the lake, is full of wild and romantic scenery.

I visited, in passing, the Castle of Chillon, most beautifully situated on this shore, near Villeneuve. It has deep dungeons, into which we looked from above. We went into that where Bonnivard, the Genevese advocate of freedom, was confined by the Duke of Savoy for six years, and saw the ring in the stone pillar which held the prisoner's chain, and the place worn in the stone by the ring, as he passed to and fro, in his confined walk. Lord Byron has celebrated him. We saw the name of Byron carved on one of the neighbouring pillars. I asked the guide “Who did it?” She said, “Himself.”

The valley of the Rhone, for some miles above the lake, is one of the most delightful I have seen in Switzerland; and farther up towards Martigny, though the valley itself is less interesting, and the horrors of cretinism begin to appear, yet the “munitions of rocks,” the mountain barriers, are very grand and stupendous; rising sometimes perpendicularly from the road, two or three thousand feet, and cutting the sky, so that it has the singular appearance of a single quarter of a hollow sphere. Near Martigny is a very beautiful waterfall,* with much the largest column

* Pissevache, two hundred and eighty feet, says Ebel.

of water that I have seen in any of these cascades among the mountains.

Speaking of horrors—I was considerably moved for some moments, to-day, with “the horrors of the last,” as I took my last look of the beautiful Lake of Geneva; but I must confess that I was soon comforted with the reflection, that it was *seen*—that the object was accomplished—that there was so much more done and finished—so much less to do. A miserable state of mind, perhaps, with which to go through Europe; nevertheless, it is mine.

October 4.—I am for the night at—I know not, and I care not, what miserable little village, on the way to the Simplon. The valley of the Rhone above Martigny grows narrow, barren, and desolate; the mountains are so bald and bleak, that I am almost tired of mountains; and the signs of poverty, and the horrors of cretinism, multiply upon us. These horrors, and almost all others, are consummated at Sion, a small town upon the Rhone. It is surrounded by walls, with towers; was formerly a Roman station; has a cathedral, and is the residence of a bishop; and is still more notable for the ruins of three old castles, situated on the rocky heights to the northeast of it. I had an hour and a half of leisure here, and spent it in walking about. I did indeed “walk about Sion, and told the towers thereof,” but surely with no feelings akin to the admiration challenged for Jerusalem, the beauty of the earth. If the Romans ploughed up the foundations of the holy place, they have left foundations here to worse desecration: massive walls of houses, that look as if they might have stood since the masters of the world reigned here, and old gateways, fit to have been the entrances to courtyards and palaces—but the streets are bemired with filth, and the gateways lead to stables. But the chief horrors of this place, and indeed of the whole upper valley, are goitre and cretinism. The former I have spoken of, but it exists here in more shocking forms; and half of the female population are afflicted with it. The *cretin* is swollen in the whole body—dwarfed in stature usually—crippled in the limbs—idiotic in countenance—the eyes near together—the mouth large—the being, in fine, coming nearer to an animal than anything I ever saw in human shape. In short, there is a mass of population in this upper valley, the sight of which would be enough to make the fairest scene in the whole world painful to look upon and hateful to remember.

As we came up the valley, we passed by the gorge that leads up to the baths of Leuk, or Loueche, and to Mount Gemmi. The ascent looked frightfully inviting; and, indeed, this is the only further excursion in Switzerland that I had a special desire to make; but I must pass it by.

SIMPLON, October 5.—The Simplon road is a wonderful work, but I am too uncomfortable to write much about it. It is very cold up here, though it was hot enough at the foot of the mountain, and—I was just going to say that I could have no fire in my chamber because the chimney would smoke; when in comes *ma bonne*, the *fille de chambre*, and says it is all a mistake, and sets to making things comfortable. So now, what a flood will be poured out upon you, from this thaw of my room, my heart, and my fingers, you can no more tell, than these Swiss peasants, what streams will come down their mountains in spring.

I was going to say some dismal word or two about this village of Simplon, and the hotel—an hour's ride from the top of the mountain on the side of Italy; but really this fire waxes warm, and I have not a heart for it. As to the cold, we have been riding for some hours amid snowy peaks, on some of which the snow was descending, while the vapour that curled around others looked cold, and chilly, and benumbed—together making an appearance enough in unison with the state of the atmosphere, and sufficient to account for it. I wonder the trees grow here; but they do grow—the hemlocks, larches, and firs fill the defiles and gorges along which the Simplon road comes, and obstinately push far up the mountain precipices and peaks; yes, and men grow here, and clamber and cling wherever (I had almost said) the chamois can leap, or the eagle fly; they grow, and their houses grow, and multiply, on steep declivities to which one would think they could hardly hold on, and seemingly inaccessible patches, where, the wonder is, that they ever got, or getting, ever find their way back to the world. Yet so they live—a hardy race, and, I believe, simple and innocent. I could not help breathing my blessing upon them, as I fixed my eye for some moments upon the last green spot of Switzerland about Brieg—and mingling prayers for them with my regrets that I shall probably never see Swiss valley or mountain more.

The Simplon road is everywhere an easy ascent, cut out with immense labour and expense from the side of the mountain, and sometimes passing, by what are called galleries, through the very brow of the mountain. Along the summit are nine houses of refuge, substantially built, and occupied for the purpose of providing shelter and relief for travellers, in the storms that, of course, in winter, rage here with great violence. In addition to this provision, an immensely large convent is erected for the residence of monks, who are to consider themselves as pledged to these offices of mercy. It is a problem worthy of attention, why the Roman Catholic religion furnishes more examples of *extraordinary* exertions and sacrifices, than any other form of Christianity. It is a problem; but I cannot discuss it here, on the top of the mountains. I may find time and inclination on some journalizing day, to enter into a discussion of this and other moral claims of the Roman Catholic system.

BAVENA, ON LAKE MAGGIORE, *October 6*.—I feel that I am approaching the mighty land, the Ultima Thule of my pilgrimage; I am on the south side of the Alps—but to turn back to the route.

I thought it quite unfortunate as I rose this morning, that the day was overcast with clouds, and threatened rain; but the bright, fantastic mists that floated around the tops of the mountains soon presented aspects that afforded compensation for the want of a clear sky. Indeed, I had not seen the Alps before, under these aspects; for at Grindelwald it was a close and heavy veil that settled down upon them. But here nothing could be more light and airy. There was no wind sensible to us below, and it seemed as if the mist were moved by some power within itself. Now it sailed along with a majestic sweep around the mountain's brow; then it plunged down into some profound abyss, as if, like the furies, it bore a victim to the dark prison below; and again it rose up, disclosing, but shadowing, the awful depths—as it were the foundations of the world. Other clouds floated along the mountain

sides, attracting, repelling, passing and repassing, mingling and parting, like the skirmishing forces of an army; and sometimes meeting, they held a momentary conflict, and then mounting up, carried the aerial war into the region of clouds—unveiling, at the same time, some stupendous precipice, dark and awful, as if it had been blasted and blackened by the thunder of heaven.

But it is useless to try to describe, and I wonder that I renew my efforts and failures. Let us come to the road; it is *terra firma*, and it can be measured—and yet not exactly described neither. It is fourteen or fifteen leagues long (*i. e.* thirty or forty miles) and twenty-five feet broad, and descends generally about six or seven feet in a hundred; and was made in four years (having been commenced in 1801), and employed three thousand men, and required one hundred and fifty thousand quintals of powder for blasting, and cost, I know not how much—I have heard it said to be eight millions of crowns—and finally the expense was borne jointly by Bonaparte and the Italian states. So that it is Bonaparte's road only as he projected it, and by his energy and influence caused it to be carried through. The road this side of the mountain is, in the engineering required and the scenery displayed, far more striking than that on the side of Switzerland. It passes by, and under, and through the most tremendous precipices, among roaring cascades, and over ravines and gorges that seem unfathomable; the passage is one of such horrors as I have not seen anywhere else in Switzerland; the vistas, the depths, the heights—everything above, beneath, before, behind, and around you, is marked with stupendous and awful grandeur; the rocks that lie around you, and which have fallen from the precipices, leave all others to be stones or pebbles in the comparison—and yet you are carried along this road, and through all these objects so sublime, and almost frightful—carried as easily and smoothly as if you were taking an airing in the Regent's Park. The passage is completed at the grand bridge of Crevola, where you enter one of the beautiful valleys of Piedmont, and through it come down to the Lake Maggiore.

It is singular, but the moment you reach the vineyards, on the south side of the Alps, you find a totally different style of cultivation. On the north side, and indeed all along up the Rhone, vineyards look precisely like nurseries—nurseries, say, of maple trees, for that is the shape of the leaf—about three or four feet high; and nothing, certainly, can be less picturesque than such a vineyard. But here the vines run upon frames, with green grass beneath, and present the appearance of a whole country of arbours. It is, of course, far more beautiful. By the bye, the only tolerable grapes I have tasted since I came to the Continent, I bought yesterday, in coming up the Simplon. They have been, with other fruit, upon our table every day, and every day I have tasted of them, and that is all. Indeed, the ripening season has been very cold, and unfavourable for all fruit. Yet so impossible do these people think it to make a dinner without fruit, that if they raised nothing but apples of Sodom, I believe they would make you up a dessert of them.

On the seventh, before sunrise, I was on Lake Maggiore, with two chance fellow-travellers, to visit the islands of Madre and Bella. The first is laid out as a garden and pleasure ground, and is with the views

from it—openings to which are left through the trees—very picturesque. Yet a neighbouring mountain, clothed with heaven's beauty—the air—was more than all that the art of man can do.

His art, by the bye, has been very poorly exerted on Bella—in the person of the Borromean family, to whom this lake, and an extensive country about it belongs—for Bella (the beautiful) is made by terraces, rising one above another, and lessening towards the top, to look very much like a Chinese pagoda. We went over the palace, which is filled with paintings that seemed to me, with the exception of a Cleopatra, miserable. But there was one thing that really made the spot worth visiting; and that was the basement story, consisting of a very extensive suite of rooms, finished in the grotto style—a sort of mosaic work in pebbles and shells, covering the floors and ceilings, and sides indeed, except where a slab of marble was here and there inlaid. These apartments open by window-doors, upon the very water of the lake, inviting every breath of air, and with seats around, looked as if they might be the very retreats of pleasure, in a warm climate.

CHAPTER XII.

LAKE MAGGIORE—MILAN—CATHEDRAL OF MILAN—ITALIAN SKY—PUBLIC GROUNDS AND PROMENADES IN THE CITIES AND VILLAGES OF THE CONTINENT—PLAINS OF LOMBARDY—PARMA—SABBATH SCENES—MUSIC—BOLOGNA—COVIGLIAJO.

SESTO, *October 7.*—It was not till I got to the lower or south end Lake Maggiore, and fairly out of the mountain region, that I began to feel as if I were in Italy. I could not help thinking it was a specimen we had, as we passed over the Ticino, just after it issues from the lake, to Sesto. The boat was as clumsy and crazy a thing as if steamboats had never been heard of; consisting, indeed, of two boats lashed together, and drawn over by pulling upon a rope stretched and fastened from bank to bank. This was one part of the specimen. For the other—when we had got under way, out stepped a fiddler, and, after twanging his instrument a little, sung and played several airs with great apparent enthusiasm. It was a very agreeable, and even touching welcome to the land of song—ay, and of poverty, too; for this was a method of gaining a livelihood, and, I thought, a very ingenious one; for the music you *must have*; and I never knew anybody to refuse to pay for an offered treat of this kind. But alas! how I have fallen away from the romance of the thing!

Not far from Sesto, we passed through the village of Soma, in, or near which, is thought to have been the battle ground of the conflict between Hannibal and Scipio.* In the village stands an immensely large and evidently very ancient cypress, which tradition indeed would make almost old enough to have seen the battle. Take your map, and

* This was Hannibal's first battle in Italy; his second was with Sempronius near Plautia; his third with Flaminius on Lake Thrasymene; his fourth with Varro, at Cannæ.

I will point out to you Hannibal's route into Italy; at least so M. De Luc, of Geneva, who has written a book on the subject, showed it to me. Up the Rhone, then, to Vienne, a small town a little below Lyons. Then he struck for the Alps, which he passed by Mont St. Bernard. He reached Aosta, and penetrated, I believe, something farther into Italy; when finding that Turin would not submit to him, and unwilling to leave an enemy behind, he turned back to subdue that city. He then advanced again, and met Scipio, it is said, near Oleggio—near to which town is Soma.

MILAN, October 8.—The route from Lake Maggiore to Milan is not interesting; unless fields of Indian corn, and vineyards, and mulberry trees, and the chestnut, and hedges of acacia, ought to make it so.

The approach to Milan, through a vista of fine linden trees which Napoleon caused to be planted, is very fine; and the entrance is to be, when it is finished, through a magnificent marble arch, commenced by Bonaparte, in commemoration of the great Simplon road, which is considered as terminating here.

The priest and the soldier are seen here at every corner—the former with a three-cornered, cocked-up hat, and a kind of cassock, or black surtout; the latter in a white costume. They represent, indeed, the twofold despotism under which Italy is suffering. The priests are Italian, it is true, but the military are almost exclusively Austrian. Those, however, who wish to throw off the yoke, seem quite as much to fear the former as the latter—for all their secrets are constantly liable to be betrayed to the priests, in the confessional. A man's foes, indeed, become those of his own household—his wife, daughter, or sister.

Scenes in Milan.—(I cannot describe at length, but will just hint at them.) Into the hollow square or court-yard of the grand Hotel de Ville, on which my chamber window looks, drives a splendid carriage, containing a lady (a Russian countess) and little girl, three dogs, and on the seats (behind and before), three servants. The lady gets out, the dogs follow; but are soon caught by the servants, caressed, and put back again. The principal servant is dressed à la mode militaire, more splendidly than any general officer I ever saw on a review day, in our own country. The said servant comes up to the carriage, calls the dogs to him, and kisses them—dogs and man, chops to chops—*par nobile fratrum*. Another—in the same court under my window, in which the *canaille* figure. Three postilions are scolding in Italian, about some matter in dispute, I know not what. And truly, I never heard a language for scolding like this Italian. It can be spoken, I think, more rapidly than any other, and there is something so decided and manly in the tones of it—far more than in the French or English. The three postilions, for about five minutes, talked all together, and all gestured as if their arms must have had steel fibres, and their lungs were as much more energetic than any other human lungs, as Perkin's steam guns, discharging a thousand balls in a minute, are beyond all other guns. Oh! hear an Italian scold, if you would know what scolding may be. One of *our* people, upon a thousandth part of the apparent provocation, would have silently knocked his fellow down. The English *canaille*, too, make a great noise in their quarrels, with as little result; but their noise, compared with the

Italian, is as a heavy lumbering coach, compared with the most active and energetic steam carriage. Then, as to talking in general—surely it is this people's meat and drink. This house is a perfect Babel. Such a racket of voices as comes from the court, the stairways, and passages, all the day long and all the evening, I never heard before. Our American intercourse is absolute silence, compared with it. Once more to mount up again into the higher regions: a carriage is approaching the palace of the vice king—(the brother of the emperor of Austria)—immediately the word is passed along the line of soldiery, stationed in front of the palace; they get under arms; the drums beat; the officers in attendance take off their hats and bow low; I look to see *who it is* in the carriage that makes this sensation; and I discover, on the back seat of this stately carriage, *three little boys!* The streets—they are full of people; they are full of talk and laughter; they are full of London-like cries; they are full of carriages, with fine horses; the priests, in solemn robes, sweep by at every moment: the dashing soldiers are continually passing and repassing; females, of good person, many of them wearing veils on their heads instead of bonnets, many wearing nothing, are constantly promenading, as if they had nothing else to do; but as many more are attending at the counters of the shops; and the toil of men, with the hammer, and the saw, and the lathe, and the silk spinning or weaving, breaks upon the ear from all quarters; the church bells are perpetually ringing, as if every day were a Sabbath, and votaries are passing in and out of the temples; the city seems to be full of immense palaces, built around hollow squares, and some of them with curtained balconies in front. One would think, from looking at the *outside* of things, that there must be great wealth here, and great happiness.

I attended service yesterday in the cathedral. Was it not a glorious thing, amid that rich but dim light, streaming through painted windows—amid those stately marble columns, and beneath those majestic arches and sculptured ceilings—with the notes of the pealing organ, and incense, flung from many censers to bear the soul up to heaven—was it not a glorious thing to worship there? I did so, and did not desire to doubt that many others did.

This cathedral is of white marble, four hundred and forty-five feet long, two hundred and eighty-nine broad at the transept, three hundred and fifty-six in height—to the top of the spire, that is—supported by one hundred and sixty columns, seventy-seven feet high, floored with tessellated marble, and has, in and about it, including figures in bas relief, four thousand five hundred marble statues. And yet—what is this mysterious principle of proportion?—the sight of it does not swell the heart—not mine at least—with such admiration as the simple, glorious York minster. It is too broad for the height. And then, although built of marble, the walls are sadly weather-stained, so as to be scarcely more beautiful than the coarse stone of England. Its hundred pinnacles, indeed—each one crowned with a statue, standing out in the bright sky, and kept perfectly white by the action of the pure elements—are a glorious vision.

And amid what a sky were they lifted up yesterday! Where were there ever such depths of splendour in any heaven, as in this of Italy! This is the peculiarity. Not that the colour is richer than I have seen

in America; but that there is a certain splendour with the colouring, a transparency of ether, an illumination opening into the depths profound, that makes the Italian sky—unexpectedly to me, I confess—a wonder and a beauty unequalled, as it is inexpressible. On this point I suppose there could not be a more unprejudiced witness. When I came to see the English sky, I thought it very likely that the enthusiastic admiration of the Italian, which we hear so much about, was English. So much had I persuaded myself of this, that I had ceased to expect anything extraordinary. I was not thinking of anything of the sort, when looking up at the cathedral yesterday, my attention was drawn to those heavens inexpressible, that rose above it; and for an hour or two I saw nothing, thought of nothing else. It was not easy to discriminate; for my emotions came upon me like a deluge. Yet, remembering my previous scepticism, I did not attempt to inquire, what it was that so moved and entranced me. And I say again, that the peculiarity of the Italian sky does not consist in its colour, not certainly as compared with that of America, though to the English it may be the most striking point of difference. Nor was it transparency exactly—at least, not that transparency by which distant objects are more distinctly seen. This is what I have heard said, and it is true that objects are so seen. If you cast your eye to the heavens in the quarter opposite the sun, at ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, though nothing is relieved against it, but the most common range of buildings in the street, the definite character of the object, the indentation, as it were, upon the very sky, is something so striking, that you can hardly help pausing in your walk to survey it. But this, after all, is not to me the special and soul-entrancing beauty. It is that transparency, rather, by which you seem to look *into* the heavens. The sky does not seem to be a mere concave, a sphere; it does not seem to bound your thought, scarcely your vision, but carries them away to illimitable depths, opening to heavens beyond. Was it not something indicative of this peculiarity, that I saw the faint crescent of the waning moon this morning, high up in the sky, almost till mid-day?

By the bye, speaking of the moon, I have been almost up to it to-day, in ascending the spire of the cathedral. It presents a magnificent view, stretching from the Alps to the Apennines.

October 11.—Having the day upon my hands, I determined to be my own guide in a stroll through the city. So providing myself with the few Italian phrases necessary to inquire out the places I wished to see, though many of the people understand a question in French, I set forth. My first object was to see the sixteen pillars that remain of the temple of Hercules, built by Maximin; and I soon found the Colonnade, a venerable ruin, nearly sixteen hundred years old, consisting of Corinthian columns of marble. The tooth of time has eaten deeply into some of them, and it has been necessary to strengthen them with bands of iron. I next went to the church of S. Maria de Graces, in the sacristy of which is the fresco painting of the Last Supper*—the original of the many paintings and engravings which are so familiarly known, spread as they are through the world. The painting is much defaced, and in many places retouched; but it is far more striking still than the copies,

* That by Leonardo da Vinci.

and must originally have been very powerful. The countenance of our Saviour has in it a very affecting union of dignity, meekness, and sorrow.

I turned next toward the western part of the city, where is the Champ de Mars, and a fine promenade with avenues of trees adjoining. These delightful retreats, found in almost all the cities and villages of Europe, deserve more consideration than they have yet received with us. In the original laying out of a city or village, the expense would be almost nothing; and even at a later period it may be a very narrow economy which alleges that it cannot be afforded. The account would probably be more than settled by the diminished bills of the doctor. When it was proposed in parliament to sell some of the parks in the vicinity of London, Burke, in his speech against the measure, called the parks "the lungs of the metropolis." That single word decided the question; for it was fact, argument, and illustration all in one.*

How much, too, might such resorts contribute to the cheerfulness of a people—how much to the spirit of society and of kind neighbourhood, and thus at once to health, virtue, and happiness. I say to virtue; for the recreations of a public promenade are not to be feared in this respect, as are those for which men resort to secrecy and darkness. I wish that the subject could be thought of, in our villages and country towns, as well as in our cities. Any man, owning a farm lot of ten, twenty, or thirty acres, in the centre of one of our country towns, might, at little cost, confer a benefit on all succeeding generations by planting it with trees, and bequeathing it to the town as a perpetual promenade and playground. The Sedgwick family have set a good example of this kind in Stockbridge (Mass.) What a delightful spot would be a shady grove in the centre of a village! Age and childhood, toil and care, would resort there for repose, for recreation, for enjoyment, for society. In some of the bright summer evenings there would be music. In process of time there would be statues and fountains.

From the Champ de Mars I walked to a public promenade on the northeast quarter, near to which is a magnificent palace, covered on the side (I could not see the front) with tableaux of sculpture, and on the top crowned with statues. The promenade is, as usual, amid trees; and here it was that I saw, for the first time—i. e. on a large scale—(yew trees are frequently treated in this way)—saw a whole grove, Heaven's beautiful work, cut and clipped into form of man's devising. It is cut pyramidally; and you look up through the avenues, defined by lines which nature never made and which nature abhors. So do I. My last adventure for the day, was to fall in with the exhibition of a juggler, who had spread his table and collected spectators in the street. We have no class in America corresponding to the conjurors of Europe. Their accomplishment is very extraordinary. The feats of this man, though he was but a common street juggler, filled me with astonishment. Meanwhile his wife went round among the crowd, asking such reward as the spectators might please to give, and taking all refusals so meekly, that I could not help giving something for her sake, if not for the sleight of hand. And, indeed, as to the morality of the matter, I

* Is it possible that there is any serious thought of giving up the Battery of New York to warehouses?

think it is not for the spectator to plead conscience in refusal of payment for that which he pleases to stand and see.

One capital peculiarity in the streets here I must not omit to mention. Two courses of hammered stone are laid in the middle of the streets, for the carriage wheels to run upon; so that there is a kind of railway all over the city. The consequence is, not only an immense relief for the burdens drawn, but an immense relief to the ears of the passenger. The carts and coaches roll smoothly and quietly on, and do not wind your nerves into knots, as you meet them—a case sometimes to delicate nerves only less horrifying than that of “the man under the bell.”

PARMA, October 14.—I left Milan on the twelfth, with vetturino, for Florence, and reached Placentia for the night, entering it by passing on a bridge of boats over the Po. It is a broad and noble river, and, like every stream that comes from the high ground of the Alps, as this partly does, hurries in its course to the sea. The largest portion of the waters, however, comes from the region of the Apennines. In the morning, as we left Placentia, we crossed the river Trebia, on whose left bank was fought the battle between Hannibal and Sempronius. From Placentia, we have come upon old Roman roads—first upon the Flaminian, and then upon the Emilian road. Of course, nothing is to be seen of the mighty hand of old Rome upon either, but the mound on which the road runs, which is raised several feet above the surrounding country. Streams of water, artificially introduced doubtless, commonly run in the deep ditches or canals by the wayside. The Apennines have been visible on the south all day. The line that sweeps their summits is singularly like that of our Taghkannuc*—gracefully undulating; Hogarth's line of beauty. The plains of Lombardy and Parma create something like a feeling of home in me too: they seem but an expansion of our own Housatonic† plains, with the Alps for our mountains, and the Apennines for our eastern range of hills: but these plains are by no means so beautiful; they are too extensive: they exceedingly want variety: field succeeds to field with its ranges of trees for the grape to run upon; nor are these boasted fields of Italy richer than our own. The general face of the people I rather like. The women appear modest, I can't say handsome—too dark: and the dark eye, which they almost all have, must be very bright and intelligent, not to be dull and unmeaning. The men appear grave and respectful, and not stupid. The aspect of their villages I do not like; and here, too, I find almost the whole population in *villages*. Where the houses are covered with the white hard plaster used in Italy, the appearance is fine; but otherwise, the brick with which they build is very poor, and the tiles, universally put on the roof here, are coarse, and carelessly put on, so that the houses look as if they must crumble to pieces in less than half a century. But more than all, there is something very heavy, clumsy, and dark about these long, unbroken ranges of village buildings; they look, some of them, as if they might be extensive penitentiaries; the lower stories, too, are commonly grated, and the grates are rusty, and the panes of glass are dirty, or there is no glass at all in them; so that the lower story, half of the time, does not look as if it could be inha-

* In Berkshire.

† Ibid.

bited. On the whole I demur a little about stone or brick houses—certainly if the materials be not good—though I *have* thought it unfortunate that our people should not build more than they do with durable materials. I have been much inclined to say here, “Commend me to a nice, dry, wooden house, situated by itself, and not locked into a sort of barricade, an alliance defensive and offensive, with a hundred others—aye, and commend me to a house that has a wooden *floor* on it at least, if not a carpet, instead of these hard, damp, dirty, cold, comfortless, stone or brick floors.”

Certainly, people here have the appearance of being very religious. I never enter one of the churches, morning, noon, or evening, and I constantly go into them—they are always open—I have been into half a dozen this afternoon—but I never enter them without finding votaries, and usually quite a number. How many times have I been into church, amid the gathering shadows of the evening twilight, and in the early morning, and found twenty or thirty persons kneeling in silent devotion! Yet if morality is in an inverse proportion to all this religion—what are we to say?

Sunday seems to be very devoutly observed here, though it is, compared with our usages, a kind of holiday. The whole population is abroad; and though the chief amusement seems to be that of walking or talking, others are evidently not forbidden. But mixed with this sort of holiday Sabbath-keeping, there is a good deal of religious observance. The people are constantly entering and leaving the churches. Some things, too, seem to be provided for the people while abroad. The great square of Parma has a church standing upon it, and at a certain part of the service, of which notice was given, I saw, this afternoon, the whole multitude, not less, I should think, than eight thousand persons kneeling upon the pavement. Just at evening again, there were processions of priests and friars, passing in different directions through the streets, bearing the cross and chanting hymns. I could not help reflecting, by the bye, that the methodists never do anything, seemingly, more extravagant. But I will not say extravagant. It was to me a solemn and touching spectacle. That cross, illuminated by bright tapers, borne on amid the solemn shadows of the waning twilight, lifted high among the people—the sign of hope, the emblem of death, but the pledge of victory over death—seemed to me fitly presented to the passing multitude, to remind them that light has come into a world of darkness, and life into a world of death—to teach those who are blindly groping their way on earth, that a way is opened to them through the gathering shadows of sin and sorrow, and through the dark gates of the tomb, to everlasting life and happiness. It will seem strange to you, perhaps, and incongruous with the scenes I have just noticed, as making a part of the Sabbath, that we had in the evening successive companies of musical performers, to entertain the visitors of the hotel where we were to lodge for the night; and yet this mixing of things together appears to be the very peculiarity of Sabbath-keeping here. First, there came persons with violins, and a violincello, and then a military band; and the performance of both indicated a cultivation that we never find in America. It will be long, in our country, I fear, before we *can* have anything like it. Thus does perfection come out of imperfection; for it is poverty, and it is a military establishment

that have produced this extraordinary accomplishment in the art of music. When is *our* country to work out a higher problem; and to show that everything graceful in art may be united with everything useful in society: nay, that gracefulness, beauty, perfection in art, is one, and not the least, of the interests of society?

BOLOGNA, *October 16.*—I called to-day upon Professor L., and had one of those "inexplicable dumb shows," one of those all-unutterable interviews, where the parties do not agree in that desirable prerequisite, a common speech. You have heard of talks, and palavers, and conferences, and *conversazioni*, aye, and of pantomimes, and of *looking unutterable things*; and you have, perhaps, some idea of all these modes of communication: but of all the methods by which human beings undertake to confer together, I imagine the most inconceivable is this talking in an unknown tongue, or in a tongue which one but imperfectly understands. It is both distressing and ridiculous. The distress is ridiculous, and the ridiculousness is distressing.

And which is hardest—whether to speak, or to hear a language you don't understand—I am not sure. You strive to talk, till you are ready to abjure all cases, declensions, tenses, moods, and especially all adverbs and conjunctions. You talk and struggle, but the more you talk, the less self-possessed you are, and the less able to do justice to your own knowledge of the language; and the more you struggle, the more inextricably you are involved in this confounding network of idioms and phraseologies. But the most ludicrous thing is the aspect of a company, listening to the unknown tongue. The words roll with most perverse facility and horrifying rapidity from the Signore's lips—and what adds to the vexation is, that the less you understand, the faster he talks—heaping up into dizzying confusion this mass of words, to help you to a comprehension of each individual one. Meanwhile, one looks on, with a lacklustre eye, and dumbfounded expression of countenance; another has every feature on the *qui vive* of intense eagerness; a third seems to catch the meaning—a ray of light falls, or seems to be about to fall on him; and not uncommonly, to fill out the picture, there is one in the back-ground, whose countenance wears a ludicrous mixture of anger and helplessness—"black as night he stands." At length, after a number of those pleasing efforts which end in total failure, the company, not daring to trust themselves for words of mere civility even, make their adieus in pantomime—glad, all of them, as if they were relieved from some spell of enchantment.

Bologna is at the foot of the Apennines; and I am glad to see hills once more. Bologna is built, like Berne in Switzerland, with arcades running all over the town.

The churches here, as well as everywhere on the route, are built in a terribly bad taste; a jumble of all orders, or rather a confused and clumsy mass of building, without order, and, as it would seem, without plan.

The road, all the way from the Alps, has been on a dead level. The small rivers, of which we have passed many, flowing from the Apennines to the Po, have all of them, with their spring freshets, made themselves great, wide, desolate paths of sand and stones, that look dismally.

The entire country is set out with rows of trees, mostly the elm, on

which the vines run, and often hang in festoons from tree to tree. This is the time of gathering grapes, and the whole land smells of the vintage. It is rather agreeable than otherwise, though not exactly the thing to excite very romantic ideas, being an ascetous fragrance.

This afternoon, at dinner, we had again some fine street music, from three blind performers; one on the violoncello, and two on the violin; and this evening, the same performers have been under my window, as I have been writing. My pen has frequently stopped, that I might more perfectly listen, or because the common-place thoughts that moved it, stopped: for I have scarcely ever heard, by the wayside, such strains of music. For ease, execution, and grace, they really reminded me of the performance of the Germans from the Royal Conservatory of Munich, which we had, you know, in New Bedford. Alas for me!—I had rather see the spire of our old church than St. Peter's at Rome: and I had rather, at this moment, hear our organ *out of tune*, than the finest orchestra in Italy!

COVIGLIAJO, October 17.—I did not mean to write this evening, but the scene is too amusing to pass by entirely. This is the usual resting-place, on the top of the Apennines, and, in the general flocking from Florence and Rome, it is a place of great resort. The house is crowded to-night, and the scene is like one of those hosteleries of former days, where soldiers and minstrels, gentlemen and beggars, nobles and their retainers, were crowded together in promiscuous confusion. People of all languages are here; waiters, hurrying to and fro, are invoked in every tongue; new guests are continually arriving; scene succeeds to scene, dinner to dinner, talking and laughing, drinking and smoking, crying children and anxious nurses, may be seen and heard all over the house. There were six persons at our dinner table here to-day, and we made ourselves out to be the representatives of five different nations. There was an English mademoiselle, and a Russian, and a gentleman from Siberia, and an Italian, and myself, an American.

I was intending, if I wrote at all this evening, to write a tirade against the Italian inns; this, however, is, in some points, an exception. But generally, out of the large towns, the inns are dreadfully uncomfortable; dark, damp, desolate places, stone floors, without a rag of carpeting, even by the bedside; the waiters all men—even those who make the beds and arrange the chambers, are men; and the men, the chambers, the floors, the tables, the dishes, dirty, dirty—everything dirty but the beds, and they are damp. I do not say, however, that the beds are full of vermin, though that is the common report. But for myself, I have not found a bug or a flea in Italy.

CHAPTER XIII.

FLORENCE — THE PITTI PALACE — MODE AND EXPENSE OF LIVING IN ITALY —
 CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE — MANNERS — GALLERY OF FLORENCE —
 CHURCHES OF FLORENCE — GENERAL ASPECT OF THE CITY AND ENVIRONS —
 FIESOLE — CLOISTERS — MONKS — HOLY DAYS.

FLORENCE.—Florence at last, this eighteenth of October. It is not Rome, but it is to the traveller the threshold of Rome; the last point of any long delay, before reaching the eternal city.

But to turn back again a little: the road from Bologna is over the Apennines, and it is very uninteresting; no scenery; the Apennines are best seen at a distance. On the top, I saw, what I never saw before, *orchards* of chestnut trees. By the bye, the chestnuts of this country—two or three times the size of ours—constitute a part of the food of the people. In every town and village, quantities of them are found at every corner, raw, roasted, baked, and boiled, soliciting buyers, and finding them in great numbers.

The descent from the Apennines is more agreeable than any other part, and especially as the traveller approaches Florence: six miles from which, the plantations of olive trees commence and cover the whole country. The tree is of the size of the peach tree; the leaf resembles that of our willow, only the green is much darker. The trees are now loaded with fruit, apparently near the state for pickling. We passed near the ancient city of Fiesole, situated on a beautiful slope of country, rising from Florence towards the north. At a convent on its summit Milton spent a considerable time—whence he represents “the Tuscan artist” as viewing the moon

“At evening from the top of Fiesole.”

The monastery of Vallombrosa, whose scenery he also celebrates, is situated about seventeen miles in the country above, twenty miles from Florence. It is the surrounding wood of Atebelle, to which he refers in the well-known words—

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
 In Vallombrosa, where the Etruscan shades
 High, overarch’d, embower.”

October 20.—Florence is a city of most confounding irregularity. I have found my organ of locality serving me very well everywhere else, but here it is utterly at fault. I am like “the man with the turned head.” If I would reach any particular spot, I seem to myself to go directly away from it. “Hem! the Campanile, the Gallery, the Porta da Pinti—it is there,” I say—and then set off in the opposite direction. It is really quite uncomfortable. I never feel myself settled in a place till I have rightly fixed the points of the compass. It is strange to me; and I feel more than I otherwise might, that I am a stranger. To have the sun rise in the west and set in the east—it is as if the very elements had ceased to be one’s friends. Alas! they are some-

times the traveller's only acquaintances; as they are mine here*—for all the friends that I expected to find here are fled to Rome. But what a curious feeling it is, by the bye, with which one tries—and tries—to pull and heave the great world around and bring it right—and cannot! The north will *not* give up, and the south keeps back.

October 21.—Yes, and there are—I am considering the sky again—there are more glorious sunsets here than anywhere else; at least in a clear day: I have seen no gorgeous clouds like those which appear in our American horizon—but there has been a sunset this evening in a cloudless heaven, with a variety and softness of colouring, continuing for a whole hour, such as I have never seen before. I say not altogether a new thing, but something beyond.

I have spent the last two days in going through the Pitti Palace, the residence of the grand duke—or rather, I should say, through the gallery of paintings. It consists of many rooms, most splendidly furnished and finished: the floors of marble, ceilings arched and painted in fresco, and filled with statues; tables of porphyry, jasper, &c. with stones inlaid in many forms of shells, birds, flowers, &c. in the style called *pierre dure*; chairs richly gilt and cushioned; pillars of marble, and vases of alabaster, &c. But all this is nothing—though some of the tables cost thirty thousand dollars; the works of genius that cover the walls are the only attraction that any one thinks of. It is not what the Medici and their successors have done here (except as purveyors for the public taste) that draws the crowd, but it is what Raphael, and Michael Angelo, and Salvator Rosa, and Carlo Dolci, and Rembrandt, and Rubens, and Christopher Allori, and Chialli, and Andrea del Sarto, and many others have done.

[I had intended to strike out all such slight and hasty notices of paintings, as appear in the following page or two. But such is the eagerness among us to know everything that can be known about celebrated paintings, that I have been induced to let some of these notices, such as they are, stand in the manuscript. Nothing could have been farther from my thoughts, than publishing them, when they were written; or, indeed, anything else that belongs to the mere journal, in these volumes. I first name the painter, then the piece, and then add my comment.]

Petrazzi: the Espousals—the female espoused looking very serious and deeply satisfied—those around, with countenances much more moved from their common expression—that's natural.

Christopher Allori: Judith and Holofernes—a very powerful painting, no doubt; but how is it possible to paint a *woman's face*, whose hand clutches by the hair a bleeding head, which she has just cut off!

Raphael: La Madonna della Seggiola†—surely very beautiful—but I have something more to say about that.

Raphael: Madonna—(del' Impannata‡)—oh! very beautiful; the living, dark Italian eye of the youthful John—the glee of the infant—

* I should be ungrateful not to add, that I afterward made the acquaintance here of one of the most attractive and interesting, as well as the kindest men I ever knew, in the person of our sculptor, Greenough.

† So called because the Madonna is represented *sitting*. The *Madonna* here is more beautiful than any other I have seen of Raphael.

‡ From the paper window.

the fond adoration of the aged woman—the touching, admiring sensibility of the younger—the calm, satisfied, sweet expression of the Madonna—the mother in the Madonna!

Michael Angelo: the Fates—stern, calm, inexorable, and haggard-looking enough, and very powerful.

Salvator Rosa: a very horrible battle piece.

Leonardo da Vinci: female portrait—most exquisite softness and nature, like that I saw in the palace of Orange at Brussels.

Salvator Rosa: the Conspiracy of Cataline—the eye of Cataline shows the master.

Raphael: Vision of Ezekiel; in miniature, but amazingly striking.

Carlo Dolci: a head of Moses—like everything from his hand, fine in his way.

Ligozzi: Virgin and St. Francis—very touching expression of sadness. I should suppose “sad as St. Francis,” would be a proverb: for they all make him a very desolate-looking being. He is in this piece represented as stretching out his hands to the infant Saviour.

Mazzolino: La Femme Adultère—small, but capital, especially the different countenances of the accusers.

Live Meus: portrait of himself—singular effect of shading the eyes—as if they were looking out of a dark closet; and scarcely anything can be seen but the—as it were, not the eye, but the meaning of the eye, mysteriously revealing itself.

Benvenuti (a living artist of this city):—fresco painting of the chamber of Hercules; very showy and splendid—his fault seems to lie in that direction.

Chialli: two pieces—one the choir of the Capuchins, and the other a funeral—wonderful perspective, like that of the Capuchin Chapel exhibited in America.

A statue of a little boy with a bird's nest in the one hand, and the other hand laid on and detaining the parent bird: so joyous, that you can hardly help laughing out with him.

Beautiful statues in the bathing-room. Some wonderful mosaics of scenery, with figures—the necessary lights and shadows effected by stones of different colours, and, where it is requisite, by an exquisite adjustment of the different colours of the same stone. Fine perspective is actually made in this way, and very perfect figures of men and animals given.

The *Holy Families* in this collection are almost innumerable, and many of them, certainly, are very beautiful; but the idea of sanctity among these painters seems to be rather negative—beauty, calmness, but no very high, intellectual, or moral expression. Even of *Raphael's* Madonnas I cannot but say this. They do not satisfy me. They do not come anywhere near to the beau idéal of saintly beauty in my own mind, and, of course, cannot satisfy me. The calm, but eloquent, touched, enraptured soul, spreading its mingled light and shadowing over the whole countenance; the lines of intellectual expansion and heavenly dignity and delicacy, drawn upon the temples and forehead; the thoughts—(such as we may suppose hers to have been “who kept all these sayings in her heart”)—the thoughts that fill the depths of the dark eye, too strong for utterance: these things, and more that I

conceive of, I do not find in Raphael's Madonnas. The engravings of the Madonna del Sisto, at Dresden, it is true, show more of all this, more especially in the eye, which is full of a sweet and serious meaning. But while the Madonnas of Raphael here, are all very, very beautiful, the beauty is more that of form and colour, than of expression. They have not so much soul in them as some of the old Grecian statues. If, indeed, as is said, Raphael drew the idea of the Madonna's countenance partly from that of the Fornarina, it might be doubted, on every account, whether the result was likely to be very successful. In short, it is not Raphael's genius that I so much call in question here, as the very ideas which have thus far prevailed among men of genius, as well as the world at large, of what heavenly sanctity is.

October 23.—I have been to-day to see a collection of paintings in the palace of the Corvini family. There is an Achilles, Hector, and Priam, and other figures; the foot of Achilles on the dead body of Hector, in which the dead body is the best part; for the rest, the colours too glaring, and in the countenances too much distortion, and too little passion. There are many beautiful Carlo Dolci's, and striking Salvator Rosa's—especially of the former, the celebrated representation of poetry—beautiful enough, but with little enough of inspiration, as it strikes me, in the countenance.

It is curious to see how much mannerism all these distinguished painters have. Carlo Dolci paints almost in *chiaro oscuro*—nothing but *light shadow*; almost no colouring; and yet out of the dark ground—too dark—of the head and neck, he does cause to come forth most beautiful and natural faces. Salvator Rosa's pictures of nature are dark, and savage, and horror-striking, as we might imagine it to have appeared to Cain, after the murder of Abel. The same character appears in his historical paintings. The sea, indeed, when he paints it, compels him to throw a brighter splendour, and a warmer glow over the canvass. Then again, how distinctly to be marked is the simplicity, the keeping, the quiet, unpretending naturalness, the exquisite softness, of Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci. But Rubens, powerful as he is often, never paints without something of "the raw head and bloody bones" style; as if parts of his faces had been flayed, before he painted them. But I have gone far enough now, for a novice.

A great collection of paintings is like a great library. There is much trash* in both; many things ordinary, and some things glorious; and some parts of a *considerable* number—some passage of the book, some figure of the painting, or even sometimes only a single hand in a picture—that is finely done. Neither the great painter nor the great author always does things worthy of himself. Both are artists; and is not the latter an artist with greater advantages? The painter can do little more than exhibit one thought, in one single light; and it must be a thought, too, with which the world is already familiar. But the writer may unfold, explain, modify, enlarge, originate—give to the world new systems of philosophy, present religion and morals in new lights, unfold new regions of the beau ideal and the beautiful, and mi-

* That of the palace of Pitti, however, is, to an extraordinary extent, an exception from this remark.

nister, through every avenue of reason, imagination, passion, to the world's improvement and happiness.

As I came into the city this evening from a ride into the country, I witnessed a funeral procession. First, two torch-bearers—the torches lifted four or five feet above the head—then the cross raised aloft ten feet—then a procession of boys and priests in white robes, chanting the funeral service—the hearse covered with splendid housings; and last, another order of persons dressed in black silk robes; four of whom, bearing torches, closed the procession. The black dress was very singular, completely enveloping the head and whole person, and permitting only the eyes to be visible.

October 24.—“May you die among your kindred!” says the proverb; but if I would frame a good wish, I should be disposed to say, with only less earnestness, “May you live among your kindred!” Let no one lightly determine to travel in foreign countries *alone*. There is among us a reckless passion for going abroad, concerning which I would, while it forces itself on my mind, and before it is forgotten, in the hoped-for happiness of return, record my *caveat*. I say reckless, for it does not count the cost—it does not apparently suspect the sacrifice it is about to make. In Europe, this is felt *much* more strongly. I do not dissuade from foreign travel, but I would have every one go with his eyes open. I would have him, at least, see as much of the case, and estimate as many of the possibilities of suffering, as he can. But he cannot see or feel all, till it comes. No, let him not suppose that he knows, or can know, what it is to be *alone*, till he has stood in the heart of a mighty city, and felt that not one pulse in it beat to his heart—till he has seated himself in the solitary chamber of his hotel, and amid a thousand voices that issue from the courts, the stairways, and passages, heard not one that spoke his name, or his language—or heard, perhaps, from an adjoining apartment, the familiar sounds of domestic recreation and happiness, but found in it a contrast that increased his loneliness—felt that thin partition expanding itself into mountains and oceans between him and all such joys. Let him not think that he knows what it is to be *alone*, till he has been out in the streets of a strange city, and met thousands, gay and happy in their companionship, but not one that cared for him; or returned, and laid his head, feverish and throbbing, upon his pillow, and felt or feared that he might be sick and die among strangers—or, even if not, if never feeling or fearing this—till flung from the bosom of domestic life, he has been condemned to pass some few evenings of absolute solitude and silence, in that most solitary of all places on earth—a hotel. No, nor let him suppose that he knows what he may have to suffer in a strange land—what both sorrow and solitude may be—till the blow of calamity has found him *alone*—has fallen upon him where there is not one familiar object to lean his heart upon—till he turns his eyes back to some lovely countenance, which he left in the full glow of health, which he left with forced gaiety, saying, “I shall come soon again,” and now sees cold and pale, and wrapped in the garments of the grave—every fair and sweet lineament of truth, disinterestedness, thoughtfulness, and affection, marked with the rigid lines of death—never more to be seen, not even as it lies in that last sleep, prepared for the tomb—never more to be seen, till the resurrection hour! God send

that hour in due time!—for *without* the hope of it, travel, methinks, would be treason to every stronger tie of life.

* * * * *

October 28.—As the mode and expense of living in Italy are frequently inquired after in America, I will undertake to tell you how, and for how much, I live here. I have a lodging in one of those large open places, which is called in this country a *piazza*. By the bye, it is a very convenient term, to which we have nothing answering in English; for this *Piazza Nuova di San Maria Novella*—for as long as its name is—is neither a square, nor a parallelogram, nor a circle, nor a crescent, nor any other describable figure; and it is plain that we want a general term to describe an open space in a city, without any reference to the form of it.

Thus then am I situated; on one of the most agreeable *piazzas* in the city—my parlour windows looking directly upon the church of *San Maria Novella*, which Michael Angelo is said to have admired so much that he called it his *sposa*, and would sit, we are told, and gaze upon it by the hour. If this be true—though it is to me very incomprehensible, for the front of the church appears to me very ugly—I suppose he would have given as much for one of my windows, as I give for my two apartments; that is three pauls (about thirty-three cents) a day. My rooms are quite spacious, carpeted (!) and perfectly neat (!!), and the family who let them to me furnish them with chairs, sofa, and tables, bed and bedding, and are besides very attentive to all my wants and wishes; and all this for three pauls a day. I have my breakfast sent me from a neighbouring *café*, or my dinner from a *trattoria* (eating-house) near at hand, or I go to them for my meals, as I please. I prefer the latter plan usually, for it is convenient, in wandering about a city, to take my food just when and where the visitation of hunger or weariness may find me. After a delightful morning walk then—at nine o'clock, step with me into a *café*, and you shall behold a scene as fantastic as may be found in the hostleries of Arabia, and far more comfortable. In a suite of rooms opening into each other, twenty or thirty small tables are standing, and sitting around them, twice as many guests, perhaps—all with their hats or caps on—wearing every variety of costume, and speaking every variety of language. There is a good deal of bustle and noise—the clattering of cups mingling with the hum of conversation, and the calling of servants; but do not be discouraged; you shall ensconce yourself, if you like, in some quiet corner, and you shall have a bountiful cup, or bowl rather, of *café au lait*, and bread and butter to conform, and all for one paul. A boiled egg, or a bunch of grapes, shall be added, if you like; the grapes are delicious, and will be good for your health; and if you choose to mix more refined with these substantial gratifications, there is a basket of sweet-scented *bouquets*, hanging on the arm of that country girl, who has come here in the very hope that you would buy one. Nay, and if you will not buy one, it is very likely that she will lay one on your table, certain that if you allow her to do this one or two mornings, the consequence must follow.

Well, the breakfast ended—now let us away to the Gallery, or to the Pitti Palace, or to the Gardens of Boboli. After some hours spent there, at four or five o'clock, one may go to the *trattoria* (the dining-

place) fitted up like the café, and may have a substantial dinner for two, three, or four pauls. After this manner one may live in Florence for a dollar a day.

Dinner over, you may go to the opera, or if it be not too late, you may attend vespers in some of the churches. Here is the San Maria Novella just at hand—I often go there. But let me tell you, I do not go with stout and stern Protestant criticisms in my heart. I am rather disposed to say, “God bless you in these ancient, these eldest sanctuaries of the Christian faith, and make you sincere and happy!” I confess that the ridicule with which I find many Protestant travellers constantly speaking of the Catholic services, seems to me to be in very bad taste and in a very unphilosophical, not to say unchristian spirit. The whole Catholic system, in a broad view, presents, indeed, many grave questions: but what do the mass of these people know about systems? They worship as their fathers did—believe as their fathers did; and who can doubt that most of them believe sincerely, and that many who kneel around these altars, in seemingly rapt attention and in tears, worship devoutly?

The general character of the people is a different subject; and it is no doubt true that the traveller will meet with much dishonesty; that the most casual observer will see a great deal of corruption, and the initiated will perceive a great deal more. But I am afraid that it is not Italy, nor popery alone, that furnish evidence in support of the observation, that a man may be very religious in his way, and very immoral at the same time; though the immorality of one nation may be that of libertinism, and of another the immorality of drunkenness; though one nation's sins may lie in its gaieties and another's in its business, in the indulgence of selfish and ungenerous dispositions, or of coarse and brutal passions. Besides, is it sufficiently considered that travellers in general are conversant with only a certain portion of the population; and that a portion the most exposed to be dishonest and corrupt. The great thoroughfares of Europe, the Rhine, Switzerland, France, Italy, are crowded with travellers, whom their entertainers see once, and never expect to see again. The intercourse is, on both sides, deprived of those grand checks—personal acquaintance and public opinion. The *traveller* is too often not the same person abroad that he is at home; and for a like reason the entertainer is not the same man to his chance customer that he is to his neighbours. Is it proper then for the passing stranger to infer from what he sees of a country, the general character of its population? I should not wonder, if the stream of travel had essentially vitiated the regions through which it has flowed—if it had left its slime on the banks of the Rhine, in the cities of Italy, and even in the valleys of Switzerland.

But to return to the subject from which I have strayed—whatever else may be true of this people, they have certainly many winning ways with them. I have been in affliction since I came to Florence; and my host and hostess, by every delicate attention to my feelings during a few days of seclusion, seemed to sympathize with me as if I had been their son or brother. There is something, too, among these servants—a kindness beyond the accomplished civility of the English serving man. The servant from the neighbouring *trattoria*, for instance, does not take leave after having spread my repast, without a bow, and wish-

ing I may make a good dinner. My hostess, besides frequent inquiries whether I need anything, does not leave my apartments, after having put my sleeping-room in order for the night, without her *felice notte*—her good-night. Just now she put upon my table a bouquet in a glass of water. The language, too, is full of indirect and delicate allusions. In respectful intercourse they never use the second person in addressing another; as, "Will you do this?" but they say, "Will he, or will the signor do this, or desire that?" Nay, as a still further compliment, they put you in the feminine gender; thus my Italian master, on taking leave, says, "*La riverisco*," "I pay my respects to her." As to this indirectness, I am satisfied that it is true to nature; for I well remember in my boyhood, that, in my intercourse with persons older than myself, and whom I highly respected, I was constantly seeking out such indirect expressions. If what is said of the growing forwardness of our young people is true, it may be that the practice and the feeling are quite worn out; and that when the sturdy young republican is asked how he does, he has nothing to answer with, but "Very well—how are you?" I do think again, as I have somewhere said once before, that here is a difficulty in our language. Our *Mister* does not seem to answer to signor and monsieur. We cannot say, "How does the mister?" as we might say, "How does the signor?" or, "*Monsieur, comment se porte-t-il*." The Italian and French terms of address seem not to be like ours, mere prefixes, but rather like our terms of office.* Be this as it may—Heaven avert that the rising generation among us should lose that most beautiful trait of youth—modesty—deference—respect for age—respect for superiors! Let the manners of a nation want this—let a people become ill-bred, coarse, and vulgar—let, especially, the youth of a country be growing more forward and presumptuous, and let there be no sense, or refinement, or moral sensibility sufficient to put a check upon it; and vainly would such a nation claim our respect, though the sound of liberty were in every breeze, and parchment constitutions were piled to every roof-tree.

October 29.—What could be more strange than a translation from quiet domestic life in America, to a scene like this! I sometimes think if I were suddenly to meet an American friend in the street here, I should say, "How do you do, sir? Are you a bodily thing, or a shadow?" For truly I seem to live so much in a dream, that I doubt about surrounding realities. "Am I in Florence?" I say within myself. "Am I in Italy? *In Italy*—and yet sitting quietly in my room, as if nothing had happened to me; walking, and waking, and sleeping, in the majestic old Roman world, which in my schoolboy days I as little expected to see, as I now expect bodily to visit the moon!"

THE GALLERY OF FLORENCE, founded by the Medici.—There is a large collection of busts of the Roman emperors and their families, and as they are real portraits, that have descended from the times of the personages whom they are designed to represent, they are probably in the main correct. It is surprising to see what a number of these Roman ladies, the wives and daughters of the emperors, are just plain, substantial-looking women, without any grace or beauty—(though seldom ugly, as many of the men are)—without any of the charms which might

* In England, the terms master and mistress answer this purpose.

naturally enough be associated with the character of voluptuousness which many of them possessed.

*Hall of Niobe.**—Niobe is rather a coarsely executed statue, but the face is powerful. Mr. Greenough thinks this group is a copy of some far finer and nobler statuary.

Some of the paintings in the Hall of Niobe are amazingly fine; particularly and above all a *Synders*—Boar Hunt; a living picture: and *Gerard Hunthorst*—Night scenes: the Supper, and the Fortune-telling.

The Hall of Barrocio has fine paintings: viz. *Gerard Hunthorst*—Adoration of the Infant Jesus; of the same general character as to the effect of light, as his night scenes; indeed, he is surnamed Gerard des Nuits. The light in this picture is supposed to proceed from the body of the infant; three young females surround it; and the different expressions of countenance are strikingly suited to their respective ages.

Ange Allori: Descent from the Cross; the sorrow of the mother. Yet no picture on this subject that I have seen here compares at all with that in the cathedral at Baltimore, by the French painter Guerin;† compares with it, I mean, for effect upon the feelings; I will not be answerable for minor matters of colouring, &c.

Jean Baptiste Salvi de Sassoferrato: The Virgin—the face, the drape, the blue mantle, all to me so wonderfully fine, that I cannot understand why the painter is not more known.

Portraits of painters, three hundred and fifty in number, painted by themselves; a capital Sir Joshua Reynolds among them. I mention it the rather, because in England I was disappointed in his paintings.

But the grand attraction of the Gallery lies in the Tribune, and in the second room of the Tuscan school. In the Tribune are the original Venus de Medici, and the Rotateur or Grinder, the Wrestlers, and the Dancing Faun, and also the Little Apollo. The last did not strike me much; but the other statues, it is easy to admit, are worthy of all their fame.

The Venus is held to be the model of beauty, and beautiful enough it is, and the beauty grows upon one at every repeated view. The Grinder is stooping down to sharpen his knife upon a stone. His face is turned up, and he is supposed to be listening to something about the conspiracy of Cataline. I do not know why he should be overhearing a conspiracy, rather than something else; but his face, certainly, and whole frame, are instinct with the most vivid expression of life.

The finest paintings, too, are in this room; and the finest of them all, perhaps, the finest of all Madonnas, I think (I do not say it, quite), is André del Sarto's Madonna, standing on a pedestal, and St. John and St. Sebastian on either side. Titian's Venuses here, beautiful as they are, do not seem to me to show so much talent as his Venus at Darmstadt. In the second room of the Tuscan school, *Mariot Albertinelli's* Visitation of Elizabeth, *Biliverti's* Joseph and Potiphar's Wife, and *Louis Cardi's* Martyrdom of St. Stephen, are things that stand in no need of a memento to save them from being ever forgotten.

As to the Pitti Palace, I must confess that I have been disappointed. I may be making a record, perhaps, of my own insensibility or igno-

* I offer the same apology here as before.

† He died four or five months ago at Rome.

rance; but I would ask, where in that collection are the paintings of power to strike the heart or thrill the frame, or to reach the fountains of tears? I have asked a distinguished artist the question, and he did not name one. Now all the arts—eloquence, poetry, music, sculpture, painting—are nothing else but modes of addressing the mind. And the three first-named arts can all furnish many productions that do address the mind with all the thrilling and subduing power, that I expected to find in this celebrated collection of fine paintings in Florence. Ought it not to be stated, in fact, as the distinctive merit of the Pitti Gallery, that it has remarkably few poor paintings, that it exhibits a vast deal of the finish and perfection of the art, but not of its highest power? Thus much I distinctly perceive and feel, but no more. Indeed, there are to me much more powerful paintings in the Gallery of Florence, than in the grand duke's palace.

The churches of Florence I like not at all; neither the outside nor the inside, neither the form nor the finish. They are of no known style of architecture; neither Grecian, nor Gothic, nor anything else. They are built, the most of them, in the cathedral form; that is, with a high central nave, and a lower range, or nave, on either side; and they require the Gothic finish and decoration, to bear out, or to relieve the essential deformity of this kind of structure; but they have it not—not one of them. Then the finish and aspect of the interior is generally tawdry; altars of various coloured marbles, and Virgin Marys dressed out in silks, and satins, and spangles; and, worst of all, the heads in many of the paintings having miserable tin, or possibly (it is all the same) silver crowns stuck upon them. The interior of the cathedral is indeed an exception; the pillars are of dark-coloured stone, and the general aspect is grave and solemn. But then the exterior is as monstrous a mass of ugliness as I ever saw; a huge mountain of a thing, checkered all over, if it can be credited, with intermingled white and black strips of marble. It is very much as if you should attempt to beautify a mountain by dressing it with checked gingham. The architect must have got his idea from some mantuamaker, or *magazin des modes*. And yet the York Minster could not have cost one-tenth as much as this cathedral.

Indeed, there has been a rage for praising Florence, which I cannot understand. I give my impression as it is—thinking honesty and independence absolute duties in a traveller. It may be because I have seen Florence under autumn clouds, or under some other clouds; but certainly I have been tempted to ask whether there be not some extraneous cause for this unequalled admiration, either in its history, or its great men, or in the fact that it is the first grand specimen of antiquity that meets the traveller coming from the north; or in a fashion getting currency in the world, nobody can tell why. For the houses and public buildings of Florence are not beautiful (I except the Campanile, and the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio); its squares are not beautiful; its streets are not beautiful; its environs—with the exception of a single ride down the Arno—are not beautiful. It reposes rather gracefully, indeed, in the lap of surrounding hills; but those hills are covered over—there are no stately trees—covered over with the least beautiful foliage in the world, that of olive trees. There are some vineyards too; but these vineyards are, like those in Germany and Switzerland,

perfectly uninteresting. The olive and the vine are names of romance to us in America; but they compare not at all with our orchards and our meadows.

I have been to-day to "the top of Fiesole"—to the monastery where Milton spent some weeks. Went into a chapel near by, said to have been a temple of Bacchus. The foundation and pillars of such a temple *may* have been left here, to experience the singular fate of being consecrated to this new purpose; for Fiesole was an ancient Roman town, and some ruins of it are still to be seen. Cataline's army, at one time, had its camp at Fiesole. The view from the top, of an extensive country, dotted over with white houses, amid the dark olives, is very striking. Both the produce must be great, and the mode of living frugal, one would think, for so dense a population to be sustained upon this tract of country.

November 1.—I rode a mile or two down the vale of the Arno to-day—the country too low, and too level; and certainly not to be compared, for a moment, with the intervals of the Connecticut or Housatonic; nor with twenty districts of country in England or Scotland.

The churches are filled with fresco and other paintings, the most of which I cannot be made to believe are worthy of much attention. They are either ordinary, or in bad lights, and the frescoes, most of them, are high away up in domes, where the eye cannot reach to discern their expression, if they have any. There are, however, some frescoes of Massaccio, in the church del Carmine, and a Madonna of his in the cloister of the church del Annunciata, that are much admired, and are to me the best in fresco that I have seen. The cloisters, I may observe here, are not the secluded places I had been led to expect. On the contrary, they are open to the public. They are around an open and hollow square, within the monastery, and built in the form of Alcoves, or recesses, under the arches of which are paved walks. Here the monks walk; there is always a sunny side in a cool day, or a shady side in a hot day; and here anybody enters who pleases, to look at the fresco paintings with which the walls are usually covered. Some of these paintings represent, in series, the life of a saint; his conversion, sufferings, miracles, &c.; others are employed upon other sacred themes. Sad places they seemed to me, when I considered the solitary, weary lives that are worn out here—a single cypress, standing in one of the squares, with its dark foliage, and tapering, isolated form, seemed to me the very *genius loci*—the emblem of humanity in these desolate cloisters.

The monks, however, as they pass about the streets, do not look like an unhappy set of people. The Franciscans, especially (though they do take their name from such a dismal saint as the painters, at least, have represented St. Francis), appear very cheerful, and are said to be in great favour with the people. The monkish dress consists of a tunic or gown, and narrow strip of cloth hanging in front, called the scapulary, and a cape or cowl, as the case may be, falling on the shoulders. That of the Dominicans is white; that of the Franciscans brown: the fabric of both a coarse, thin woollen. Some of the monks come so near being barefooted, that they wear only sandals. They live partly on charity, and partly on old foundations—many of which, however, were broken up by Bonaparte—the great ravager, despoiler, robber of the

Continent. And yet pictures, busts, statues of him are everywhere, as if he had been the world's great benefactor.

November 2.—To-day I have seen two or three things that interested me greatly, but I can only note them: the wonderful exhibitions of the human form in wax, in the Natural History collections—every part, and every possible section of the human frame, said to be represented with perfect accuracy; a painting, by young Sabatelli of Milan (only twenty years of age) of a Catholic miracle, the object of which is to convince a sceptic of the real presence—I advise picture dealers to inquire for Sabatelli: and the studio of the sculptor Bartolini. Such beautiful statues are there, as persuade one that the glories of the ancient art may revive.

Yesterday was All Saints' day, and to-day, All Souls'. The bells have rung, scarce more constantly than they do other days—that could hardly be—but they have rung in concert, in peals and chimes, till I have been utterly weary of them. What the sick do in such circumstances I cannot tell. Perhaps Florentine ears are so accustomed to the sound, that it makes no difference to them.

This evening, just at the close of twilight, as I stepped into one of the churches, I witnessed the singular spectacle, if spectacle it could be called, of a preacher addressing his congregation in almost total darkness. Perhaps it was considered as appropriate to the funereal character of the day; the object being, as I understand it, to pray for all souls in purgatory. Of the two, my sympathies, certainly, are entirely with All Saints' day. A festival to commemorate all saints, a day to remember all good men, a season around which is gathered the mighty host of those who, in faith and patience, in suffering and triumph, have gone to heaven—is one which it would be grateful to observe. I would not object to the invocation of saints, were I assured they could hear us. Why should it be thought a thing so monstrous, that I should ask some sainted friend that has gone to heaven—passed through all that I am suffering—to help me, or to intercede for me, if he knows my condition? I desire this of friends on earth—friends clothed with the weakness of humanity. Why might I not breathe such a thought to some angel spirit, whose wings may hover around me in mid air, though I see him not? But this would be the invocation of saints. I suppose it is the equivocal use of the word prayer, that creates a part of our Protestant horror of this practice. We say, it is praying to the saints; but the enlightened Catholic doubtless would say, it is not adoration—not praying, as to the Supreme.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNEY FROM FLORENCE TO ROME—THE DOMINICAN FRIAR—UPPER VALE OF THE ARNO—AREZZO—PERUGIA—ASSISI—VALE OF THE CLITUMNUS—TERNI—CIVITA CASTELLANA—BACCANO—FIRST SIGHT OF ROME.

On the morning of the third of November, some time before day-break, I took my seat in a coach for Rome. As the light dawned, it disclosed, opposite to me, the full but strong and manly features of a young Dominican friar. His amiable countenance and gentleman-like bearing, at once awakened an interest in me, which was not a little increased when I saw him, as the light became sufficient for the purpose, take his breviary, and with an eye losing all its fire in the deepest sadness, begin to read the lessons of the day. I think I never saw anything more touching than the sadness of that eye. There was sincerity, I could not doubt, but there was evidently great unhappiness. Yet it was not the unhappiness of conscious guilt; but it seemed to me the unutterable distress which an honest mind must feel, in performing heartless and reluctant devotions. Indeed, that it was a commanded service, and one that he was obliged by his vow to perform, he distinctly intimated to me in apology for thus occupying himself. After he had read about an hour, he suddenly shut the volume, clapping the covers together with both hands, like a schoolboy his spelling-book; and the closing of the breviary seemed to act as much like a spell upon him, as the opening. His eye instantly brightened, his countenance recovered at once all its cheerfulness and amenity, and we began to confer together like "men of this world." I inquired of him concerning his order, and its duties and pursuits; and learned that he was going to Rome to pursue his studies, though he was already so far advanced that he was permitted to preach. I told him that I too was *un prete*. "No," he said, "*un ministro*." So here was an opportunity, I suppose, if my Italian had served for it, to enter into the whole controversy between the Catholic and Protestant churches.

But there was another question, I confess, in which, for the moment, I took a deeper interest; and that was about the effect of his duties upon his own character. When he understood what my objects in travel were, he said, "You are going to Rome for pleasure, but I am going for prayer." "But," I said, "will you not see the ruins, the galleries, the pictures, and statues?" He seemed to look very indifferently upon these objects; said that he might see them, but that was not what he went for; and then repeated the declaration, that he went for prayer, while I was going for pleasure. "But," I said, "*prayer* is a pleasure." He replied emphatically, pointing to his heart, "With the mind—yes;" and then laying his hand on the breviary, "but with the book—no." Poor fellow! he must nevertheless pray with the book, and with that eye of unutterable sadness, an hour every morning, and I know not how much beside. How difficult it is to settle the questions that arise between the *form* and the *spirit* of devotion! And is it not

impossible, in fact, to lay down *any* rule that shall suit all cases? I have no doubt, that, for almost all men, forms are good, *to a certain extent*—but what that extent is, must depend on many considerations—character, education, temperament, circumstances. And it is not unfortunate, perhaps, that there are various dispensations of Christianity to meet these various wants. All *could* not, in the present state of men's minds, be interested in the same dispensation. Were it not better, then, that different sects, instead of keeping up a perpetual strife, should harmoniously consent to differ; and thus walk in brotherly love, each one in its chosen way, to heaven?

But to leave the consideration of the great pilgrimage, for our journey: I found the upper vale of the Arno a pleasanter country than any I had before seen in Italy, since I left Lake Maggiore. Yet there is in this country none of the autumnal beauty of our trees and forests; the *variety* of trees is wanting here, and probably the sharp and sudden frosts. As for variety, field after field, mile after mile, and day after day (for two or three days from Florence), presented scarcely anything but the olive and a peculiar species of poplar, planted and trimmed for the vine to run upon. For this purpose the trees are cut into the singular shape of cups; or, taking the trunk and branches together, of a wineglass.

We expected to reach Arezzo the first day, but stopped for the night ten miles short of it. The next morning we passed through Arezzo, and spent an hour or two in walking about it. It is the birthplace of Petrarch, and of the painter Vasari. We saw Petrarch's house, and the painting by Vasari, of the banquet of Ahasuerus. This painting is in the abbey of the monks of Monte Cassino, and in the church of this abbey is "The Cupola in Perspective," a very wonderful painting by the Jesuit Del Pozzo. A flat ceiling is over your head; but you find it difficult to persuade yourself that it is not a dome of the depth of twenty feet. The cathedral of Arezzo is a fine building, and the interior, especially, is grave, solemn, and impressive. The entire ceiling is covered with paintings in fresco.

CORTONA we passed by, and came on to Passignano for the night. This village is situated on the Lake Thrasymene, the scene of the great battle between Hannibal and the Consul Flaminius—a battle so fiercely contested, says Livy, that although there was an earthquake that day, which was felt throughout Italy, and shook down houses in the cities and villages, not one of the combatants knew of it. The battle ground is clearly described, and plainly to be seen from the road. The lake is a large and fine sheet of water.

PERUGIA.—The finest churches in Perugia are the cathedral, the church of the Dominicans, with a magnificent window of stained glass, and the church of San Pietro, filled with paintings. Among them are several of Perugino, the early master of Raphael, and several too of Raphael before he had escaped from the hard and dry manner of Perugino. Still there is about Perugino a softness of touch, from which Raphael doubtless derived that remarkable trait of his manner.

We passed Assisi, the birthplace of Metastasio, leaving it on the left. It is mostly inhabited by Franciscan monks; some of whom we saw in the church of the Madonna degli Angeli, looking dismally enough. The church was undergoing repairs, the dome having fallen; but amid

noise, and rubbish, and dust, were to be seen, in all directions, these kneeling monks.

Between Foligno and Spoleto is the river and valley of the Clitumnus; and here is a small ancient building now converted into the chapel of San Salvatore, which is supposed to have been the temple of Clitumnus. In the vale of Clitumnus, cattle were fed and fattened for sacrifices. It has been very striking all through Italy, to find the cattle either white or cream-coloured, such as were anciently preferred for sacrifices; and they have a fashion here, of dressing their heads after a manner like the use of the ancient fillets which bound the head of the victim—a relic, probably, of that custom. In this neighbourhood, at Ameria, was the birthplace of Roscius.

At Spoleto there is an ancient cathedral, with some good paintings; a very lofty aqueduct; and in the vicinity, fine wild scenery. The hills are entirely covered with evergreen oak.

TERNI—situated on the Nar, or Neri. Three or four miles above the town is the celebrated cascade Del Marmore. It is on the Veleno, a river or canal which conveys the waters of the Lake of Luco into the Nar. The greatest of the three falls here is three hundred feet, and it is very well worth a walk or ride from Terni to see. There is a powerful description of it in the fourth canto of Childe Harold. As I came home from the falls in early evening and beneath a clear sky, I thought the splendour of the evening sky in Italy surpassed that of all other climes I had known, as well as that of the day-time.

The Vale of Terni is pretty, but neither this nor that of the Clitumnus is as beautiful as the Vale of Tiber, below Otriculo. The name of Tiber may doubtless spread a charm over it; but the windings of the river are certainly very graceful, and its banks are more like our own meadows than anything I have seen in Italy. These three vales would scarcely have drawn my attention as scenery, unless it were in a country so entirely destitute of scenery as that part of Italy through which I have passed. The ranges of the Apennines, however, which are passed over on *this* route, and especially about Narni and Terni, are by no means so barren and tame as those beyond Florence. There are spots, romantic and wild, and quite like Switzerland.

CIVITA CASTELLANA, November 7.—Our Dominican has been ill during the whole journey. On the second day after leaving Florence, he was attacked with a low bilious fever, with which he has travelled the whole distance; and the way in which he has got along with it, is worth mentioning—the rather, as I think it is common on the Continent, in all cases where disease is not violent. It is remarkable that people here, either from being instructed on the point, as our people are not, or from use, or from some cause, adopt in all such cases, as did the Dominican, a certain plan; and that is *to eat nothing*. He took no medicine, and he eat nothing on the whole journey but a little *soup maigre*. He travelled almost the entire distance from Florence to Rome, with a fever that, in America, would have put him in bed and under the hands of the doctor. For the day past, he has been decidedly improving; and I do not doubt that to-morrow evening we shall leave him in Rome nearly recovered.

Yes, we shall leave him, to bury his mind in the rubbish of long-accumulating prescription; to pore over the dusty tomes of scholastic

theology; to draw from the armories of Bellarmine and Bossuet, weapons wherewith to fight heretics; to struggle on with his breviary, and his beads, and his offices; to merge his individuality in an order; to sink, a drop into the ocean of the church, and to be borne wherever the current of its mighty will directs. And yet my mind tells me, that this man will one day be a distinguished member of that church, or its more distinguished adversary. May he fare well!

This is the last sleeping-place on the journey; thirty-five miles from Rome. It is thought to be the ancient Falerii; where the schoolmaster, according to the Roman legend, offered, in time of siege, to deliver up to Camillus his pupils, consisting of the noblest families of the city. Camillus, says the account, caused the youths to be sent back, and the master to be soundly flogged.*

Civita Castellana took its name, I suppose, from the castle, a massive and noble structure. There is a strange-looking old cathedral here, the front of which was built, I believe, out of an arch, and still retains the same form. The entrance to the city, on the side towards Terni, is by a bridge, over a tremendous chasm.

Our road, thus far, has been the ancient Via Flaminia, but we left it here for the Via Cassia, which leads through Monte Rosi, Baccano, and Storta—places of no interest. Indeed, on leaving Tuscany, and especially in approaching Rome, the country and the villages have become more desolate and miserable. The worst villages I saw in Ireland are not so dismal.

On the eighth day of November, from the high land near Baccano, and about fourteen miles distant, I first saw Rome; and although there is something very unfavourable to impression, in the expectation that you are to be greatly impressed, or that you ought to be, or that such is the fashion, yet Rome is too mighty a name to be withstood by any such, or any other influences. Let you come upon that hill in what mood you may, the scene will lay hold upon you, as with the hand of a giant. I scarcely know how to describe the impression—but it seemed to me, as if something strong and stately, like the slow and majestic march of a mighty whirlwind, swept around those eternal towers; the storms of time that had prostrated the proudest monuments of the world, seemed to have left their vibrations in the still and solemn air; ages of history passed before me; the mighty procession of nations—kings, consuls, emperors, empires, and generations, had passed over that sublime theatre. The fire, the storm, the earthquake had gone by; but there was yet left the still small voice—like that at which the prophet “wrapped his face in his mantle.”

* This, like almost everything else in the old Roman story, vanishes at the touch of M. Niebuhr.

CHAPTER XV.

ENTRANCE TO ROME—GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE CITY AND PEOPLE—FIRST IMPRESSIONS—A GLANCE AT ST. PETER'S AND THE FORUM—THE SEVEN HILLS—THE APPIAN WAY—TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA—FOUNTAIN OF EGERIA—THE COLISEUM BY MOONLIGHT—THE ESQUILINE HILL—THE CHURCH DI STEFANO ROTONDO.

November 10.—The entrance to Rome by the Porta del Popolo, or Gate of the People, presents a view that is noble and worthy of the Eternal City. A large square, or rather circular open space, spreads before you, from which three streets run diverging, and penetrate into the city—the Corso in the middle, the Babuino on the left, and the Ripetta running along the Tiber, on the right. On the points, between these streets, stand two small but beautiful churches. In the centre of this place—or Piazza del Popolo—stands an Egyptian obelisk. On each side of the piazza are fountains, and over these fountains, and all along upon the surrounding walls, are statues. It is really an appropriate introduction to Rome—or to what you feel that Rome should be. Should be, I say—for, alas! Rome, as a city, separate from its works of art and its ruins, is a dismal, dirty, disagreeable place. Its streets are narrow, dark, damp, and, above all, filthy, to a degree that is insufferable and inexpressible. No writer could dare to defile his page with a description of the horribly indecent uses to which the streets, squares, and public places of this city are put. Besides, in walking, you are thrust down to the lowest level of the streets; there being no sidewalks in Rome, except upon a part of the Corso. The people in the streets generally appear ill-clad, poor, and dirty; and beggars present themselves at every point, and at every moment. One gets to be absolutely afraid to look any man in the face, lest he should stretch out his hand and beg. Amidst all this begging and filth, a hundred fountains spring up in every part of the city, sufficient to wash the streets and the people: pity they are not applied to both purposes! As to the general countenance of the population—I have seen prevailing gravity and depression before—but never did I see such a cloud upon the face of any people, as that which has settled down upon the Roman brow.

November 12.—I have been four days in Rome, and am scarcely convinced, yet, that I am here. I seem to have arrived at the consummation of my dreaming. I walk in my sleep altogether. This comfortable fireside at the Hotel de Londres—this pleasant chit-chat—these agreeable friends; no sign of desolation here; no sound of its mighty footsteps; how can all this be in Rome! In truth, these common sights and sounds of city life and bustle, these common avocations and actions, rising in the morning, making one's toilet, eating one's breakfast, and walking abroad, are so at war with all one's impressions about the wonderful, glorious, transcendent, and majestic of Rome, that it is difficult to bring them together. Contrasts here heighten impression; and they

heighten it in another respect. For I think it is not only the schoolboy's impression which we entertain about the glory of Rome, but it is the schoolboy's wonder, in part, which we feel at being here. "Ah! little thought I," says Rogers—

"Ah! little thought I, when in school I sat,
A schoolboy on his bench at early dawn,
Glowing with Roman story, I should live
To tread the Appian * * * * *
* * * * * to turn
Towards Tiber * * * * *
* * * * * or climb the Palatine."

If Rogers might say this, much more may I, who conned my lesson three thousand miles farther off than he.

I said it was the schoolboy's impression that one has about Rome, and conformably to this remark, I found my first voluntary steps directed to the Forum. Circumstances before this carried me to pass two or three hours at St. Peter's, of which I will only say now in passing, that it is a structure of stupendous magnificence (*that is the characteristic feature*—not solemnity, nor sublimity exactly, for one is not aware of the size), and that it does not, at first view, offend the eye, as I expected it would. This, indeed, is far less than we ought to be able to say, of a building of such boundless expense as St. Peter's; yet I cannot doubt that there are several structures in Europe, which, from their general form and architecture, afford a higher pleasure than this. But to pass this by for the present—what shall I say of the Forum, on and about which I have passed the last two days? Denominated now, *Il Campo Vaccino*—The Cow Pasture; waste and desolate, or trodden by a set of wretches employed in digging into its ruins, and not worthy to dig up the ruins of what their ancestors built; a field, the very soil and substance of which are the mouldered dust of ancient glory; surrounded by a few columns and porticoes, that stand the mournful landmarks and witnesses of what it once was—who can look upon it without feeling a blank, a disappointment, though he had known all this before? Where was the Rostrum? where the Comitia? where did Cicero plead? There is not a stone to tell. An entire portico of one temple is standing; three columns of another; but of *what* temples is matter of dispute. Three other columns lift their beautiful shafts in the opposite quarter of the Forum; but to what they belonged is not certainly known.—There is not one locality of *ancient* Rome here, but it is disputed.

I went this morning to the top of the Capitol, from which all Rome, modern and ancient, is visible—the hills, the distant ruins of temples and aqueducts, the surrounding Campagna. In passing the eye along from east to west, the Seven Hills come in the following order: the Aventine (lying from the Capitoline southeast), the Palatine, the Cœlian, the Esquiline, the Viminal, and the Quirinal. Some of them appear from this point of view scarcely as elevations, covered as they are with houses.

I descended from the Capitol, passed through the Forum towards the Aventine, and found the temple of Janus with its four gateways—a beautiful and massive ruin—the *little* arch of Septimius just by, and farther on, the temples of Vesta and Fortune. I then went to the top

of the Aventine, and came down across the Circus Maximus, lying between that and the Palatine—the scene of the seizure of the Sabine women by the Roman youths.

November 17.—Three or four days ago, I went out on the Appian Way, once lined with monuments, appearing now itself like a lengthened tomb—with nothing living upon its silent and deserted course, with scarcely any relics indeed to tell what it once was—the street of mausoleums and temples, through which the Roman people, as they rode, were reminded at every step of their mighty dead. We visited the tomb of the Scipios, and, with the aid of lights and a guide, traced out its subterranean passages. It was a family tomb, and several of the sarcophagi remain untouched; though the finest of them, that of Cornelius Scipio, is removed to the Vatican. We next rode to the beautiful and majestic monument of Cecilia Metella, the largest Roman structure of the kind remaining, I believe—except the monument of Adrian in the city, which is now converted into a military establishment, and called the Castle of St. Angelo. Strange use of a tomb it is, but still more strange that the tomb of a lovely woman should have been converted to this use, as was that of Cecilia Metella in the times of the middle ages.* Lovely woman, I say, for so one is apt to think of her to whom such remarkable honour was done. Nothing, indeed, is actually *known* of her, but that she was the wife of Crassus, Pompey's competitor for popular favour, and afterward his colleague in the first triumvirate. One has little respect for him, indeed: the early contest between him and Pompey was essentially a contest between wealth and talent, and his after course was not honourable. The most respectable action, to my mind, which we know of him, is his building this noble monument.

From the tomb of Cecilia Metella we went to the fountain of Egeria, a spot which, in former days, when the country about Rome was cultivated, may have been beautiful enough for the residence of the Muses; but alas! there are doubts about the locality, as there are concerning almost everything else here.

November 22.—This evening I went to see the Coliseum by moonlight. It is indeed the monarch, the majesty of all ruins—there is nothing like it. All the associations of the place, too, give it the most impressive character. When you enter within this stupendous circle of ruinous walls, and arches, and grand terraces of masonry, rising one above another, you stand upon the arena of the old gladiatorial combats and Christian martyrdoms; and as you lift your eyes to the vast amphitheatre, you meet, in imagination, the eyes of a hundred thousand Romans, assembled to witness these bloody spectacles. What a multitude and mighty array of human beings, and how little do we know in modern times of great assemblies! One, two, and three, and at its last enlargement by Constantine, more than three hundred thousand persons could be seated in the Circus Maximus!

But to return to the Coliseum—we went up, under the conduct of a guide, upon the walls, and terraces, or embankments, which supported the ranges of seats. The seats have long since disappeared; and grass overgrows the spots where the pride, and power, and wealth, and beauty

* By the Frangipani family.

of Rome sat down to its barbarous entertainments. What thronging life was here then! what voices, what greetings, what hurrying footsteps up the staircases of the eighty arches of entrance! and now, as we picked our way carefully through decayed passages, or cautiously ascended some mouldering flight of steps, or stood by the lonely walls—ourselves silent, and, for a wonder, the guide silent too—there was no sound here but of the bat, and none came from without but the roll of a distant carriage, or the convent bell from the summit of the neighbouring Esquiline. It is scarcely possible to describe the effect of moonlight upon this ruin. Through a hundred rents in the broken walls—through a hundred lonely arches, and blackened passage-ways, it streamed in pure, bright, soft, lambent, and yet distinct and clear, as if it came there at once to reveal, and cheer, and pity the mighty desolation. But if the Coliseum is a mournful and desolate spectacle as seen from within—without, and especially on the side which is in best preservation, it is glorious. We passed around it; and, as we looked upward, the moon shining through its arches, from the opposite side, it appeared as if it were the coronet of the heavens, so vast was it—or like a glorious crown upon the brow of night.

I feel that I do not and cannot describe this mighty ruin. I can only say that I came away paralysed, and as passive as a child. A soldier stretched out his hand for "*un dono*," as we passed the guard; and when my companion said I did wrong to give, I told him that I should have given my cloak, if the man had asked it. Would you break any spell that worldly feeling or selfish sorrow may have spread over your mind, go and see the Coliseum by moonlight!*

November 23.—I have spent most of the day in wandering alone over the Esquiline hill, though, except the ruins of the baths of Titus, there is little save recollections to make it interesting. They occupy the spot where the house and gardens of Mæcenas stood, and near by were the houses of Horace, Virgil, and Propertius. Holy mount! dwelling-place of genius, and of its noble friend and model patron—who that walks alone over your silent and deserted summit can repress his sadness, as the memory of the past, and the spectacle of the present, contend for mastery in his mind, and with all the power of contrast, make the vision brighter, only to turn it into the deeper darkness!

November 24.—I have been this afternoon to the Church di Stefano Rotondo, said to have been built by Agrippina for her husband Claudius, destroyed by Nero, and rebuilt by Vespasian. At any rate, it retains the form of an ancient temple, consisting of two concentric rows of Ionic pillars of granite, with one transverse row apparently to support the dome. It is circular, and the wall is filled entirely round with fresco paintings of every horrid species of martyrdom. Such is the change that has passed upon everything in Rome. As I came through the Coliseum, a company of friars were going around in solemn procession from altar to altar, and performing religious service on the very spot where their elder brethren by thousands had poured out their blood; the mighty walls seemed to frown at the triumph of the despised and

* The outer wall of the Coliseum is one hundred and seventy-nine feet high. The area of the building is six hundred and nineteen feet long, by five hundred and thirteen broad. That is to say, it covers nearly four acres.

persecuted religion. But whether they frown or not, it is certain that all the remains of antiquity, whether religious or heroic, are made to bear marks of the ascendancy of the new religion. Not a column, Egyptian or historical, stands here, but bears on its base something to this effect—that “being purified from pagan abominations, it is consecrated” thus and so, by some Pontifex Maximus.

CHAPTER XVI.

ASCENT TO THE TOP OF ST. PETER'S—MICHAEL ANGELO'S PAINTING OF THE LAST JUDGMENT—EXCURSION TO TIVOLI—WATERFALL—TEMPLES OF VESTA, AND THE TIBURTINE SIBYL—VILLA OF ADRIAN—PAINTINGS AT THE ROSPIGLIOSI PALACE—LIVING IN ROME.

November 29—to the top of St. Peter's; a very easy thing to do, so gradual is the ascent made. Our view stretched from the Mediterranean on one side, to the Apennines on the other, over the whole wide and desolate Campagna. This tract of country consists mostly of pasturage lands, unenclosed, with a broken surface, and few houses or trees. In the comparatively small tracts upon it, where tillage is attempted—and it is attempted only by mountaineers from the Apennines, as I am told—many lives are annually the sacrifice. The diseases caused by this malaria are chiefly bilious and intermittent fevers, and being so, I see not why there is anything more mysterious about the malaria, than there is about the marsh miasma of our own country low grounds. The city is choked with rubbish; the lands want draining. But to return to the top of St. Peter's: we went up into the ball on the top of the dome, and found that, although it does not appear much larger than a man's head from below, it was of a size sufficient to hold twenty-two persons. Another fact may better show the immensity of this structure. The dome of St. Peter's is as large as the Pantheon, or rather larger indeed. That is to say, it is one hundred and forty feet in diameter at the base, and one hundred and seventy-nine feet high.* Michael Angelo boasted that he would “hang the Pantheon in air,” and this cupola is raised more than two hundred feet above the pavement of the church. But what is raised? Why, a mass of masonry; not a wooden dome, but a cupola of brick, *twenty-three feet* in thickness! The passage to the summit is within this wall. That is to say, as you go up this stairway, you have ten feet thickness of wall on each side of you. The whole wall is equal in thickness to the width of most of our city houses. And this stupendous mass is “hung in air.” It is not only putting one immense church on the top of another, but with such walls, as were never perhaps put into any building standing on the ground, except the Pantheon.

November 30.—To-day I walked two hours on Monte Pincio; the weather so mild, as to be almost too warm; and a haze over the city and surrounding country, very like our Indian summer. There was

* The Pantheon is one hundred and forty-two feet in diameter, one hundred and forty-two in height, and the wall twenty feet thick.

that stillness in the air—that hush of nature in which, as in a clear evening, every sound from hill and valley comes distinct upon the ear—that silence, amid which the fall of the leaf is heard—and that soft and shadowy veil upon everything which makes our Indian summer a holy season—the Sabbath of the year.

December 2.—I have been to see Michael Angelo's celebrated painting in fresco, of the Last Judgment, and I am one of the unhappy dissenters from the common opinion. In the first place, I must have leave to doubt about the design altogether—that of representing the Resurrection and Judgment, by a collection of distinctly drawn figures. It leaves nothing to the imagination. The style of Martin's pictures, it seems to me, would be far better, whatever may be thought of the execution. Much should be thrown into obscurity. But in the next place, there should, at any rate, be given a great depth, an immense perspective, to such a picture: the field of vision should stretch away as it were into infinite space. But my eye can find nothing of this. Here is a wall, the entire end of the chapel, filled with figures, and they all seem to be in the same mathematical plane, one directly above another—drawn with a staring distinctness of bold outline and muscular form, and thrown together in a strange confusion, so that the Judgment appears like a physical conflict, a rude *mélée*, a scene of disorder, utterly at war with the solemnity and majesty that belong even to the popular conceptions of that occasion.

December 3.—To-day I have been to Tivoli, eighteen miles from Rome, on the Consular road. The waterfall here, on the Anio, aided in its effect by the grand cavern adjacent, called the Grotto of Neptune, and by the violence of its dashing upon the rocks below—the wrestling of the furious element in the abyss to which it is plunged—may be said to be almost sublime. On the brow of the precipice above, and above this war of the wild elements, stands, appropriately, the temple of the Tiburtine Sibyl; and near it, Vesta's temple; both the most ancient ruins, in appearance, that I have seen in Italy. They are both small, but well preserved, and the latter especially is one of the most exquisite remains of antiquity. I stepped into the former, to look at the seat of the wild and mysterious prophetic: it is now a Christian chapel!

The villa of Mæcenas here—once the seat of taste, if it be his—is now a blackened forge.

The villa of Adrian is, if less changed, even more desolate. The Theatre (for the villa was seven miles in circumference, and included many buildings) is now a cabbage garden; the Maratime Theatre is covered over with brambles; the temple in imitation of that of the Egyptian Serapis—with the covered niches for the oracles to speak forth from—and the temples of Apollo, of Diana, and of Venus—in the last of which, the Venus de Medici was found—all of them have but single mouldering arches standing; the quarters of the Pretorian Guards are silent and tenantless—the porticoes are all fallen—not a column, not a capital remains; the Latin and Greek libraries now teach wisdom only from their ruinous recesses, through which every storm rushes; and to complete the picture, that most striking of all the images of desolation ever recorded was realized to us;* for as we

* “The fox looketh out at the window.”

were looking up at the ruin of the Greek library, a fox appeared on the top of the ruin, and passed down upon the other side.

The Villa D'Este in Tivoli has many fantastic fountains and cascades, and presents a noble view of the Sabine hills on the north, and of the Campagna, extending to Rome. The Campagna bordering the hills about Tivoli, is more smooth and meadow-like than I have seen it elsewhere.

December 4.—The Rospigliosi palace has a small collection of very rare paintings:—

Guido's Aurora—a fresco—very celebrated and very justly. I have scarcely seen any fresco like it. The chariot of the morning, directed by Phœbus, preceded by Aurora scattering flowers from her hand, and surrounded by the Hours, is advancing amid a crimson cloud, upon the wide, blue ocean, while in the distance of the fine perspective, the horizon is glowing with the first steps of coming day. The countenances of some of the Hours are very lovely, and a little study will bring them out, so as almost to make them return your glance.

Ludovico Carracci's Death of Samson. He is represented in a banquetting-hall, as taking hold of a pillar, which is broken in his grasp, and the building, already shattered, is evidently about to crush him and his enemies. His muscular form, and the expression of horror and agony in his face, as well as of fear in one very lovely female countenance, together with the rich tone of the whole, make this one of the finest paintings I have seen.

Domenichino: Garden of Eden; Adam, a fine face; Eve, without being handsome, a countenance marked with feeling, and full of expression; the landscape dark, as if the shadow of a thunder cloud had come over it; and so, I suppose, it is designed to be represented; for it is after the fall, as I judge, since Adam is apparently gathering leaves from a fig-tree, and presenting them to Eve.

Domenichino: Triumph of David; he is represented as a very delicate and beautiful youth; the head of Goliath borne by a page before him; while the song of triumph is chanted by the procession of women, that "came with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music." But the Saul is above all magnificent; a tall and noble figure, a fine head and countenance, and such an expression of disappointment and sorrow, that though it be called envy, one cannot help respecting it.

Rubens: The Saviour, and Twelve Apostles—separate pictures, and very richly and elaborately wrought; with a freshness and vivacity of colouring free from extravagance, and a softness and fineness of touch, seldom seen in the paintings of Rubens.

From the Rospigliosi palace I went to see the tomb of Caius Cestius, just by the Porta di San Paolo—a beautiful pyramid; and thence to that most extraordinary hill, near the south wall, called Monte Testaccio; and so called from its having been formed of broken vases, crockery, &c. thrown out here during a course of years, or rather ages. I returned home by the Tiber, and passed the little remaining ruins of the Pons Sublicius so called from the wooden piles which supported it. It was the first bridge built over the Tiber. It was on this bridge that Horatius Cocles is related in Roman history to have stopped the army of Porsenna, till the Romans had destroyed the part behind their leader, and then threw himself into the river, and swam to the city.

December 5.—Nothing specially worthy of note calls for a record this evening. I have passed the day mostly in-doors, as it is one of the many that go to make up the very large proportion of the damp, cloudy, and disagreeable ones we have here. Yet every day passed in Rome seems memorable. What an event should I not have thought it, at any former period of my life, to have passed a day in Rome! I think it such still. I do not see how life can ever be common life, on such a spot. In truth, it seems as if one had no right to enjoy the common comforts of life, amidst such ruins—the ruins of a world passed away—the mighty shadows of ancient glory spreading over every hill—the very soil we tread upon, no longer the pathways of the old Roman masters of the world, but the mouldering rubbish of their temples, their palaces, their firesides—the yet almost breathing dust of a life, signalized beyond all others in the world's great history. One feels that it would be an appropriate life here, to sit down like Marius on the ruins of Carthage—or to burrow in the Coliseum—or to pitch one's tent alone, in the waste and silent fields, amid the rank grass or the thick and towering reeds, that have overgrown so large a portion of the ancient city.

CHAPTER XVII.

VATICAN —RAPHAEL'S TRANSFIGURATION —DOMENICHINO'S COMMUNION OF ST. JEROME — THE RAPHAEL CHAMBERS — WALK ON THE TIBER — JEWS' QUARTER — STATUE OF THE DYING GLADIATOR —A WALK AMONG THE RUINS —RELIGIOUS SERVICE AT THE GESU E MARIA.

December 7.—I have been to the Vatican to-day to see two paintings, sometimes said to be the greatest in the world: namely,

Raphael's Transfiguration, and

Domenichino's Communion of St. Jerome.

In Raphael's picture, the transfiguration occupies the upper part of the canvass; while on the lower is a painting of the maniac youth, brought to the disciples to be healed. I must confess that the lower part is, to me, the finest picture. There is a vivacity of expression and vividness of colouring which I have not seen in any other oil painting of Raphael's. The Communion of St. Jerome, too, is a wonderfully fine, rich, deep-toned painting. Yet, although to artists, these paintings, as exhibiting light and shade, composition and colouring, may be the highest achievements of the pencil, I cannot feel as if those were, or ought to be, the greatest productions in the world, which are capable of no more highly wrought *expression* than these. They certainly are not the most moving pictures in the world. And yet even to my inexperienced eye, they are so beautiful, that I was fairly wearied out with pleasure and admiration in looking at them.

December 9.—Again to the great paintings at the Vatican—the *greatest*, as they are called. I feel, the more I look at them, that they are, indeed, great. The solemn and sublime expression in the counte-

nance of the ascending Saviour—(in Raphael's Transfiguration)—the lightness of the whole figure, appearing as if it had no physical weight—(but I do *not* like the Moses and Elias)—the soft touch, the *Raphaelic* mildness in the countenance of John, who, with the other two disciples, is prostrate on the mount: and then, in the lower painting—the poor idiot boy, the group around him, agitated, anxious, and imploring in various ways, suited to the several characters—the beauty of the woman, the mother, I suppose, who kneels beside the child, and, pointing to him, looks at the disciples with an eye to make one weep; on the other hand, the disciples, irresolute, like James and Andrew, and the one with a book—a fine figure—or like Judas, who, in truth, is like no other, dark, cold, indifferent, and contemptuous—all this lives upon the canvass, and must live always in the memory of all who have seen it. So, also, the Domenichino—Communion of St. Jerome—though the figure of the aged saint, with his naked body, bloodless, livid, lifeless, and almost dead, is disagreeable, yet is it powerfully drawn: and the faces of the men by his side are shaded, sad, and lovely; and the little light that does fall upon them is wonderfully represented; and there is about the whole, a truth and depth of colouring, which makes you feel as if the painting could never fade, but was, indeed, destined to that immortality, which the artist has figuratively gained by it.

From these paintings, I went to the Camere di Raffaello (the Raphael Chambers), to see his celebrated frescoes: and I yield entirely to the observation, that the power of Raphael is not known in his oil paintings.

The School of Athens here, though it is usually singled out for special admiration, and some of the figures and heads are, doubtless, of the first order, yet appears to be much injured by time, and I cannot, though I have stood a great while before it to-day, feel it to be the greatest thing here. The Heliodorus, Horseman and two Angels, in the second chamber; the Parnassus in the same; the Conflagration of the Borgo San Pietro, in the fourth chamber; and the Victory of Constantine over Maxentius, in the first chamber—are to me the great works. The horseman, especially, seems to me a sort of Apollo Belvidere in painting. He has rushed in, sent by Heaven at the prayer of the high priest Onias, to avenge the intended sacrilege of Heliodorus, prefect of Seleucus, in the pillage of the temple. In the back ground, the interior of the temple is opened to view, and Onias and his brethren are seen kneeling in prayer. It is on the pavement in front of the temple, that the horseman appears, ready to trample beneath the feet of his charger the prostrate Heliodorus. His blue mantle flies back over his shoulder, giving additional life and expression to the muscular and energetic frame which it reveals. But it is in the face that the great power lies. His dark eye is filled with sovereign indignation; his lips are clothed with triumphant wrath; his fine countenance is mantled over with an intense expression, which I cannot better characterize, than by calling it the beauty of power—of power to punish the sacrilegious intruder. The two angels that accompany him are also exquisitely painted, especially in that appearance of lightness—lightness of step, in particular—by which they seem scarcely to touch the pavement of the temple. The fear-stricken group, too, about Heliodorus, is admirably drawn.

I might go on to write many pages about the other pieces: but I am sensible that you will easily excuse such vain attempts at describing what, after all, never can be described, any more than one can take an oration of Demosthenes, and tell in other language what it is.

December 11.—Yesterday I went and lingered awhile on the Tiber, in a sort of dream of doubt whether this could be I—or whether this could be the Tiber by which I was walking. I passed over the river, and came back by the bridge of Cestius, that conducts across the Isle of Tiber—which was formed by the sheaves of Tarquin's harvest field, thrown into the river after his expulsion: so say, at least, the old annals of the early and half-fabulous history of Rome.

On coming over the bridge, I turned to the left into the Jews' quarter—situate on the bank of the river, and walled in from the rest of the city. It is curious to see how peculiar everything is in this little district; the women fairer than the Roman women generally seen in the streets, and all of them having the Jewish female countenance—the keen and dark eye, the colour in the cheek; and the men all showing the national propensity, the love of gain—saying continually, as I passed along by the shops, “Domandi, signore.”

To-day I have been to the church of San Gregorio, to see the rival frescoes of Guido and Domenichino; but they are very much faded, and they will, doubtless, fade from my memory—unless it be by a sweet boy of Domenichino's who, in his fear and agitation at the flagellation of St. Andrew—that is the subject—has pressed close up to his mother, and stands on tiptoe. We saw also the table off which Gregory is said to have eaten; and a fresco representing his sending missionaries to England.

December 12.—I have been to-day through the museum of the Capitol again, and have become a convert entirely to the common opinion about the Dying Gladiator. The truth is, I did not take time enough before, and especially, not enough of that mental time, which is quietness—ease of mind—leisure of the thoughts, to receive the impression. The gladiator has fallen, but with the last effort of his unconquerable resolution, he supports himself with his right hand and arm, and seems to contemplate his sad fate with firmness, but with a feeling of inexpressible bitterness. It is not, however, the bitterness of anger; for death is in his face, and it has tamed down the fiercer passions, and left no expression inconsistent with its own all-subduing power. Though he appears as if he might be a man of an humble and hard lot, yet there is a delicacy spread over the stronger features of his countenance that makes it almost beautiful; you feel as if there were more than the whiteness of the marble in his pale cheek. But while he thus yields to his fate, while the blood flows from his wounded side, and the pulses of life are faint and low, yet he still sustains himself; his hand is firm and strong; his brow is gathered into an expression of unconquerable resolution as well as of unavailing regret; and although when you look at the parted lips, it seems as if you could almost *hear* the hard breathing that issues from them, yet about the mouth there is, at the same time, the finest expression of indomitable will and invincible fortitude. In short, this is the triumph of mind over the sinkings of nature in its last hour. Everything here invites your respect, rather than your pity: and even if you should find yourself giving a tear to

the dying gladiator, you will feel that it is given quite as much to admiration as to sympathy.

December 13.—I have been to-day among the ruins of the aqueducts, Caracalla's baths, and the palace of the Cæsars. I have been, in the way I like best to go, *alone*. There is something in the presence of these mighty relics that consorts with no human presence. They represent past ages. They strike the mind with a sort of awe, that makes the ordinary tone of conversation seem to be irreverent and profane. Let any one who would feel these ruins, see them alone. Let him listen only to the winter's wind, as it sighs through the leafless trees, or rustles in the tall reeds, or sweeps around broken columns and falling arches, shrill and mournful, as if the voice of centuries past and gone breathed in its melancholy tone. I like to walk about in such places, as if my feet obeyed no impulse but the wayward spirit of my contemplation; stopping or going on, as that spirit moveth me; now leaning against a wall, and then drawing one step after another, as if they did not belong to each other, and scarcely belonged to me; now musing, and now gazing, with none to disturb the act; now breathing a sigh, and then uttering a prayer. And surely there is cause enough for both. For who can refuse the tribute of his sadness to a desolation so stupendous, so complete; or can help praying sometimes, in such scenes, that everything earthly, low, and selfish, may die away within him!

These aqueducts are glorious ruins, especially as you ride along the Campagna towards evening, and see a glowing western sky through the long line of arches on which they are raised. These immense works then seem to blend with the vastness of the horizon, and to partake of the sublimity of nature. The site of the palace of the Cæsars is worthy of its name; the Campagna and the Apennines on one side, and on the other, the whole of Rome; beneath it, on the left, the Forum; on the right, the mighty Coliseum. With temples and triumphal arches filling up the view around its base, what must it have been, and what ideas might it have awakened in the minds of any but the degenerate emperors who long inhabited it!

December 14.—I attended service at the Gesu e Maria, to hear an English sermon; about which I have nothing to remark, except that the preacher constantly translated the word "repent" in the new Testament, by the words "do penance;" but at the same time explained it as the doctrine of his church, that penance implied penitence as its first principle, its very essence, and that, without which the Catholic church held no penance to be satisfactory.

The interior of this church, like that of a hundred others here, is covered with precious marble, and filled with statues and paintings. Not a few of these works of art are, to be sure, quite ordinary; but I could not help being struck, to-day, with the aspect given to them in a devotional service, by the aid of a little sentiment and imagination. As I gazed around upon them, during the voluntary on the organ and the singing from the orchestra, it seemed as if every statue, and the countenances in every painting, were clothed with fivefold greater expression than before; one might feel as if they represented the hosts of heaven joining in the worship of earth; or, breaking through the barriers of wall and dome, he might behold the spaces of the universe filled with choirs of angels, and resounding with voices of thanksgiving.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VATICAN—LIBRARY—MUSEUM OF STATUES AND ANCIENT REMAINS—APOLLO DI BELVEDERE—ENGLISH COLLEGE—SARCOPHAGUS OF CECILIA METELLA—MAMERTINE PRISON—GARDEN OF SALLUST—ORDINATION SERVICE AT ST. JOHN OF LATERAN'S—THORWALSDEN'S COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS—GUIDO'S ARCH-ANGEL MICHAEL—PRISON OF THE ROMAN DAUGHTER—CHRISTMAS—SPECTACLE AT S. MARIA MAGGIORE—CHRISTMAS—SERVICE AT ST. PETER'S.

December 15.—I have been to-day again, and for the sixth or eighth time, over the Vatican, the pontifical palace; and I shall put down here the few words more I have to say about it.

I first went through the famous Vatican library, in which the things that interested me most, besides the immense amount of books and manuscripts, and the extent of the rooms, one range of which is twelve hundred feet long, were a fresco of Mengs, and in a small cabinet, a female head of hair, taken from one of the sarcophagi of the tomb of the Scipios.

The museum of statues and of ancient remains is immense. You first enter a hall of ancient sarcophagi and inscriptions. Many of these inscriptions bear affecting testimony to the sorrows of bereavement—the same in all ages. “*Dulcissimæ*,” “*Carissimæ*,” “*Bene merenti*,” “*Venustæ Conjugi*,” “*Optimo viro*,” are words of frequent occurrence in these tablets.

In passing on, you come to the celebrated *torso*; but I never can go into ecstasies about the *back* of a man.

Before coming to this, however, you may turn to the left into some rooms of ancient busts, many of which are admirable. There is a naturalness of expression in them, that I have never seen in any collection of modern busts; and a variety too. The obtuse, the intellectual, the dull, the gay, pass before you in succession; and there is, especially, a smile upon some of the faces—upon one youth in particular, who shows his whole teeth—that is quite irresistible.

There are, indeed, many statues of children, of various ages, in the museum, which are so full of all the life, sport, drollery, and roguishness of children, that it makes a collection perfectly charming. “The ancients loved children,” said a connoisseur whom I heard remarking upon these statues one day; and though it may seem a simple remark enough, one is struck with it, in looking at them.

Equally striking and natural are the statues of animals—dogs, sheep, goats, swine, &c.

The collection of objects, antique, curious, rare, and valuable—of vases, candelabra, baths, sarcophagi, in all kinds of beautiful and polished granite and marble—is immense and indescribable. At any rate, they have never yet been described. The French, when they were here, put numbers on all the works of art in the museum, in preparation for a catalogue: but like many other things which they began, while they were masters of Italy, this has failed to be completed. But

that which interested me most, among this class of objects, was a mosaic floor, from Cicero's Tusculan villa. Though it is railed in, I was resolved to walk across it, and so I did; and doing so, was much more sure that I had trodden on the very spot on which Cicero had stood, than I shall be, if I visit the ruins of Tusculum.

I must pass over a great number of statues, to say a word of the Laocoon, and the Apollo Belvedere. I have one remark to apply to both, and that is, that the original work, the marble, in both cases, is far more powerful than any casts I have seen. I did not expect this. I did not see why the cast would not give the general, the main expression, intended to be conveyed by the original work. And so indeed it does: and when I saw the cast of the Apollo, in the Boston Atheneum, I thought nothing of the kind could ever strike me more. I was arrested and thrilled through by the very first sight of it, as if pierced with one of the arrows of the god of light. But there certainly is conveyed by the marble, though not a new idea, an expression of the great idea, which is clearly stronger than can be gained from the cast.

What the beauty and power of this unequalled statue is, it would be utterly impossible for me to express; it would be folly to attempt it. No repetition of visits, no preparation for the first visit—no praises beforehand, so prejudicial to the effect of most other works of art—can alter, diminish, or dull at all, the impression of this incomparable production. There it stands, in its unchallenged sovereignty—a god, indeed, in the dominion of the arts—commanding the homage of successive crowds, as they pass before it in successive centuries—without an equal, rival, or competitor, in all the works of the human hand. What a divinity of beauty, what a sovereignty of intellect, what dignity of conscious power, is stamped upon every feature! What an intensity of expression concentrates itself, as it were, upon every point of the countenance, and yet spreads itself over the whole! You can hardly persuade yourself, as you gaze upon it, that there is not an actual *glow* upon the cheek and brow. For my own part, I am paralysed by this wonderful work, so often as I see it. I sit down and gaze upon it, in a sort of revery, and do not know but I sometimes say aloud, "Oh! Heaven!"—for really it is difficult to resist exclamations and tears.

December 19.—This morning I passed two or three hours at the English College. It is a Catholic institution, designed to educate young men for service in England, and has twenty or thirty students. As I happened to be with Dr. Wiseman, the rector, at the dinner hour, half-past twelve o'clock, I went down with him to the Commons' Hall. I observed, as we entered, that one of the young men was reading aloud from a desk, and found, on inquiry, that this is their custom, both at dinner and supper; though the rule is suspended when a stranger is present. At the close of dinner, we all passed from the hall to the chapel, where they knelt down for ten or fifteen minutes, in silent devotion. This service is voluntary, both as to the duration and the meditations of each individual—there being no liturgy or form for the guidance of their private thoughts—and I confess it seemed to me a very beautiful and touching service. I wish religion were stamped, more than it is with us Protestants, upon the whole face of life.

As I passed by the Farnese palace, I went into the court to see the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella. Alas! to "what abhorred uses may

we" and our tombs "come!" A hole was broken through the marble in one side of the sarcophagus, and it appeared within—yes, even there, where the form, perchance, of beauty and loveliness was once laid down to its holy rest—as if it were the habitation of vermin! It was once deposited in its proud mausoleum—girded around, and guarded from every prying eye, by walls twenty feet thick; it is now subject to the inspection of whosoever may please to turn aside his foot for the purpose; it stands neglected in the waste and open court of a Neapolitan palace.*

I went to-day again to the Tarpeian rock. I do not know how any doubt can be raised about its being of sufficient height to cause the death of criminals precipitated from it. I stood upon a part of it to-day, from which the descent must be seventy feet.

My last object to-day was the Mamertine prison, in which it is said St. Peter was confined by Nero. It is a very deep dungeon, worth visiting on its own account; but I certainly had a great deal of faith as I stood in its dark and narrow cell, that the eye of the generous and affectionate apostle, whom wavering *once* made strong *for ever*, had gazed upon its gloomy arch. I do not well know what evidence can be stronger than an uninterrupted and uncontradicted tradition. Here, too, is a church erected over this prison, to commemorate, to fix this very fact. But a still further demand is made upon our faith. In descending to the dungeon, there is pointed out on the wall the impression of one side of a man's head and face, and the visiter is told that as Peter descended these steps he was struck by one of the attendants so as to be thrust against the wall, and that the wall miraculously softened, to prevent any injury—thus receiving the distinct impression of the apostle's countenance. I could not help remarking—let that prove what it may—that the profile in the stone very much resembled that which is given in all the paintings of St. Peter. After all, I wish it were true! You will think I am becoming a Catholic outright. But seriously, I do not wonder that some number of those who visit Rome do become so—especially artists, enthusiastic persons, &c. I have scarcely spoken of these churches yet; but I have become a perfect church worshipper. I pass some hours of every day in these places—places more sacred in everything that belongs to the appearance, arrangement, and keeping of them, than any other that I ever saw. When I am weary in my walks I turn aside and sit down in them; when I am destitute of an object in my rambles, they are always a resort; when I am—in short, there is no state of mind in which they do not invite me. Nor do I ever fail, I think, to be sent back to the world again, a better and happier man, for having entered them. But I must take in hand to speak of them more fully at another time. You will judge, however, from what I have said thus far, that I have none of the Protestant horror at a Catholic church; not a particle of it!

December 20.—I have been to-day to the garden of Sallust, the Roman historian. It was an immensely large villa, on the east side of the city, originally within the walls, and stretching from the Quirinal hill to Monte Pincio. Only ruins remain of the house, circus, a temple, &c. From a terrace on the grounds, is the finest view of Rome that I have seen.

* This palace belongs to the court of Naples.

Indeed one needs some direction about the best points of view. I had a grand one yesterday from the top of the Tarpeian rock, but I stumbled upon it. It embraced the whole south part of the ancient city, now a waste. The ruins of Caracalla's baths, the palace of the Cæsars, the arches of Constantine and Titus, the Coliseum, and the majestic remains of the Temple of Peace, stood before me, ranged in the order in which I have mentioned them, and the solitary remnants of the Forum were at my feet. From no point have the ruins of Rome been so completely spread before me, and from no point, for that reason, perhaps, have they appeared so majestic.

December 21.—There was an ordination to-day at St. John of Lateran's, of nearly a hundred young men for the offices of priests, deacons, &c. and I spent half an hour there. I scarcely ever witness any of these Catholic ceremonies without thinking how much might be made of them in the proper hands—in the hands, that is to say, of persons of talent, taste, and sensibility—which the priests and monks usually are not. In the service to-day, for instance, music was frequently introduced; it made a part of the service, breaking in at intervals every few moments. How powerful, how overwhelming might it have been, if it had been discriminating and appropriate—if it had been a cheering tone, when resolute purpose and courageous faith were expressed on the part, or on behalf, of the candidate—if it had been tender and soothing, when his coming trials were held up before him—or if, when his holiest and deepest vows were uttered, it had been a strain low, solemn, and full of awe.

December 22.—I have visited to-day the museums of Thorwaldsen and Camuccini. They are both collections of paintings by living artists. Thorwaldsen himself accompanied us through his rooms, which, by the bye, were no other than his own private apartments, including even his bed-room. He appears to be about sixty years old, of a most amiable countenance, and simple, unaffected manners. His collection is very rich, especially in paintings of landscapes and ruins, and in the miniature Dutch style of common life. Of this last class are two pieces of Meyer's—(German)—“The Letter written,” and “The Letter received”—capital. So in landscape is the snow-clad scene, and in architectural painting, besides other pieces, there are two of the ruins of the Forum, that are inimitably fine.

This afternoon I heard, at the Gesu e Maria, a very eloquent young Irish preacher.* His voice and manner were exceedingly good; his whole bearing and style were simple, dignified, and effective. In short it was, in style and manner, the best sample of preaching that I have heard since I came abroad. His subject was the Claims of the Catholic Faith; and he especially urged upon Protestants, that those who believe in the deity of Jesus Christ ought, for similar and stronger reasons, to believe in “the real presence.”

December 23.—The great pleasure of to-day has been the seeing of Guido's Archangel Michael, in the Church della Concezione. A part of the design, it is true, I dislike. The devil, into whom Michael is about to plunge his sword, is represented as a man—strong, muscular, gross, passed into years, if not old, and with the head bald. Michael,

* Mr. Miley.

who is represented as a youthful angel, has his foot on Satan's head, and to this part of the design I object. It is the foot of youth and strength upon the aged head. I do not like a design which presents an idea so ungrateful: and besides, the whole appearance of Satan is rather disagreeable and revolting. But turning to the Michael, no form or features expressive of youth, and beauty, and energy, and calmness, and triumph, and pity, could be more perfect. The frame is full of energy in every muscle: the lifted hand grasping a sword, is strong to execute the commission to destroy; the feet, one upon the head, and the other upon the ground, appear as if he had just alighted upon his victim; and the face—but who shall describe what it is! So youthful—so delicate in its youthfulness; with the fairest possible complexion, and wavy golden ringlets; so resolute, so assured in its resoluteness; so calm, at the same time; but above all, so pervaded with inexpressible, beautiful, angelic, pure, youthful pity, with its soft shading about the eye, and its emotion almost disturbing the firm decision of the lips—and altogether so surpassingly lovely, beautiful in might, overpowering in gentleness—it is not Satan that he conquers, but every beholder!

I attended a service this morning at the English College, in which a priest, recently ordained, chanted his first mass. The service was interesting, and the music, in part, fine. Was interesting, I say—and yet who can tell, when music, strain after strain, wave after wave, is passing over his soul, now drowning it in a delirium of pleasure, and then bearing it away into boundless revery—who can tell whether he judges rightly of any of the things or themes that come before him?

December 24.—I visited to-day the Church of St. Nicolas in Carcere, built over the prison where the *Roman daughter* is said to have performed the celebrated act of filial piety, which saved her father's life, and eventually procured his pardon. We satisfied ourselves with looking down into the prison, into which there is no descent but by a temporary ladder: and, in the mean time, believed as much as we could about the story. And, indeed, I think it is much the wisest part to believe, in most of the cases, of interesting, wide-spread, popular legends. Why should not many of these things be true; and what so well accounts for the origin and prevalence of a story like this of the *Roman daughter*, as the fact? The extreme of scepticism is quite as weak and unphilosophical as the extreme of faith, without being half so agreeable.

The town is all alive this evening with the approaching festival of Christmas—the bells ringing; the people abroad; services in the churches. We have just been to one in the Sistine Chapel; and so much does the spirit of the time possess us, that we are going at half-past four o'clock to-morrow morning to a Christmas morning ceremonial, at the S. Maria Maggiore.

December 25.—This morning we went to Maria Maggiore, an hour before day-break, and were repaid for the trouble. It was one of those sights that one must cross the ocean to see—I might say, rather, to see anything like it. It is an immense church, divided into three naves, supported by a great number of marble and granite Ionic pillars, having large and splendid chapels on each side of it, and all lighted up this morning with rows of chandeliers and innumerable waxen tapers.

Still, however, there was left enough of obscurity in the vistas and roofs of the naves to make the church appear twice as large as it is. Among these pillars, and under these extended ranges of lights, and far away beneath these dim but gilded roofs, were to be seen a vast multitude of people, in various groups, and in almost all possible costumes and attitudes. There were soldiers in their uniforms, in two columns, stretching through the whole central pavement; there were priests in their various dresses passing to and fro in the discharge of their various offices; and groups of persons in all the variety and liberty of the Italian costumes. In one place were a company of people kneeling before an altar; in another, lying by the wall, or at the foot of a pillar, was a small cluster, weary and half asleep, of people, looking like a family of wild men and children from the mountains; other parties were walking to and fro, as we were ourselves. Meanwhile the Christmas chant sounded out from the Chapel of the Sacrament, sometimes in a thundering chorus, and then in a softer strain. On the whole, the scene, I must say, had no appropriate impressiveness; but it was nevertheless very interesting in its way—that is, as something bizarre, wild, and fantastic. It seemed as if the place were not a church, but some vast palace or mighty hostelry, described in an Arabian Night's Entertainment.

At nine o'clock this morning we went to the celebration of the high mass by the pope at St. Peter's. Here, again, was a ceremonial of exceeding splendour, and in an entirely different style. All here was order and solemnity—more appropriate, though scarcely so striking.

St. Peter's is the place of all places for a great religious celebration, where bodies of military are to be introduced. All other places they always seem to encumber; here a considerable body of troops were paraded in different divisions, and in different parts of the church, and there was ample space for them, and for all the multitude besides. One of the most striking proofs of the immense magnitude of this place I noticed to-day, in the sound of the military music, which was soft, and seemed distant, as if it had come from a field or a tract of country considerably removed. Indeed, this music was the most interesting part of the solemnities of the day, with the exception of the elevation of the host—when the whole multitude, including the military, kneel upon the pavement. This prostration of a mighty multitude, and of all the power and splendour of it, before the symbol (as it is regarded) of God's presence, is, indeed, a very affecting spectacle; and when it takes place in the noble piazza in front of St. Peter's, on occasion of the pope's benediction at Easter, and the multitude is almost countless—when every knee bows, and an immense body of troops fall prostrate on the pavement, as if awe had struck them like death, I can easily believe what a gentleman told me, that he had known a man remarkably devoid of all religious emotion, to burst into tears at the sight.

CHAPTER XIX.

TEMPLE OF FORTUNA MULIEBRIS — CORIOLANUS — CATACOMBS — COLLEGE OF THE PROPAGANDA — MAUSOLEUM OF AUGUSTUS — THE APOLLO AND LAOCOON — SERVICE AT THE GESÙ — CARDINALS — THE POPE — WALKS OUT OF ROME — FOUNTAINS AND OBELISKS.

December 26.—I have ridden on horseback to-day to the temple of Fortuna Muliebris, four miles out of the city. This is the spot which tradition assigns for the meeting of Coriolanus with his wife and mother; the temple was erected to commemorate their success, and Rome's deliverance; and, to mark the former, was called Fortuna Muliebris, or *Woman's Success*, as I should render it. The temple itself is a small and ruinous building of brick, that would scarcely attract attention; but when I reflected, that it was on that gentle swell of land, perhaps, that the stern Coriolanus stood and received his imploring wife and mother, and there yielded to their tears — there passed through all the struggle and agony which brought him at length to those memorable words, "Oh, my mother! thou hast saved thy country, but thou hast destroyed thy son!" it needed no ruin or monument to awaken imagination, on a spot thus consecrated to one of the noblest and most touching scenes in history. In the old Roman history, indeed, it stands quite alone. It is the only instance, I think, in which, on a public theatre, the old Roman haughtiness ever yielded to the power of the sex. And surely a nobler victim was never offered at its shrine, than Coriolanus.

From this spot, we returned on the Via Latina, and passed over to the Appian Way, to visit the catacombs under the church of St. Sebastian — or rather, commencing there — for this subterranean burial-place extended for a number of miles, quite into the city, running under the Forum, and having an outlet in the prison under the Church of St. Peter in Carcere. The spot is very interesting, for having been the refuge and residence of the early Christians, in times of persecution. It consists of narrow passages, cut out of a spongy rock, which absorbs moisture, and thus renders the place more habitable than I could otherwise well have thought it. It was far drier than I had expected to find it. Before, it was always a mystery to me, indeed, how men could live in such a place. The guide took us to a small excavation connected with one of the passages, where was a rude chapel, having a crucifix and a place for the altar at the end. And here it was that the sad, and trembling, but true-hearted company, kneeled down to pledge their faith and trust in the name of their rejected Master. But the times of suffering for conscience, the times of moral martyrdom, are not yet passed; and St. Sebastian himself, to whom this church is dedicated, felt no keener arrows in his body* than those which often-

* This was the mode of his martyrdom, and he is constantly represented in paintings with arrows piercing his body.

times pierce the soul, in the relationships, the uncertainties, the separations, the changes, and strifes, of this mortal state.

The day has been most delightful; and a ride on horseback, in *the vicinity of Rome*, along the majestic ruins of the aqueducts on going out; and on our return, amidst the giant remains of the Palatine, the Coliseum, and the Forum, seen by the soft and waning twilight of a lovely evening—this is enough for one day.

December 29.—I had an interview to-day with the rector, and some students, of the Propaganda. I learned from them that this celebrated institution for propagating the Catholic faith, is governed by a board of twenty cardinals; that its income is about one hundred thousand dollars* per annum; and that its present number of students is about one hundred, of whom thirteen are from the United States. The rector is a German count, apparently not more than thirty years of age—M. Reisach; and the young gentlemen with whom I met were American students. We had much conversation upon various topics, for two or three hours, some minutes of which I shall just note. They stated the surprising fact, that the pope's annual expenditure, for personal and household purposes, is only fourteen thousand dollars. They ridiculed the idea that he has sent, as has been alleged, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, from his private purse, to America; nor has the Propaganda, they say, ever expended on American missions more than thirty or forty thousand dollars. On the subject of exclusive salvation, they stated a doctrine, saving a little tinge of assumption, as liberal as any one could desire. It was, that sincere conviction of being right must spread its shield over all those who entertain it. The assumption lay in an implied reservation of rightful supremacy for the Catholic church; but they distinctly held, that if any man should leave the mother church, from sincere and honest conviction, the dissent was not to be deemed fatal.

December 30.—I hunted up this morning the mausoleum of Augustus; yes, hunted for it. Little thought the man, once deemed so important to the world, that it was said, "It had been good for mankind if he had never been born, or had never died"—little did he think the time would ever come, when his proud mausoleum must be searched for, or when found at last, would be found surrounded and hidden almost from sight by other houses—itself a stable and a tannery. I asked a picket of soldiers within fifteen rods of the spot; and with the habitual ignorance and impudence united, of the common people here, on such points, they would have sent me first to the Coliseum (a mile off), and then to the Castle of St. Angelo. Of the mausoleum of Augustus, they knew nothing! Marcellus, the nephew of Augustus, celebrated by Virgil, was buried in this spot. I confess, it interested me more, as the place where this promising youth, the hope of the people, was laid down to rest—as the place where Octavia poured out a mother's tears—than for any associations with imperial grandeur; although in Augustus it had a noble representative.

I went to see the Apollo and the Laocoon to-day, and gazed upon them (especially the first) for a while, with the sad feeling, that it might be my last look. Yet the Laocoon, much as the other has the

* It was three hundred thousand dollars before the French were here.

preference, is awfully tragic and powerful. The tremendous muscular energy and contortion, but all in vain; the imploring sons, with a youthful, an almost infantine expression of countenance, as they raise their eyes and hands to their father; the fatal complication of folds in the huge serpent; but most of all, the Laocoon himself—the agony of the parted lips, the expression, almost more than mortal, of suffering and horror beneath the eye; the accusing brow—accusing Heaven for the terrible severity of his lot—yes, those *fold*s of accusation, above the right eye in particular—all is wonderful; it is dreadful; and for this reason, is a less admired work, than if the subject were more agreeable.

But the Apollo—oh heavens!—I am ready to exclaim again—that sovereignty of conscious power and superiority—it is as if his very look—no arrow needed—as if his very look would kill; and yet, that look is all beautiful! It is a countenance as if its bare thought could annihilate, and yet the spirit of all gracefulness so pervades it, that it seems as if the fair creation might spring forth beneath its glance. I may never see it more; but I could as soon forget the sun in heaven, after having once seen it, as forget this representation of the god of light, and brightness, and beauty, and power.

December 31.—I visited this morning the studio of Camuccini, one of the most celebrated living painters. He has great talent, and his studio presents many fine paintings, and yet finer sketches. He has taken hold, too, of the old Roman subjects, so much neglected in general—Regulus, Horatius Cocles, Virginius, Curius Dentatus.

This afternoon I attended a service at the Gesu, appropriated to the close of the year, consisting chiefly of music. Good singing, though too noisy—that is the constant fault here: great execution on the organ, of which they have three in this church; a stupendous assemblage of people, filling this immense temple and all the chapels to overflowing; the church itself, a rich and solemn edifice, with gilded ceiling, with paintings and statues, and marble pillars, and pilasters, and altars: the dim arches and majestic dome, seen obscurely by the light of the declining sun, and afterward, of innumerable wax tapers—all this, with the occasion to help it, made it a scene not easily to be forgotten. I wish we had more of these things with us Protestants. Meet it is that the epochs of this mortal and momentous existence should be thus signaled!

January 2.—We attended a party lately at Cardinal W——'s. As we do not know much about cardinals in America, and as they are the highest officers in a church to which the most of our people feel a superstitious strangeness, they may be looked upon, perhaps, as quite a preternatural set of beings. Be it known to you, then, that a cardinal's palace is very much like other mansions of the distinguished classes, and that a cardinal's party is very much like a great New York or Boston jam; that is, after you make your entrance: there is much more parade on being introduced—a tremendous throng of carriages—soldiers in attendance—and a noisy, repeated, and sometimes ludicrous announcement of the names of the guests as they pass through the anterooms; ludicrous, because here are names from all parts of the world to be pronounced, and a man will sometimes find it difficult to know his own, in the mouths of these Italian ushers. A large proportion, indeed, on all these occasions, is English; and here were several

of the English nobility jostled in the crowd, and bearing nothing in their manner to distinguish them from others; simplicity is the order of the day. As to a cardinal's manners, I can only say, that in the person of our entertainer, they were extremely simple and kind; it was as easy to converse with him as with your next neighbour. For the rest, a cardinal is one of a conclave of seventy, not always full, that elects the pope; is one of the pope's secret council; wears a red hat, rides in a red carriage, and has the liveries of his servants and of his horses of the same colour.

A cardinal is one of the pope's council, but I believe the prerogative is rather nominal. The pope is an absolute sovereign; and it is found quite impossible, I understand, to restrain the present pontiff in a course of expenses, that threaten the ruin, in temporal power, of the papal see. It is said that the annual expenses of the government now exceed the income, by about three millions of piastres. To meet this deficiency, the revenues from one village and district after another of the Roman state, are pledged away to the bankers from whom the money is borrowed, without any prospect of redemption; and I am told that ten or twelve years of extravagance like this, must leave the papal exchequer in a state of complete bankruptcy.

It might be inferred from this, perhaps, that Gregory XVI. is a very ambitious pontiff. Yet he affects very little state; is not disposed to exact observance, and brings his personal and household expenses within the most moderate allowance. He was formerly rector of the Propaganda; and the students of that institution tell me, that when they are admitted to audience, he often tells them that he is tired of worldly care and grandeur, and wishes that he could be their rector again.

But with all this simplicity about the world, I suspect that he has a great deal of spiritual ambition. One or two circumstances will illustrate this. He wrote a book before his elevation to the popedom, which gained little or no attention. He has since caused this work to be published in every form, from the folio to a small pocket volume. St. Paul's Cathedral, a mile and a half out of the walls, was once built, I suppose, in the midst of a populous neighbourhood. A few years ago it was destroyed by fire. The pope is now rebuilding it, at an immense expense,* in what is nearly a waste field; and for no ostensible reason that I can see, but that he may, by and bye, write upon its pediment "*Gregorius XVI. ædificavit hanc basilicam.*"

January 3.—These two days past I have taken walks out of the walls. One of them was to the church of St. Lorenzo, a strange old building, on the site and partly of the materials of an ancient temple; with an old mosaic pavement; with pillars of all sizes, cut off and fitted in, with most admired incongruity; but especially with a colonnade about the high altar, of most magnificent fluted Corinthian pillars of Parian marble. By the bye, the number of ancient pillars now standing in Rome, and mostly in the churches, is immensely great. I have seen it stated, I think, somewhere, at sixteen thousand.

To-day, I went without the wall, on the west side of the city, and found a variegated and picturesque country. What a glorious spot this

* The columns in this cathedral are single shafts of granite, polished to the smoothness of marble.

must have been, when the malaria was not here; nor had misrule, misery, poverty, degradation, fallen here, with the weight of a thousand curses. The whole Campagna, stretching to the sea on one side, and to the mountains on the other, was filled, was almost swarming with dwellings, many of them the villas of wealthy and noble Romans—for these all lived, or had villas out of the city; Rome and its neighbourhood was filled with temples, baths, forums, arches, columns, colonnades, statues; and it was Rome, the sovereign queen of nations, the mistress of the world. She was the central point, from which radiating lines went out through all the earth. On those diverging courses, consuls and generals went forth to command provinces, or to conquer new nations; upon them, they returned, to celebrate, in solemn procession, their triumphs; upon these great ways of empire, ambassadors travelled in state, to give law, and couriers came back to bring intelligence; and now, so secluded, so solitary among the nations is Rome, that one of our party, in writing a letter to-day, inadvertently said, "We are as much *out of the world* here, as if we were in the moon."

In coming into the city, we passed by the magnificent fountain of St. Paul's, and visited the church of San Pietro in Montorio—the spot assigned by tradition for St. Peter's martyrdom. There is a little circular temple, separate from the church, erected on the particular spot where the cross on which he suffered martyrdom is supposed to have stood; with an upper and lower, or subterranean chapel. It is surrounded by pillars of very dark—or, as they say in the books, black granite, and is a beautiful object.

Among the most beautiful things in Rome are its fountains, and among the most striking things are its obelisks.

The fountains in front of St. Peter's especially, are really glorious. They rise thirty or forty feet into the air, and come down in a shower. The quantity of water thrown up is so great, and the streams, as they spring out from the basin, are made so to diverge, that they present the appearance of two trees, one on each side of the piazza. The fountains are partly resolved into drops and mist, and a rainbow may always be seen in the direction opposite to the sun. Every time one sees them, they seem a new mystery and beauty; and when the sky is so fair, so glorious a thing, that you feel almost (as you do some days) as if you could kneel down and worship it, they appear like a cloud of incense—pure, bright, resplendent—offered up to that supernal splendour and purity.

As to these Egyptian obelisks, of polished granite, pointing up to the sky from almost every square and open space in Rome, and with that hand-writing of mysterious and yet unexplained characters upon their sides—what could be more striking? The antiquities of Rome are *young*, by their side. Some of them were built by Sesostris, by Rameses, between three and four thousand years ago. They saw ages of empire and of glory before Rome had a being. They are also in the most perfect preservation. So beautifully polished, and entirely free from stain, untouched by the storms of thirty-five centuries, it seems as if they had not lost one of their particles, since they came from the quarries of Egypt. That very surface, we know, has been gazed upon by the eyes of a hundred successive generations. Speak, dread monitors! as ye point upward to Heaven—speak, dark hieroglyphic

symbols! and tell us—are ye not yet *conscious*, when conscious life has been flowing around you for three thousand years? Methinks it were enough to penetrate the bosom of granite with emotion, to have witnessed what you have witnessed. Methinks that the stern and inexorable mystery, graven upon your mighty shafts, must break silence, to tell that which it hath known of weal and woe, of change, disaster, blood, and crime!

CHAPTER XX.

ST. PETER'S—ITS MAGNITUDE AND SPLENDOUR—MONUMENT TO THE LAST OF THE STUARTS—MOSAIC COPIES OF PAINTINGS—A WALK IN ST. PETER'S—SERVICES IN THE CHAPEL OF THE PROPAGANDA—LIBRARY OF THE VATICAN—ROMAN MARIONETTES—CHURCHES BUILT ON THE BATHS OF DIOCLETIAN—EPIPHANY CELEBRATION IN THE PROPAGANDA—ST. ONOFRIO—CARDINAL FESCH'S GALLERY OF PAINTINGS—ACADEMY OF ST. LUKE—SERVICE AT THE CHURCH OF ST. MARCELLUS—BLESSING THE HORSES—MOSAIC MANUFACTORY IN THE BASEMENT OF THE VATICAN—CHURCHES OF ROME.

I wish to convey to you *some* idea of St. Peter's—of its magnitude, at least, though I cannot of its magnificence.

But one word, first, in abatement. Though St. Peter's is the largest, and far the most expensive structure in the world, it fails entirely in its exterior appearance to make any just impression as a piece of architecture. It fails from two causes. First, because the front is mean, and totally unworthy of such an edifice. It ought to have had a stupendous portico, according to Michael Angelo's plan. And secondly, because it is hemmed in on each side by other buildings—the Vatican on its left, and the Baptistary and other buildings on the right—so that from no proper point of view can this mighty structure be seen. The first fault is owing to a want of means, and therefore not to be blamed; but the last is an unaccountable, an almost incredible fault in the original plan of this vast structure. Surely there is waste land enough in Rome, and has been for ages, to open a view to the most magnificent temple in the world. Why was it made thus vast, but to produce an impression by its size, and especially by its exterior appearance? Why, but for this, have such millions upon millions, untold, and unknown, and incalculable, almost to the ruin of the papal see, been expended upon it? And yet St. Peter's, as an exterior building, *is not seen!*

But now let us, crossing the area of its noble piazza—eleven thousand and fifty-five feet long, or ten acres* in extent probably—surrounded by its circular colonnade, contemplate the great object itself.

Its front is one hundred and sixty feet high, and three hundred and ninety-six feet wide—that is, twenty-four rods—the thirteenth of a mile. It is six hundred and seventy-three feet—forty rods*—long,

* I add these denominations as conveying the most palpable ideas probably to people in the country.

and four hundred and forty-four feet—twenty-seven rods—at the transept, or widest part; that is to say, it covers about seven acres.

With these general ideas of the building let us enter it. But you say at once, "It does not appear so extraordinarily large." True; that is because the proportions are so perfect, it is commonly said; but I think it is yet more, because we have never seen any building so large, and the visual impression is affected in its estimate by what we *have* seen. But we soon learn to correct this impression. We immediately observe, on the right and left of the door, statues apparently of children—cherubs—that sustain marble vases of holy water. We approach them, and find that they are giants, more than six feet high. We see at a little distance, on the pilasters and just above the pedestal, sculptured doves—the emblematic genii of the place—and they appear to the eye of no very extraordinary size, and we think that we can easily lay our hand on them. We approach, and find that we can scarcely reach to touch them, and they are eighteen inches or two feet long. We advance along the mighty central nave, and we see, nearly at the termination of it and beneath the dome, the high altar, surmounted by a canopy, raised on four twisted pillars of bronze. The pillars and canopy seem to be of very suitable elevation for the place, and yet we soon learn that they are ninety feet high.

I have before spoken of the size of the dome, with its walls twenty-three feet thick, its own height one hundred and seventy-nine feet, and itself raised two hundred and seventy-seven feet above the floor of the church. This dome is sustained by four square pillars, two hundred and twenty-three feet in circumference. That is to say, each one of these pillars, or masses of masonry, is nearly sixty feet on each side, and therefore as large as one of our common-sized churches, if it were raised up and set on the end. There is a small church and an adjoining house on the Strada Felice in Rome, designedly built so as to be together equal to the size of one of these columns. And yet these columns do not seem to be in the way at all; they do not seem to occupy any disproportionate space; they do not encumber the mighty pavement!

With regard to the objects within St. Peter's, I can notice only two or three that struck me most.

One of them is the monument to the last of the Stuarts, Charles Edward, and his brother Henry, the cardinal. There are two angels of death—it is the work of Canova—before which I have spent hours. So exquisitely moulded are their forms, so delicate, thoughtful, beautiful are their faces, so sad, too, as they are about to extinguish the torch of life—as they stand leaning their cheeks upon the reverse end of the long, slender stem—so sad, indeed, but then that sadness so relieved by beauty,—intellectual, contemplative, winning beauty—it seems to my fancy, at times, as if they would certainly appear to me at my own death; as if they would flit before the—perhaps failing—perhaps delirious—imagination, and reconcile the soul to a departure effected by a ministry so beautiful. Ah! blessed angels! I may one day stretch out my hands to you, and ask your aid—but not yet—not yet. But sickness, sorrow, deprivation, calamity in some shape, may make you welcome, before one thinks to be ready.

Among the mosaic copies of paintings in which St. Peter's is so rich,

there is one of the Incredulity of Thomas, which has always made one of my stopping-places, in taking the customary circuit. The eagerness of Thomas, the calm dignity of Jesus are fine; but the face of John, as he stands just behind Thomas, and looks upon his rash act, is one to remember always. It seems to me the very personification of forbearance. He submits calmly that Thomas should do it—should satisfy himself—but yet he is exceedingly sorrowful. There is no surprise in his countenance; he knows human frailty; he is not astonished at unbelief or hardness of heart; but it seems, at the same time, as if his own heart were broken at the spectacle. There is not the slightest rebuke in his beautiful countenance; but such a union of indulgence and sorrow, as one might well pray for, at that altar—it is an altar-piece—to be awakened in *his* mind when he stands by the evil and erring.

A walk in St. Peter's is something by itself—a thing not to be had, nor anything like it, anywhere else in the world. The immensity of the place; its immense, unequalled magnificence; the charming temperature of the air, preserved the same the year round by the vastness of the mass of masonry; the incense-breathing walls—for there is literally an odour of sanctity always here, from the daily burning of incense; the rich, beautiful, variegated marble columns; the altars, the tombs on every side, the statues, the paintings, the fine medallions in marble, of the heads of saints and fathers of the church, which are set into the sides of the columns in great numbers; then the arches on arches that present themselves to the view in every direction; and, if the walk be towards evening (the only right time), the music of the vesper hymn, now swelling in full chorus upon the ear, and then dying away, as the music changes, or the walk leads you near the chapel whence it proceeds, or farther from it; all this, with the gathering shadows of approaching evening—the shadows slowly gathering in arch and dome—makes a walk in St. Peter's like nothing else!

January 8.—I was present at the celebration of high mass in the chapel of the Propaganda, a few days since, and, for the first time in Rome, was gratified with an air of deliberation, dignity, and something like delicacy, given to the performance of this rite. The principal person officiating was the Bishop of the Sandwich Islands, lately ordained, and soon to depart for his distant home. The students of the Propaganda were all dressed in white tunics, and their singing, and their decorous behaviour, as well as that of all the officiating persons, who, instead of hurrying through the liturgy with indecent haste, repeated it slowly, and, instead of bowing and dodging about the altar, really kneeled—all this made it a very beautiful service.

In the morning of the same day, there were common masses said in the chapel, in various languages. It was very striking to see, in succession, the bearded Greek, the black Ethiop, and the swarthy Armenian, officiating as priests at the altar; and some of the persons kneeling around the altars—monks, I presume, from the East—looked like the very personifications of oriental maceration.

There is something very imposing in this gathering of all nations into one fold. Fifty languages are read in the Propaganda. One of the things at St. Peter's that makes you feel the majesty of this system is, that there are confessionals at St. Peter's for almost all nations, in their respective languages.

January 10.—We went to-day with the rector and some of the students of the Propaganda, through the Vatican library. We were received by M. Mezzofanti, who has immediate charge of the library, an aged and very learned man, who speaks forty-two languages—himself, therefore, to me, the greatest wonder in the library. He showed us some very old manuscripts, a Virgil and a Terence, each of the fifth century; a most splendid manuscript of Dante on vellum, beautifully illuminated and painted; and some curious autograph letters from Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn.

Afterward we were shown a large cabinet of curiosities taken from ancient churches, and from the catacombs, consisting of instruments of torture, antique lamps, bronze crosses, and silver chalices. They were chiefly from the catacombs. Upon these objects, the eyes of the persecuted and devoted company, in caves and dens of the earth, had rested; with what emotions, how little are we able to comprehend!

January 11.—Really, the Roman marionettes, alias puppets, which we have been to see this evening, are worth a description. They are of the size of grown men and women, and they are made to perform an entire play and ballet. The dialogue is read by persons out of sight at the sides of the stage, while the puppets “suit the action to the word” with such propriety and grace as are perfectly surprising. There are few speakers who might not take lessons from their gestures. Then the ballet was performed almost with the skill and accuracy of opera dancers. But that the strings by which they are suspended and moved are too much in sight, one might scarcely suspect, in looking at these curious and amusing performers, that they were not real persons.

January 12.—To-day (Sunday) I have been wandering among the churches. First, to the Church of S. Maria di Vittoria, opposite the Fontana di Termine. In this church is the celebrated statue of St. Cecilia about to be pierced by the dart of the angel of death, by Bernini; but I have nothing special to say about it. Next, to the neighbouring churches, built on the Baths of Diocletian. One of these, the S. Maria degli Angeli, is in the form of a Greek cross,* and, in its proportions, pleases me more than any church in Rome, and is, besides, a splendid structure. I have visited it many times since I have been here, and it was with quite a sadness of spirit that I took my last look at it to-day. In the Church of St. Bernardo, at the other end, and on the foundation of the Baths of Diocletian, there was a celebration of the mass this morning; and to think, that on this very building, once devoted to the pleasures of a pagan emperor—on this very spot, where were martyred, in cold and wanton cruelty, the forty thousand Christian slaves who had built this immense edifice†—that here a Christian service was chanted, by many voices, and the pealing organ, and every solemn ceremonial, was enough to make the service interesting and touching, even if it had not been well performed—which, for once, it was. Afterward I passed through S. Maria Maggiore, to bid it adieu, with its splendid chapels and its beautiful ranges of Ionic pillars.

* That is, where both naves are of equal length, and not like the Latin cross, where they are unequal.

† The Baths of Diocletian, the largest in ancient Rome, were more than one thousand feet square; that is, they covered about twenty-five acres.

This afternoon I attended a singular exhibition at the Propaganda. It is a sort of Epiphany celebration, and consists in recitations in a great number of languages. On this occasion, the languages spoken were thirty-seven in number. Our own language had a very good representative, especially as to the manner of speaking (which was the best on the boards), in a young American from Philadelphia, and we gave him a good round clap for it. It was amusing to see how the spectators from different countries clapped, as their various languages were pronounced; but it was especially striking to observe how the feelings of the whole audience took part with a black Ethiop boy, and gave him, evidently on that account alone, a far heartier reception than to any other.

January 13.—I have been to-day to visit the tomb of Tasso, at the Church of St. Onofrio, on the west side of the Tiber. The church has a beautiful and commanding situation on the brow of Mount Janiculus, a range of hill that runs along the west side of the city. In the convent which joins the church, Tasso spent his last days, and there died. There is a pleasant piazza or corridor in front of the convent, and the spot itself is retired and delightful. Tasso had come to Rome to receive the highest honour which was left in the hands of the former mistress of the world to confer—the poet's coronation in the Capitol. The ceremony was deferred till spring, in order to give it the greater splendour. But he grew more ill in the winter; caused himself to be carried to St. Onofrio; and died the very day on which he was to have been crowned!

January 15.—The great business of to-day has been to visit the gallery of paintings at the palace of Cardinal Fesch, and it is very rich. There are a number of

Rembrants—portraits, with that wonderfully natural countenance, and especially that living eye, in which, I am tempted to say, he surpasses all other painters. Also

A Correggio: A Descent from the Cross; with the soft golden light—light rather than colouring—which, I believe, characterizes his pictures. The descent here is effected by the ministry of angels; and the conception appears to me to be beautiful. But the best piece of all is

A Raphael Mengs: Semiramis at her Toilet—an exquisitely delicate and lovely countenance. I have seen nothing of Mengs that was not very fine.

Teniers: a great many of his small, graphic, almost unequalled paintings, in humble and grotesque life.

Some exquisite small pieces on copper; churches, chapels, with admirable perspective.

Some capital landscapes by Wouvermans.

January 16.—The Academy of St. Luke, where I have been to-day, is worth a visit. Raphael's St. Luke painting the Virgin, is considered the principal object, and it is not unworthy of Raphael. The difference between inspiration in a revery, and inspiration engaged in a fixed effort, is finely marked in the countenance of Luke. There is a sort of fixed compression about the lips, such as I have seen in an artist in the act of painting; and yet the eye is full of inspiration. There are in this academy a number of beautiful small *premium* casts, and some delightful portraits.

After this I went through the Forum, along the ruins of the Palatine, and to the top of the Coliseum, and took my last melancholy look at these melancholy objects.

On coming home through the Corso, I observed a collection of carriages about the Church of St. Marcellus, and on going in, found the church lighted up—it was just at evening—with ten or twelve chandeliers, and a great number of wax candles, creating a splendid illumination. It was dressed out with the usual decorations of a festa—curtains hanging in festoons before the altars, &c.—filled with a crowd of people, and filled, too, with glorious music. This—I mean music, not always glorious music, however—is the principal part of all celebrations of saints' days, &c. The present ceremonies, I learned, were for St. Marcellus's day. The music was sustained by the organ, a band of performers on instruments playing with rare delicacy and fine execution, and an immense choir, some of them singing with that wonderful combination of high falsetto, running almost beyond the power of a woman's voice, yet without any of its shrillness, which is scarcely ever attained, unless where the physical nature is sacrificed to it. For my part, I go heartily along with these celebrations, and wish that such were introduced into our Protestant churches.

January 17.—I went to-day to the piazza before S. Maria Maggiore, to witness the singular ceremony of *blessing the horses*. The day is called St. Anthony's day. The ceremony is simply this: Carriage after carriage drives up before a chapel—so it was while I stood to observe it—a priest comes forth dressed in his robes, and, after uttering prayers or benedictions (I know not which—nobody can know what a priest says, unless he knows it beforehand), he takes a brush, and dipping it in the vase of holy water at the door of the chapel, sprinkles it over the horses.

January 19.—We went to see the mosaic manufactory, in the basement story of the Vatican. Camuccini's painting of the Incredulity of St. Thomas is there; and it is a curious fact, that it is not equal to the mosaic of the same painting in St. Peter's. This mosaic work is quite wonderful, for it comes very near to the perfection of painting. The mode is, to have a strong frame of iron, on which is spread an amalgam, and into this amalgam are set the stones which form the mosaic. These stones, by the bye, are themselves manufactured. They are a sort of vitrified substance, made of any given colour by certain exact proportions of the necessary ingredients—the receipt for each one being recorded in a mammoth volume lying upon the table. It astonished me to find, deposited and numbered, in the immense repository of this establishment, eighteen thousand different shades of colouring.

January 20.—I do not know that I can take a more appropriate leave of Rome, than by a notice of its churches. Nothing in Rome has astonished me so much. The works of art have, if anything, fallen short of my expectations; that is, as a mass—some things cannot disappoint. The ruins, with the exception of the Coliseum, certainly have. They are mostly brick ruins; and a brick ruin is the least interesting of all remains. And the churches, I acknowledge, have very little in their architecture or exterior appearance to recommend them. The front is frequently nothing but a dead brick wall. However, it has one recommendation; it is a complete protection against street noises.

K

So that you pass at once from the bustling city into the deepest seclusion.

There are three hundred and fifty churches in Rome: and any one of an hundred of them is such a wonder and beauty, as, placed in America, would draw visitors from all parts of the country. I speak now exclusively of the interior. The entire interior walls of many of these churches are clothed with polished, antique marble. They are hung around with paintings; and filled with marble pillars, statues, tombs, and altars. These altars, built often of jasper, porphyry, and the most precious ancient marbles, are commonly placed in recesses or chapels on each side of the church, so that they offer some retirement to the votary.

I confess that I seldom enter these churches without an impulse to go and kneel at some of the altars. ——— and ——— both agree with me in this. We have often said, that if it were not for the air of pretension it would have to any of our acquaintances who might chance to pass, we certainly should do it. As we were walking in St. Peter's to-day, ——— said, "It does not signify, I do wish, in serious earnest, that I could be a Catholic." My own feeling is—and in this we agreed—that if it were not for the faith, I should like many of the forms very well. These ever-open churches, these ever-ascending prayers, the deep seclusion and silence, "the dim religious light," the voices of morning mass or vesper hymn, the sacred themes depicted upon every wall and dome, and again and evermore, these holy altars, whose steps have been worn by the knees of the pilgrims of ages past—all these things commend themselves, not merely to the imagination, but to the most unaffected sentiments of devotion.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SYSTEM.

On taking leave of Rome, I shall make it a text for some thoughts on the general subject of the Catholic religion.

Of a dispensation of Christianity, embracing more countries, and numbering more adherents than any other, it cannot be at any time unimportant or uninteresting, to form a correct judgment. But in addition to this, there are circumstances at the present moment, which give the subject a considerable prominence among those that invite the public attention. The old Protestant horror against Popery has been, for some time past, gradually dying away; and although circumstances have recently kindled up a temporary excitement on the subject, I think it cannot become general or lasting. The papal see has lost all political power and importance; it is fast parting with its revenues; it is annually alienating to bankers, parcel by parcel, the very patrimony of St. Peter's; it no longer gives any countenance to those worst corruptions which brought on the Protestant Reformation; and if it has

not altogether withdrawn its sanction from the Inquisition, it no longer encourages the application of those tortures, which, when they were first unveiled to the knowledge of mankind, sent a groan of sympathizing horror through the world. Then, with regard to the prophecies concerning Popery, a feeling is prevailing in the world, that their doom is at length fulfilled, in the annihilation of that gigantic and overshadowing despotism. The foot of Rome is no longer on the neck of kings; on the contrary, its very head is bowed to the dust, before a power that it once commanded. Nothing could be more deplorable than its condition. The vials of wrath are indeed poured out upon the very seat and throne of the papal hierarchy; the nobles of the land are reduced to poverty, and the poor of the land to beggary; its fields, its plains, once cultivated like a garden, and covered with villas, now lie waste, dispeopled, desolate, under the pestilential breath of the malaria; its villages are falling into ruins; the moment you cross the boundary line, you recognise the places that belong to the patrimony of the church, by their utter misery.

These circumstances of the religion, at its very fountain head, must satisfy, it would seem, the most confident denouncer or interpreter of Heaven's judgments upon Popery; they present a combination of evils, calamities, and woes, which cannot fall much short of a fulfilment of all the maledictions that can have been found or fancied to exist in the prophecies. At the same time a profounder study of Scripture has had the effect to bring some doubt upon those exact constructions, by which numbers, and dates, and persons, and places, and events, have been so particularly laid down in the chart of the expositor. So that, on the whole, there is a large and increasing number of Protestants, who do not feel at liberty to pursue, with pity or horror, the Catholic of these days, as if he were a mark for the displeasure of Heaven. The consequence is, that the Catholics are coming, with many, to take their place among Christian sects, and to be judged of with that degree of candour, limited enough, indeed, which differing sects are accustomed to deal out to one another.

Another circumstance which invites attention to this subject is, that the Catholic religion seems, at this moment, to be making some progress in the world. It is, indeed, a singular fact, that, at this very moment, when the religion is dying at its heart, it is flourishing in its members. It has made some distinguished converts in Germany within a few years past; it is gaining rather than losing credit and influence in Great Britain; and it is said to be gaining numbers in America. A good deal of apprehension, it is well known, has been felt by some classes of Christians among us, concerning this spread of the Catholic faith in the United States. The great effort made in the Atlantic states, to establish Sunday Schools in the Valley of the Mississippi, sprung, no doubt, from this apprehension. It has overrated, I have no doubt, both the means of the Catholics and their increase. The increase has been occasioned by emigration, and therefore is no increase; or by the natural growth of population, and therefore is no evidence of progress. Of actual conversions to Popery, I imagine there are very few in our country, for it is not a country to favour them: and even if there were more than there are, or are alleged to be, I still should not partake of the general alarm, because I believe there is a

spirit in our institutions which will sooner or later control the power, and correct the errors, of every sect. There may be a sect in our country, and a large and flourishing sect, denominated the Catholic; but it is not, and never can be, the despotic institution that it has been in other countries. Its power over its own members must constantly decline. Then, as to its means for propagating its faith, the report of immense appropriations for this purpose, by the mother church, was never anything, I believe, but rumour; it is not of a nature to be verified: and the exchequer of Rome is too poor to give any colour of probability to the statement.

The growing candour, then, of the Protestant world, and the growing strength of the Catholic interest, have both prepared the public mind, and pressed it, to examine the claims of this form of Christianity. And I mean now its claims, not to infallibility, not to supremacy, not to being, in preference to any other form of Christianity, a Heaven-appointed institution—claims, which the Protestant world is scarcely disposed to consider—but its claims, in common with other modes of church order, ritual, and usage, and other means of spiritual influence and practical virtue, to the common respect and sympathy of Christians. It has peculiar usages; and it sets up pretensions to peculiar virtue—to a virtue that springs exclusively from its own system. This last, too, is a point which has made an impression on the minds of some good Protestants; and it is, moreover, and most truly, the most interesting point of inquiry that could arise between the two parties. For if there be something in the Catholic system, or some divine influence especially connected with it, which produces a virtue superior to all other virtues—if this be really and undoubtedly so—why, truly we have nothing to do but to return as fast as we can to the bosom of the ancient mother church.

Now, this is precisely what many Catholics allege, and some Protestants seem disposed to admit. I do not say that this admission has been public, or has appeared in any writings; but I have observed in conversation, and I think others must have observed, a growing disposition to do justice, and, as I conceive, more than justice, to the virtues of the Catholics. It is, in part, a reaction, no doubt, from the old severity; but I think it arises, in part, from a neglect to make the proper discriminations.

But what are the virtues, in whose behalf this claim of superiority is set up? They may be stated to be generally, the virtues of devotees, and of the religious orders. Where, it is said, is there anything like the virtue of the Sisters of Charity, a society of females, composed partly of the high-born and wealthy, partly of the young and beautiful—whose members devote themselves to the humblest offices, in hospitals and almshouses, without remuneration and without fame? So, again, if the traveller finds himself upon some lonely desert, or upon some almost inaccessible mountain, where he is liable to be overwhelmed by the sands of Africa, or the snows of Switzerland—if, I say, the traveller finds in either spot a house of refuge, and good people living there on purpose to rescue him, the house of refuge, it is likely, he will discover to be a monastery, of the order of St. Benedict, or St. Augustine. What hosts of missionaries, again it is said, has the Catholic church sent out into all parts of the world—compared with which, the company

of Protestant missionaries is a mere handful. And not like Protestant missionaries have they gone out, carrying home and household gods with them; but alone have they gone and lived among the heathen in their families, and learned their manners, and thus gained over them the greatest influence. And what, it is said still further, what are all Catholic priests but missionaries in a sort, subject to the absolute command of their superiors, going far or near, without hesitation or question, as the interest of the church requires—going alone through life, without domestic endearments, without home, without those first gratifications of the heart which all other men demand as their right? How often, too—and this is the physician's testimony—how often is the Catholic priest found by the beds of the dying, spending hours, sometimes days and nights there, that he may administer the last rites of his religion.

Far be it from me to detract anything from real merit—far be it from me to detract anything from its just measure and its full desert, wherever it may be found. Nay, not to detract from it is little. To acknowledge virtue, to enjoy it, to delight in it, to bless, to cherish it as the richest treasure of the world—let me tread what land I may, Catholic or Protestant—let me dwell in Rome or in Geneva—this is the spirit in which I would see mankind everywhere. That there are virtues among the Catholics which deserve to be thus regarded, I have no doubt. But it does not follow that they are superior to the virtues of all other Christians. And since this is an inference which some are disposed to think very plausible from the facts, I shall turn from the pleasure of beholding and admiring the virtues of my Catholic brethren, to the duty, much less agreeable certainly, of making some strictures upon them. And I confess that my doubts about the Catholic claim of superior virtue, fixes upon the very point where its main stress is laid—its peculiarity—its extraordinariness. I do not know that Catholics say, or that anybody else says, that they are better men than others in the ordinary duties and relations of life. But the point that has been pressed upon me in the colleges of Rome, and that is put forward elsewhere is, that the special services of religion are more faithfully attended upon by Catholics, that extraordinary sacrifices and enterprises are more common among them; that no other church can show religious orders devoted to charity and prayer. Nay, it is so arranged among the different religious orders, that prayers shall never cease—some rising in the night watches to continue them, so that the devotions of the church may be uninterrupted and perpetual. This, then, is the case; and I frankly say that I do not like the aspect of it. It is not well or safe for any sect to take this ground. The stress laid here is the grand error, as it seems to me of the Catholic system, considered as a religious system.

The most remarkable thing about Christian virtue, whether we see it in the precept or the example of its great Teacher, is its fair order, its full proportion, its easy adaptation to all circumstances, its fidelity to all relations and trusts, in fine, its simplicity, consistency, and universality. It is always doing good. It is always speaking, it is always acting, rightly. It is so constantly manifesting itself, as scarcely to attract any notice. This even and unvarying tenour of a good life has not the splendour, the glare that belongs to some one department of

benevolent exertion ; it does not, therefore, draw as much observation upon it ; it is not so much admired ; but we read, that "the kingdom of heaven cometh not with observation." That calm, equal, silent restraint laid upon the passions ; that habitual self-controul and devotion, by which ambition, pride, conceit, selfishness, sensuality, are all kept down, and the whole character is subdued to meekness, forbearance, and tenderness ; let no man doubt that the time may come, when far-famed philanthropy, and flaming martyrdom, and maceration, and fasting, and prayer, and every canonized virtue, will fall far behind it. The worth of these virtues I do not deny. I only deny their claim to superior worth. I deny that they are likely to be superior. Nay, I contend that extraordinary virtues are very liable to be partial and defective—that they are very liable to pay some of the penalties that usually attach to what is extraordinary in character. How often is great zeal for religion deformed by passion ; much praying connected with much peevishness ; great sanctity marred by equal pride, and singular philanthropy tainted by vanity and affectation !

I distrust, therefore, the claim of the Catholic to superior virtue, precisely because he puts that claim upon extraordinary ground—upon ground removed from the ordinary path of life. And certainly I distrust all similar pretensions set up by Protestant sects, for the same reason. It is surprising to observe what stress is laid, in Catholic discourses, upon the single virtue of almsgiving. It seems to be enforced, almost as if it were a substitute for all other virtues, as if it covered a multitude of sins ; and I fear it is often practised with a view to its answering both purposes. It is said that mendicants throng the church doors, in Catholic countries, in confident reliance upon this well-known fact—that good Catholics often leave their dwellings to attend church, with a vow on their own part, or an injunction from their confessor, to bestow charity, right or wrong, with cause or without, on somebody. Now, surely the real question about virtue is, not whether a man does one thing well, but whether he doeth all things well ; not whether he is a good devotee, but whether he is a good and devoted man in every relation and situation ; not whether there are some good and self-denying monks and priests in Catholic countries, but whether the whole population of those countries is singularly self-denying, and virtuous. Nay, he who shuts himself up in peculiarity, whether Judaical, Popish, Protestant, or Puritanical, so far cuts himself off from the means and opportunities of a noble and generous virtue. He who selects a particular sphere of operation, and sums up all his virtue in that, as also he who retires to a monastery, flies from the great conflict of life, from the battle-field of virtue—flies, I say, from the very field where the most glorious deeds are to be done, and the most glorious victories are to be gained. And it is absurd for him, or his friends for him, to demand admiration ; he ought to be content, if he can escape censure : it is as absurd for him to challenge admiration, as it would be for him who fled before his country's enemies, to lay claim to similar homage.

In fact, I must ask, whether these vaunted virtues of Catholic piety, are not very apt to be factitious ? Suppose, for instance, that a man should do a right action, under the fear of instant death for disobedience, or in the certain hope of heaven, as the reward of his fidelity in

this single instance. The virtue, in such a case, if it could be called virtue at all, would be extremely factitious; the fear would not leave the mind its moral freedom; the hope would bring a sort of hallucination over the moral faculties; the state of such a mind would be altogether unnatural; the virtue would be artificial. Now, the principles illustrated in this extreme case, seem to me to be applicable, to a certain extent, to the devotees of the Catholic church. It is common in the teachings of that church to make a wide distinction—a distinction, wide almost as that between salvation and perdition—between society and solitude; between the world and seclusion from the world; between the ordinary ties of life, and the peculiar relationship of a religious order. Is it strange, then, or does it imply any great virtue, that a young person, under the influence of venerated superiors, and persuaded, that to remain in the world is almost certain perdition, should rush into the order of the Sisters of Charity, or into a monastery, where all is safety, and certainty of the bliss of heaven? How many are there among *us*, who would freely give up their entire fortunes for the certainty of being happy for ever! So, also, for the protracted attendance of the Catholic priest at the deathbed, there is a motive, which may be termed a violent motive, and which, if it were admitted among *us*, would just as certainly carry every Protestant clergyman to the same place. That is to say, the Catholic priest believes that the future state of the departed soul much depends on these last ceremonies. It would be the most unparalleled cruelty, therefore, for him to fail of his attendance. The truth is, and so it deserves to be stated, that instead of its being any great merit or fidelity in him to be present, he would be a monster if he could fail.

The claims of the Catholic priesthood to admiration, on other grounds, I would willingly be excused from discussing; since it is scarcely possible to discuss them with decorum and courtesy. I speak now of the priests in Europe, and especially in Italy, and I would not allude even to them, if it were not that their virtues are often urged upon our notice by their admirers, in contrast with the indulgences and luxuries of the Protestant clergy. I am the more unwilling to say a word on the subject—the alleged self-denials and stoic virtues of the Catholic clergy—because I know, and gladly admit that, notwithstanding all the dangers of their position, there are many individuals among them of the greatest purity and dignity of character. But surely he who should contend that their peculiar situation—their seclusion, that is to say, from domestic companionship and intercourse, is, or is found to be, favourable to the purity of their lives, or the refinement of their manners, could do so only in total ignorance, both of the weak and the strong points of his cause. Let him descant as much at large as he pleases upon the holy antiquity and the beautiful services of his church, but with the knowledge of what exists in the oldest and most venerated abodes of that church, let him say as little as possible of the self-denials of the Catholic priesthood.

The truth is, that the great charm of the Catholic system to many—and not a few Protestants are Catholics in this respect—is, that it offers to them a course of specific and definite services and exercises, instead of the great, general, and indefinite task of virtue. In religion, multitudes choose what they consider to be safe bondage, in preference

to dangerous freedom. The Catholic — I except, of course, many enlightened persons of that class from the remark — but in general, the Catholic has a monitor in his priest, ever at his side, to say, "Do this," and "Do that." He is left to struggle with no questions or doubts of any kind, and thus, as it seems to me, is taken out of the hands of the true spiritual discipline. He has his religious duties exactly weighed out to him, and if in any point he fails, if virtue sink in the scale, he has penances and absolutions to restore the balance. Thus all is measured, and made exact and definite; more definite, I believe, than suits the discipline of virtue. Thus all is plain and easy; no questions about faith; no doubts about duty; to obey, not to inquire, is the grand requisition; docility, submission, are the characteristic virtues of the Catholic system. The effect upon the ignorant is likely to be mental slavery and superstition; upon the enlightened, it often is, I fear, to set religion apart from the free action of their own minds, into the care of the priesthood; or to resolve that which should be the constant nurture and food of life, into the temporary excitements and raptures of cathedral worship.

I am not now saying that the Catholics are worse than other Christians; I am only speaking of what seem to be the tendencies of the system, and I think I may, without any breach of comity or candour, do this, in reply to the assumptions of that church. It may be, that I do not, and cannot speak impartially on such a subject; but without intending any disrespect to the many enlightened and excellent men who belong to that communion, I will venture to say of the system, that it seems to be the childhood of Christianity, while Protestantism I consider to be its manhood. And although this manhood has its own peculiar exposures, yet for the same reason that I would advocate freedom in civil affairs, would I advocate freedom in religious affairs. The republicanism of Christianity is Protestantism.

I have thus been led, from conversation and observation, since I have been abroad, to put down some thoughts on the Catholic religion. But there is a question about the general sincerity and spirituality of Catholic devotions, which, I find, is oftener raised in Protestant countries than any other, concerning the religion, and to which, therefore, I will attempt to give a brief answer. The religious services of the Catholics in their churches are commonly thought, among us, to be such as are enforced by their superiors, or to be mere compliances with forms, held by them to be necessary; and, therefore, a doubt very naturally springs up, concerning both their sincerity and spirituality.

I can only say, with regard to the first, that there is every appearance among the attendants at their churches, of the profoundest reverence and sincerity. Besides the appointed services, there are many which are voluntary; and at every hour of the day, at morning, noon, and evening, he who enters the churches, especially of Italy, will find worshippers in greater or less number, kneeling before the altars, in silent devotion. If these services be abominations, as some good Protestants will have them to be, I could wish the manner of them, at least, in some Protestant churches that I have observed, were imitated. There are few spectacles more touching in the world, perhaps, than at early morning, ere the last veil of night has departed from the sanctuary, or in the evening twilight, when the first shadow of the coming

darkness has fallen upon the holy place, to behold, separately, silently kneeling upon the altar's steps, or the cold pavement, those who have seemed to seek the hour of seclusion from the world's great throng, to pour out their prayers and tears—to pour out their joys in gratitude, or their sorrows in submission, before Him, who hears the inaudible sigh, and understands the unuttered thought.

With regard to the charge of formality, I cannot help giving you the answer which I once received from a learned and distinguished ecclesiastic, leaving you to judge of it as you may. I had presented this charge of formality, not so much as my own, perhaps, as the common Protestant charge, and asked him what he would say to it. He said, in reply, "You have been in our churches; you have witnessed the continual resort to them; and I can inform you of what you may not have observed, that every morning, almost the entire population of Rome comes to mass; the whole body of labourers invariably attend the morning service, before they go to their employments: and yet there is no compulsion whatever in the case—it is purely voluntary. Does this, then," he said, "deserve to be called formality?" Nay, he went further, and, I confess, with some show of reason. "When I have been in Protestant countries," he said, "the thing that has struck me, has been the apparent absence, during six days of the week, of all religion. On the seventh, indeed, the people assemble in their churches, but it is by appointment, it is in compliance with custom; and if anything could seem like a forced and formal matter in religion, it would be this." Let Protestants see to it, I say, that the charge against them be not found true; and if they do not daily resort to some public altar, let them not fail of using equal endeavours to cultivate the spirit of devotion—let them beware lest they treat their religion as if they were ashamed of it—above all, let them carry the prayers of the heart into the practice of the life.

But my concern, at present, is with the Catholic religion. I am obliged to observe, that with this fair show of devotion in the churches, there is, in most Catholic countries, a striking and staggering incongruity in the morals of private life. Still I do not feel it necessary to brand those devotions with the charge of superstition or hypocrisy. The great evil in the Catholic religion—the great evil, I mean, which is exhibited in its practical results—is, that imagination and sentiment are substituted for real feeling and virtue. This, I should say, is the great evil in the present state of the religion; I do not say it was intended or is abetted; the stricture, I make only with the freedom and candour with which I should speak of any other form of Christianity. The defect, I think, has arisen from circumstances, as most defects in religious bodies arise. Those beautiful churches, on which the wealth of ages and empires has been lavished; those tombs and relics of saints and martyrs on every side; those pictures and statues, making every temple a sort of gallery of the arts; the processions, and rites, and memorials, marking almost every day in the year, and thus putting upon almost every otherwise common day the stamp of some venerable usage or holy recollection; the services of the church, too, so fitted, in the music, the responses, and the forms, and all this, too, amidst dimly burning tapers, and the voices of a strange and long since dead speech, and the varied and splendid costumes of the officiating priests—so

fitted to enchain and enchant the imagination: all this tends evidently to create a feeling about religion, akin to the feeling that is awakened by the arts—imaginative, superficial, transient; pleasing, perhaps, and even fervent for the time, but not operative, not effectual, not lasting. These cathedral influences tend to make a sort of cathedral religion, but not the religion of actual and active life; the religion of contemplation, and fancy, and reverie, and sentiment, but not the religion of self-restraint, and of a strict conscience, and of a rigorous virtue. There are, however, forms and usages of the Catholic church, which seem to me not liable to all that objection which we Protestants are accustomed to bring against them.

The practice, for instance, of calling their churches by the name of some apostle, saint, or martyr, which has been considered superstitious by some Protestants, appears to me, not only free from objection, but to be very proper and desirable. It seems to me a kind of degradation to a temple of God to call it by the names of those persons who, from time to time, officiate in it. What would be more proper than that a church should bear onward from age to age the name of some noble sufferer in the cause of religion—of some heroic apostle of truth, or bright model of virtue! It would then be a kind of monument to that moral greatness which is taught within its walls.

One of the interesting services, indeed, in the Catholic calendar, consists of a periodical celebration, a kind of festival celebration, of the virtues or sufferings of the saint, or martyr, to whom any particular church is dedicated. There are prayers and thanksgivings appropriate to the occasion; there are anthems sung in commemoration of former days and deeds; the church is illuminated, and clothed with decorations to aid the effect; and everything is done—perhaps too much is done, to make the ceremony, as a ceremony, attractive to the people. However this may be, the service in its nature seems to me pertinent and interesting. If saints and martyrs have been held in too much reverence in former days, that seems scarce likely to be the fault of these times. While many things ancient and venerable are passing away, I would lay my hand on the records of ancient virtue and preserve them: I would spread that bright page before the people from time to time, and “give the sense, and cause them to understand the reading.” The virtues of the world are the treasures of the world. I would enshrine them in sacred rites. I would embalm them, as many of the bones of saints actually are preserved in the very altars of the sanctuary. To contemplate virtue is the grand means of gaining virtue. To praise it, is to commend it to the respect of others. But we never contemplate it so feelingly, nor respect it so deeply, as when we behold it clothed with the beauty and power of example. Let then, I would say, not only goodness, but let good men be remembered in times, and seasons, and services devoted to that purpose. Let holy rites set forth—let holy words recount, their deeds and sufferings. Let their virtues be borne up on the breath of music, an offering, and a thanksgiving to Heaven.

And a festival, too, such as is observed in Catholic countries—a festival to commemorate, not one alone, but to commemorate *all saints*—a day to remember all good men—a season around which is gathered the mighty host of those who, in faith and patience, in suffering and triumph, have gone to heaven—this, I confess, strikes my mind as

something most meet, suitable, and grateful. Our Protestant religion is too naked of such associations. We are too reserved, I think, in expressing our regard towards *living* worth; we are not likely to give too much expansion and expression to our enthusiasm for the heroism and sanctity of former days. It teaches a needful lesson to those who are struggling against the tide of this world's temptations; it teaches a beautiful lesson to the young, the ardent aspirant after virtue—to know that the piety and fortitude which, in their day, were humble, and cast down, and fearful, and despised perhaps, have come to live, amidst anthem and prayer, in the memory of all generations.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOURNEY TO NAPLES—POSTING IN ITALY—BAY OF NAPLES—ROYAL MUSEUM—POZZUOLI AND BALE—VESUVIUS—HERCULANEUM—POMPEII—TOMB OF VIRGIL—CHURCHES IN NAPLES—CARNIVAL—LEGHORN—PISA—GENOA—GIULIO ROMANO'S MARTYRDOM OF ST. STEPHEN—POLITICAL STATE OF ITALY—ITALY THE LAND OF THE FINE ARTS—CULTIVATION AND PATRONAGE OF THE FINE ARTS IN AMERICA.

NAPLES, *January 22*.—I travelled post from Rome to Naples in thirty hours, not stopping except for the detentions and vexations occasioned by passports and custom-houses. We left Frascati, the ancient Tusculum, on the left, and passed through Mola di Gaeta; at both which places Cicero had villas. With these localities to bring him to mind—travelling on, or near roads which had so often resounded to his chariot wheels—travelling, too, over the Pontine marshes, in the vicinity of which he was put to death, it may be easily believed that it was his image that possessed my mind—his shade that seemed to flit before me, amidst the waning twilight and the bright moonbeams of the silent night. I saw him a proud and joyous traveller from the excitements, the studious toils, and the loud applauses of Rome, down to his country seats. Then I fancied him in these luxurious retreats, surrounded by friends, and engaged in high discourse. But a change came, and again I saw him—borne upon his litter with the steps of fear and flight. The assassins approach—(I looked, perhaps, upon the very field—a monument marks the spot, said to be the place of his death)—he commands the litter to be set down; he submits with calm, with Roman dignity to his fate; with word and with action more sublime, perhaps, than he ever used before, he bids them do their office. So, at least, would I think that a great man dies. For I cannot think that a great man ever died meanly, though in some moment of temptation, of vanity, or passion, he may have done meanly. Not that any act of his deserves to be so qualified; for I think that much injustice has been done him. His proconsulship in Cilicia was as magnanimous as his eloquence in Rome was unrivalled.

The style of posting in Italy, and, indeed, all over the Continent, would, if it were in America or in England, present a spectacle for the

whole generation of boys to hoot at. *Such* looking creatures as they often bring for horses; but yet more, such harness—ropes for traces, tow strings for buckles—and the horses so far apart that those before appear as if they were avant-couriers to those behind; and altogether, looking as if the first pull would snap everything asunder, and without any necromancy, resolve the generic substance, team, into the individual elements which compose it, and send the whole crazy collection of cattle to feeding in the pasture. It was with a good deal of this aspect of things that we set off last night, at midnight, with seven horses, and three postillions scolding, hurraing, and cracking their whips, as if *they* had no fear about the ropes, and were going to draw a barn. However, they whirled us away as if it had been the chariot of the fairies.

The approach towards Naples, for twenty or thirty miles, presents beautiful scenery, and the first of any considerable extent that I have seen in Italy; and Naples itself, with its environs, is a spot so delightful, that I wonder anybody who can get here stays in Rome or anywhere else, beyond the time necessary for sight-seeing. My window at the hotel commands the bay; and whether by the light of day or by moonlight, the scene is such, that my eyes are never sated with gazing upon it. By day, there is the far-extending and winding shore lined with villas and villages, the bold island of Capri at the mouth of the bay, and above its shore the Apennines rising in beautiful perspective, like an amphitheatre, yet irregular and picturesque; in the evening Vesuvius stands forth—an appalling object—to give the aid of contrast to the serenity and beauty of the scene—a red stream of lava pouring down its side, and accumulating, at the termination of its course, into a mass, a precipice of blackening cinders and interior fires—like a burning brow of wrath, frowning over the peaceful moonlit waters beneath.

January 24.—Within two days, I have been through the immense Royal Museum—a collection mostly of objects from Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Farnese. The objects are ancient paintings in fresco; Egyptian monuments, among which are four finely preserved mummies; the Farnesian Hercules, and the group of the Farnese Bull; statues in bronze, some of them capital; kitchen utensils, in which I saw everything *we* use, except the gridiron and the toasting-iron; a splendid collection of Etruscan vases, the papyruses from Herculaneum, &c.

January 25.—To-day I have been to Pozzuoli and Baiæ; both upon the bay. The ruins about Baiæ are of the most extraordinary character. For two or three miles, brick walls, arches, and staircases are seen jutting out in every direction from the steep hills along the shore. It seems as if some mighty hand had kneaded whole villages into the soil on which they stood; or as if the thunder of heaven had ploughed up the whole region, turning villas and palaces, like stubble, into its mighty furrow. And so it was; for here the earthquake and the volcano have been; and here were the villas, palaces, pleasure grounds, and baths of the early Roman emperors and their most distinguished subjects. The old Romans chose these shores as the seats of relaxation and enjoyment; Cicero had a villa upon the bay, just below Pozzuoli. I stood upon the site of it to-day; I heard the same wave break upon the shore that he heard; I stood beneath the precise point of the heavens where he stood; but now, time, and flood, and fire, have set such marks of desolation upon this whole shore, as would make the heart

sink to behold, even if they had not written destruction upon the very glory of the ancient world.

January 29.—I must take leave to be very statistical on two or three topics on which it would be very easy to be sentimental and romantic.

VESUVIUS.—The ascent, a part of it, is over fields of lava, black, rough, desolate, without a spire of grass, or a shrub, or anything that breathes of life. It is a stern and awful spectacle of destruction; it makes one's very nerves grow rigid to look upon it. The lava appears in every form—in streams, in ridges, and in shapeless masses—just as it was left by the tremendous element. I ascended to the highest point—the edge of the crater—sat down upon the very margin of the fiery cauldron, where, however, there was no fire now, but from the bottom of which there were several eruptions while I sat there, attended with a huge roaring almost as loud as thunder, and sending up showers of sand and stones, and shaking the earth on which I sat with very distinct *tremblemens de terre*. The guide took me to two places on the side of the mountain, where were openings, two feet in diameter, into the molten and fiery mass of lava. It was really fearful to look down into it. There it was, within two or three feet of you, a mass like molten iron, flowing down the side of the mountain; and yourself separated by a crust of lava, not more than a foot thick, perhaps, from the tremendous fires of Vesuvius!—fires that you had read of with a sort of dread and horror, at the distance of four thousand miles from them; fires that were burning, for aught you knew, to the centre of the earth. And here you stand directly over them, and feel their heat burning your very cheek! There was another opening where the hissing was so loud and sharp that I could hardly stand by it. Smoke ascended from various points around us; and the smell of the gas that escaped from these places was extremely pungent, and almost suffocating. It seemed as if it cut the very lungs, it was so sharp. For my part, I was glad to get down; and felt as if it were almost a tempting of Providence to be there, from motives of mere curiosity.

I understand, this evening, that since I was there, the lava has overflowed a part of the very path on which I went up; and that the celebrated guide Salvatore has given notice, that it is not safe at this moment to attempt the mountain at all. If so, the moment of my going up was fortunate. I observe this evening, that the stream of lava is brighter and more distinct than I have seen it any evening before. It is, indeed, and without any exaggeration, a river of fire, flowing down, for the distance of a mile or two, from the top of the mountain.

HERCULANEUM.—I went down a very long flight of modern steps before I reached the passages that lead to the theatre of Herculaneum, the only part that remains excavated. It was strange, indeed, in this subterranean theatre, once the place of concourse, and the seat of pleasure, to hear the roll of carriages far above, in the streets of a new village. Now all was dark and silent here, save what light our candles gave, and the formal and hackneyed sentences of the cicerone, as he pointed out the various localities. As the villages of Portici and Resina are built over Herculaneum, the excavations cannot proceed.

POMPEII.—You have a strange feeling in walking through Pompeii, as if you were admitted into a kind of sanctuary. For seventeen hundred years, it was hidden from the sight, and almost from the knowledge

of the world; there was a veil of mystery upon it, thick almost as that which Vesuvius spread over its dwellings, in the dark and fearful day of their overthrow. They are now opened afresh to the eyes of the world, and it seems as if one were admitted to the knowledge of some secret, in being allowed to cross their thresholds. I was permitted, by the politeness of the superintendent, procured by a letter of Mr. St. Angelo of Naples, to enter a room where the excavations were going forward. A part of a flute was thrown out while I was there; and a small fresco painting of a tiger on the wall was unveiled. The last time it was seen was nearly two thousand years ago; the eye that last looked upon it was that of the affrighted occupant of this dwelling; the next—moment, I was about saying—in which it is seen, is to-day; and the next person who sees it, is myself. It seems as if that man were but a step from me; as if a thousand years were, indeed, but a day.

There is an amphitheatre here, a large forum, several temples, and many fine houses. One of Cicero's favourite villas was here. Near it, at the house of Diomed, I completed my two hours' walk, and in Diomed's garden, beneath the portico that surrounded it, I sat down and ate the dinner I had brought with me—a glass of excellent Falernian wine assisting at once my philosophic and my physical man—my meditation upon the past, and enjoyment of the present time.

THE ALBERGO DEI POVERI is a vast establishment in Naples, which ought not to be called a poor-house, but an immense manufactory and school for the poor—for that is its character. The building is fifteen hundred feet in front; and has at present more than six thousand inmates. Everything is neat and in fine order. The military system in which the boys are trained, serves at once for recreation and exercise. This establishment speaks well, and promises well, for the Neapolitan state: *speaks* well, I ought, perhaps, to say, for the minister of the interior, Mr. St. Angelo, for it falls under his department, and owes its present improved condition, I understand, to him.

THE TOMB OF VIRGIL.—On the very edge of the grotto of Pausilippo, in what must have been, before that grotto or road was cut through the hill of Pausilippo, a deep and wild glen upon the hill—looking out upon the bay of Naples, and commanding a view of the city, stands the small, circular mound of brick, the only remaining portion of the tomb of Virgil. It is a rural and romantic spot, fitly chosen to hold the ashes of him who “sung of herds and fields.” No one, with a schoolboy's recollection, and with the least faith in the identity of the spot, could stand there without emotion. Virgil, among the Roman writers, is pre-eminently the classic father. Cicero we admire as the great man, orator, and philosopher. Horace was a writer more astute and keen-witted, of a genius more racy and original, than the poet of Mantua. It is perhaps for this very reason, because everything is so moderate, mild, and gentle, in this great master of our early discipline, that I stood, with an almost indescribable feeling—as if I had been a son—upon the tomb of Virgil.

CHURCHES IN NAPLES.—San Martino—a perfect bijou—the very counterpart of St. Peter's at Rome—really not less splendid—with a number of fine paintings by Spagnoletti, but especially with such a profusion of fine work in marble, as I never saw in an equal compass—with such a floor of tessellated marble as I never saw anywhere. Gesu

Nuovo, very rich and beautiful in its way. S. Gennaro, the cathedral; with a great number of silver shrines and images. In the Capella di S. Severo, are the two celebrated veiled statues—one of Modesty, another of the dead Christ—amazingly fine. You could scarcely believe that the veil was marble.

THE CARNIVAL.—To-day I rode through the Toledo and the Strada Nova, a distance of two miles, in a line with hundreds of carriages, and amidst probably not less than one hundred thousand people in the streets and balconies of the houses. Masks are common on these occasions, and indeed convenient; for the amusement consists in pelting one another with sugar-plums, and little balls of plaster and lime, made to resemble sugar-plums. It is rather a poor and common-place way of making merry, though the king himself takes part in it. Nevertheless, the whole thing is quite amusing; perhaps the more so, because it is being amused with nothing. At any rate, I partook of the sport, and enjoyed the spectacle highly; and our party came back to the Crocelle, looking as if we had come out of a flour mill.

For a parting word of the Neapolitans, I will say that their beggars are the most importunate; their cheaters—and they are everybody you deal with—are the most unconscionable and persevering; and their population apparently the most idle, gay, and joyous, that I have seen in Europe.

On the thirty-first of January, I left Naples for Marseilles, by steam-boat, stopping at the following places:—

CIVITA VECCHIA—of which nothing is to be said but that it answers the purpose of a seaport to Rome.

LEGHORN—is a well-built, good-looking city, with a better dressed and neater population than is seen in most of the Italian cities.

PISA—to which we made an excursion from Leghorn, and passed a night there. The leaning tower is a very striking object. It is one hundred and ninety feet high, and declines from the perpendicular thirteen feet. As to the question whether this deviation from the perpendicular is owing to design or accident, I judged, from looking at it, that when it was raised to half the height, the leaning took place from the insufficiency of the foundation, and then that the remainder was built with reference to the leaning. For the deviation from the perpendicular is much less in the upper half; while the appearance at the base shows that the depression there was accidental. The cathedral, of which the leaning tower is the campanile, or belfry tower, is a grand old pile, with a profusion of paintings of no great value. The Campo Santo is a sort of cemetery, a repository of old sarcophagi, &c.; but was built for the particular purpose of enclosing a portion of sacred earth which was brought from Mount Calvary in Jerusalem, in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion. The sacred soil was to me the most interesting thing here; though the building, with its interior range of Gothic arcades, is fine too.

Before reaching Leghorn—not many miles from the port—we passed the island of Elba, and saw Corsica in the distance.

GENOA—gives no idea of what it is, from the harbour, for it seems to be jammed down under the surrounding hills, and looks meanly—but it is a city of palaces. A large proportion of the streets, however, are not more than eight or ten feet wide, which makes the whole city a

grand curiosity. We went through four or five palaces. They are not rich in paintings. The Serra Palace, however, has one of the richest rooms in Europe. The only very fine, first-rate painting I saw in Genoa, is Giulio Romano's *Martyrdom of Stephen*, in the church of St. Stephen. It was designed by Raphael, and the upper part, it is said, was painted by him. But the impressive part is Giulio Romano's — St. Stephen, his murderers, and Saul who "kept the clothes of them that stoned him," and whose countenance is clothed with a fine air of eagerness and confidence, without malignity—all of which is very characteristic of him "who verily thought that he ought to do many things against the name of Jesus." The glory of the picture, however, is the face of Stephen, as he "looks steadfastly up into heaven, and beholds Jesus standing on the right hand of God." There is such an union of tenderness, and pity, and triumph, and rapture in his countenance, as cannot be beheld without strong emotion; and I lingered before the picture as long as I could.

In taking leave of it, I felt as if the last glory of Italy were fading from my sight; yet I also beheld it die away, in the beams of the setting sun, upon the hills between Genoa and Nice, as we sailed along the Mediterranean shore. I was certainly not unwilling to leave Italy; yet I could not altogether help mingling sighs with my adieus to the land of so many treasures in art, of so many glorious recollections, yet, alas! of so much depression, poverty, misery, misrule, and despotism. Twelve separate governments, as absolute as any that ever existed in the world, are so many wheels of torture to poor Italy; while the great wheel of Austrian despotism grinds everything, government and people alike, into the dust. It is some comfort that the indignation against this system is universal. With whomsoever I have talked, marquis, count, scholar, priest, man of business, courier, or servant—and I have talked with one or more of each of these classes—each and all have expressed, and that very openly too, but one feeling. There is a point beyond which human nature, even degraded as it is in Italy, will not suffer, and the day of retribution must yet come; and when it does come, it will probably rise in clouds and set in blood. This would have come to pass before now, if the people had any confidence in each other—confidence enough to concert and carry on a conspiracy—but the moral degradation of Italy is also her thralldom.

Italy is the native land of the fine arts, and their present home; I might better say, perhaps, their prison. For nothing but the bolts and bars of state restriction prevents its treasures of art from departing for wealthier countries. In every considerable city, there is a commission appointed by the government, without whose consent no painting or statue can leave Italy; and with regard to the *chef d'œuvres* of art, this consent is quite out of the question. Indeed, the permission, in the present state of the country, would be thought, and would be in fact, suicidal. For the cities of Italy live upon strangers, and strangers would not come, if there were nothing to see. The climate, ruins, recollections, would draw some, indeed, but the number would be greatly diminished.

Would that Italy might consent, or could afford—as she will in better days—to part with some of her treasures; for then might we expect to see in America, pictures and statues from the hands of the

great masters. Or even if the pope would consent to farm out, to an American or English company, a part of the Campagna, or the bed of the Tiber, to dig for statues, we might have, I doubt not, *one* noble gallery at least, in each country.

It is often said, that the arts cannot flourish in a republic; and this is said, in the face of such examples as Athens and Republican Rome. But why can they not? I ask. Want of patronage is the reason usually assigned, but to this reason there are two material exceptions to be taken. In the first place, the arts may find patronage in the general spirit of a country, as well as in royal or princely revenues. Let there be intelligence and refinement among any people, and the patronage of the arts must follow. And is it not safer thus to trust the encouragement of the arts to the intelligence and free competition of a whole people, than to a few individuals, kings, or princes, who, if they have often fostered genius, have sometimes cramped and enslaved it? Would not a generous artist rather take an intelligent people for his patron, than a king? May not the fine arts, in this respect, be safely and advantageously subjected to the same ordeal as literature. We have wealth enough, we have intelligence in America, and I am willing to rely upon these for the inevitable consequence. But in the next place, I would not trust patronage alone for the prosperity of the arts. I should place more reliance upon the genius of a people. Nothing could repress such a development among a people like the Athenians; nothing could elicit it among barbarians. Our country has already works to show, which may vie, I will venture to say, with any contemporaneous works of English art. The landscapes of Cole persuade us that the days of Claude may come back again. In Mount and Durand, as painters of grotesque and common life, we have artists that enable us to look at the works of Teniers and Wilkie without despair or discouragement. I doubt whether the best portrait painters among us, now that Sir Thomas Lawrence is gone, are excelled anywhere in the world. Page and Flagg are very young artists, but full of promise. Allston has already a fame in Europe, and the public are anxiously waiting for a production from him in the department of historical painting, which will give us something to quote in this loftiest department of the art. Greenough, too, we claim as an American artist; and I wish there might be presented to him, by more influential voices than mine, the benefit he might confer on his country by coming and living among us. If he would open a studio of sculpture in Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, it could not fail to have a decided effect upon the public taste.

It would be sad, indeed, if the allegation were true, that the arts could not flourish in a republic; for it is precisely there that they are wanted to complete the system of social influences.

It is a mistake into which novices fall, to suppose that the arts are unfavourable to morality. The truth is, that all this is conventional; and however a gallery of pictures or statues may strike the unaccustomed eye, it all soon comes to be regarded as indifferently as the varieties of costume in the living person. In fact, the fine arts have usually been the handmaids of virtue and religion. More than half of the great paintings in the world are illustrative of religious subjects; and embracing mythology in this account, more than half of the statues are of the same character. And to refer to kindred arts—ar-

chitecture, too, has built its noblest structures for religion, and music has composed its sublimest strains for the sanctuary. Genius, indeed—that inspiration from heaven—has always shown its descent from above, by this direction of its labours.

The introduction of the arts into our country, then, is not to be dreaded on the score of morality. Is it not on every account greatly to be desired? The most material deficiency among us, perhaps—next to the want of virtue—is likely to be the want of refinement. There is need among us of objects that kindle up admiration and enthusiasm, that awaken the sense of delight and wonder, that break up the habits of petty calculation and sordid interest, and breathe a liberal and generous soul into the people; and this need the arts would supply.

Again; it is too truly said, that we are a people devoted to gain, that utility is the grand law, and wealth the grand distinction here; and that neither the law nor the distinction is lofty enough to train up a great people. I object not to utility as a *rule* of action—but I object to the common construction of the rule. That is not useful alone, which conduces to immediate comfort; that is as truly so, which conduces to general culture and refinement. So that a fine painting, or statue, or building, is as truly useful as a canal, a railroad, or a ship.

It is said, moreover, that our political and nominal equality—literal and actual equality it cannot be, though foreign writers are continually confounding them—that our equality, such as it is, tends to bring down our whole people to the level of the lowest; that it is the parent, not of improvement, but only of pretension and of self-complacency; and, in fine, that under all these influences, the lofty enthusiasm of the people is degenerating—that the beau ideal, the beautiful, and the sublime, are sinking under the weight of the practical, the popular, and the vulgar.

If I were discussing these points fully, I certainly should argue against the unqualified charges in question. And yet I should, and I do confess, that there are dangers in these respects, which urge upon us the importance of setting up every antagonist principle that we can find in education, literature, and the arts. In this view, the almost exclusive direction of expenditure in our cities, to purposes of fashionable display, is extremely to be regretted. It is not of the extent of the expenditure, but of its tendencies, that I complain. I rejoice that our citizens have superfluous millions to expend, and that they are disposed to expend, rather than to hoard them. If we are a people eager for gain, though I have no doubt that this national trait is exaggerated, yet it cannot be denied that we are equally willing to scatter abroad the fruits of our industry. Meanness, certainly, is not one of our national vices. If we talk much about dollars, though really I cannot, in this respect, see much difference between us and other nations, except in the value of the catch-word coin—“*un sous*” in France, “*un paolo*” in Italy, “a shilling” in England, being about as conspicuous in conversation as “a dollar” with us—yet if this unlucky word does roll with such provoking facility from our lips, where, I should like to know, does the thing itself roll so freely from the hand, as in America? Pity it is—for I care more for improvement at home than reputation abroad—that something more of this boundless profusion of expense could not

be diverted from its present course, to the encouragement of the arts! The dresses of a fashionable American lady, for a single year, would place a beautiful painting on her parlour wall, which would contribute to the improvement and pleasure of herself and her friends for life—while her dresses contribute to nobody's improvement or pleasure, but her milliners and mantua-makers. The piles and pyramids of confectionary stuff that are placed, in the course of a year upon a single table, might buy a statue.* One half of that which is now expended in some of our cities for ephemeral superfluities might, in a quarter of a century, fill them with statues and paintings: neither would that deduction diminish anything from the true grace, elegance, and happiness of life. Then might we have something for a visitor to see in our cities, besides a great mass of brick houses. It is really mortifying to find, on such an occasion, how little one has to show his friend from a foreign country, or from a distant part of his own. Would that some Girard among us might think of founding a gallery of the arts! And what a benefit might any man of wealth, however moderate, confer on society, if, instead of filling his house with splendid furniture, and entertainments, he should leave all that to the regulation of a decorous and dignified simplicity, and fill his house with objects that would give a thousand times more pleasure to every visiter, who is not a blockhead; and would contribute, at the same time, to the so much needed improvement and refinement of the whole country! Why may not our academies of arts in the various cities undertake to establish permanent galleries, and successfully make an appeal to our citizens to aid them? Grant that the beginning were discouraging, and the accumulation slow. Everything must have a beginning; and a good enterprise had better proceed slowly, than proceed not at all. The bare fact, too, that there is a permanent depository for the preservation of the works of art, would naturally invite and induce the gift or bequest of such works.

In this connexion, I cannot help offering one suggestion, for which I am indebted to a gentleman of distinguished taste, that deserves, as it seems to me, the attention of religious congregations. They are already existing combinations for religious improvement. They are able, without burdening any individual, to place good paintings in all their churches. Suppose—and this is the suggestion—that any congregation should commence the undertaking, by a collection in the church, or by individual subscriptions, and when a sufficient sum is obtained to defray the expense of a painting, let the purchase be made by a judicious committee appointed for that purpose. By such a plan as this for successive acquisitions, carried on from generation to generation, the country might at length be filled with the finest productions of the

* Speaking of statues, the human body is a living statue, whose beauty and proportion were as much designed to be admired as those of marble. What would be thought of a marble statue, if its costume were made to resemble that of one of our modern fine ladies? A fashionable woman may dress for one half the expense she now does, may be twice as agreeable in person to her husband and everybody else, may have less care about her wardrobe, and more health and more comfort every way—and why does she not? Because she dare not resist the French milliner! Is this a matter too trifling to notice? It ruins thousands; it makes tens of thousands unhappy—goading fashion and business alike to excess and bondage; it causes the improvement of hundreds of thousands to be neglected.

pencil. Our own artists would immediately feel the stimulus of the call, and the contributions of genius abroad would be brought within our reach. The effect upon the public taste could not fail to be great and striking. The effect upon devotion would be no less salutary. Painting is a language, as truly as that which is heard from the pulpit. Whose mind would not be touched and elevated, if, as he took his seat in church, and waited a few moments, perhaps, for the service — better so than the service should wait for him — he could fix his eye upon some Scripture scene living upon the canvass — upon some saint, rapt and entranced in heavenly contemplation, or upon some noble martyr, triumphing through faith over the agonies of death? The silent walls would then teach us. We should worship, as it were, amidst the innumerable company of saints and angels; the shadowy forms of the venerated dead would seem to hover around our altars; and we should meditate and pray amidst the opening visions of heaven.

Let it not be thought sacrilegious to speak thus of adorning the temples of religion. Let the devout man look around him. Where will he find pictures to equal in splendour those which are painted on the dome of heaven; which are hung on pillared cloud and mountain wall, all around this mighty temple of the universe? Nor let it be thought that among the means of a nation's improvement, influences of this character are beneath attention. The system of things in which heaven has placed us, is not confined to palpable and immediate utility. "What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?" is the cry of a *barbarous* people and a *worldly* generation. It would be indeed an intolerable reproach upon a civilized people, to say that it had no tastes, but what comfortable houses, crowded granaries, and stored cellars could supply. And nature, indeed, has as truly made provision for the culture of enthusiasm, refinement of taste, and delicacy of sentiment, as it has for the supply of our physical necessities. The Author of nature has shown that it was not beneath *his* care to provide for the gratification of sentiments, precisely similar to those which are addressed by the arts. The world, composed of hill and dale, mountain and valley, not one boundless ploughed field to yield food; dressed in gay and bright liveries, not in one sober-suited colour; filled with the music of its streams and groves, not doomed to endless monotony or everlasting silence; such a world, the dwelling-place of nations, the school of their discipline, the temple of their worship, plainly shows that they were not destined to be pupils of cold and stern utility alone, but of many and diversified influences; of gracefulness, of elegance, of beneficence, beauty, and sublimity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FRANCE — MARSEILLES — AVIGNON — LYONS — THE DILIGENCE — PARIS — VERSAILLES — PÈRE LA CHAISE — GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES, LUXEMBOURG, ETC. HELLS OF PARIS — SEVRES — GOBELIN TAPESTRY — ST. CLOUD — SUBJECT OF RECREATIONS.

MARSEILLES.—On the sixth of February I arrived here on my way to Paris. This is a large commercial city, well built, and with a good many fine public walks planted with trees; yet, on the whole, I do not find occasion to dissent from the remark of a gentleman, on whom I called, "that for one coming from Italy and going to Paris, there is nothing in Marseilles."

LYONS, *February 12.*—La belle France! La belle France!—poor Mary of Scotland's frequent exclamation—has created in all travellers such an expectation about this country, that I have heard many express the greatest disappointment, who have passed from Marseilles to Paris. This has prepared me to be disappointed the other way. The valley of the Rhone through which I have travelled a hundred and fifty miles from Avignon, is a fine country, and in the proper season must be beautiful. I cannot say this of the villages, which, like all French villages, and all others that I have seen on the Continent, are miserable. How is society to be regenerated, till people are more comfortable and more happy than they can be, in the cold, dark, dirty, unfloored, and comfortless houses which compose these villages—where the inhabitants are wedged in together, in close barricades of buildings, with narrow, damp, filthy streets, and everything, one would think, to make them sick of life—everything to preclude them from having any just ideas, any just philosophy of life: and by everything I mean ignorance, poverty, misery, toil without relief, and existence without object!

At Avignon I visited the tomb of Laura, the object of Petrarch's unfortunate passion. This was all I could do, though the guide book says that "every traveller of taste and sensibility will spend a day here to visit the neighbouring vale of Vaucluse"—Petrarch's residence—but I had objects more attractive to me, in the shape of some parcels of letters a month old, at Paris; and so consented to pass on, though passing for a traveller of no taste or sensibility. Laura's remains were interred in a church at Avignon, which was destroyed in the Revolution—some fine Gothic remains of which are still standing; and the spot—the immediate place of the tomb—is designated by a cluster of cypress trees. Fit emblem! and yet, how do the sympathies of mankind cluster around every instance of absorbing passion, fortunate or unfortunate!

At Lyons I have visited the old Gothic cathedral—and glad am I to see the Gothic architecture again—there is nothing like it for impressiveness in churches. I have been to the silk manufactories also; that of velvet is very curious; for the rest, they are very much like the cotton factories. From the heights of the city, there is a fine view of the neighbouring valley of the Rhone.

This, I believe, is the last day of the carnival here. The streets are filled with people. Masked processions, with music, are passing in various quarters; madcap-looking fellows in masks are running about with troops of boys at their heels; necromancers and sleight-of-hand rogues are collecting circles around them, in the public squares; and so the day passes. These spectacles constantly suggest to me questions on the subject of popular recreations. So they be innocent, they must be desirable for any people. These are apparently innocent enough in all conscience; but I doubt whether the people of America would be satisfied with things so trifling.

PARIS, *February 16.*—Let any invalid traveller, coming from the south of Europe to Paris at this season of the year, look well to his wardrobe. I have literally doubled every article of my wearing apparel on the way from Marseilles, and yet have suffered with the cold.

All the modes of public conveyance on the Continent of Europe, except the French *malle poste*, are extremely disagreeable. The *Italian vetturino* drives the same horses, day after day; and wishing to spare his cattle by stopping two or three hours at noon, he gets you up an hour before day-break, and, when he is not afraid of robbers, drives you quite into the evening. "Well," you say with yourself, while you are yawning and groaning through your hasty toilet in the morning, "take courage; this tedious journey will be the sooner over." But, alas! here you reckon without your host—your *vetturino*; for the misery of the thing is, that after all this ado, you only get twenty-five or thirty miles a day. The *French diligence*, in many cases, indeed, drives post—that is, has relays of horses—but the trouble here is, that you drive on, on, on, day and night, night and day, till you reach your journey's end. You stop for nothing but to eat, and not very often for that; only twice, sometimes but once, in twenty-four hours. Meanwhile, things go on very sadly, both with your outward and inner man. Your beard is unshaved, your hair is uncombed, your face is unwashed; your boots want blacking, your clothes want brushing, your collar shrinks down ashamed behind your cravat; your very senses gradually lose "touch and time;" your fingers grow clumsy, your legs stiff, your feet strange to you; and you feel a sort of curiosity, when you pull off your boots, to see those old acquaintances again. Moreover, the man's wits get into very perilous disorder. He holds strange colloquies with himself about matter and spirit, waking and sleeping, thinking and dreaming; the boundaries of thought seem to have become shadowy and uncertain. "Is it fancy, or is it fact?" he says, as some strange imagination flits before him, in the twilight of a half-slumbering half-waking consciousness. At length, on the third or fourth morning, he stumbles out of the diligence, scarcely knowing what is left of him, or what planet he has lighted upon.

PARIS, somebody says, is a place where there is no human want, but it can be supplied. I had a grateful proof of this, two minutes after I got out of the diligence, in the cold grey dawn of the morning, fatigued, chilled, and comfortless. As I stepped along the side-walk, while they took down the luggage, a man accosted me, and said, in French, "Do you want anything?"—"Do I want anything!" I answered: "yes, I want everything: I want a chamber; I want a fire; I want some *café au lait*, and breakfast."—"There," he replied, pointing to a door not

six feet off—"there, monsieur! you can have them." And, to be sure—returning for my baggage—in ten minutes I was in a neat chamber by a comfortable fire, and in ten more, *café au lait*, accompanied by bread and butter, was smoking on my table.

February 22.—I have ridden out to Versailles to-day—a palace and a city—the city built for the palace; and it once contained one hundred thousand inhabitants. All this was the work of Louis XIV. who expended immense and untold sums of money here—sums for which, with other follies, his successors have been called to a bitter reckoning. Yes, it was from this palace that Louis XVI. was dragged to the guillotine in Paris. It was on a low balcony of this palace, that Maria Antoinette came forth with her children, that the spectacle of their helplessness might appease the infuriated multitude below; and which did turn their fickle hearts, for a moment, towards this beautiful representative of female loveliness and fallen royalty. I confess that this, to me, was the most interesting spot about the palace. Into the palace, however, I did not gain admittance. Two or three rooms are now being put into the condition in which they were left by Louis XVI. and for the time the palace is shut. We went over the immense park, however, and visited the two smaller palaces—the Great and Little Trianon. The Little Trianon was at times the residence of Josephine; her sleeping chamber, and the bed of her own arranging, were shown to us. This, again, was a point of interest; for Josephine was not less lovely than Maria Antoinette, and her misfortunes were scarcely less—divorce, to her, being an evil as great, probably, as death was to her predecessor in the occupancy of this royal lodge. For this was a favourite spot, too, with Maria Antoinette. The garden, which, with its hills, rocks, lakes, and streams, is altogether an artificial work, was laid out under her direction. There are three or four Swiss cottages in it; and here, the *conducteur* over the grounds told us, that Louis XVI. his queen, and their children, used sometimes to enact the part of Swiss peasants, selling milk and cheese, and giving *fêtes champêtres* to one another—and envying, perhaps, in their hearts, the simplicity of a pastoral life.

February 23.—This morning being Sunday, I determined to go and meditate among the tombs. I went, that is to say, and as you will anticipate, to the celebrated Père la Chaise, the great cemetery of Paris, lying on the east side of the city. My anticipations of all that can be interesting, romantic, appropriate, and attractive in such a spot, scarcely knew any bounds, and I must say that I was disappointed. The ground chosen has not near the capabilities of our "sweet Auburn," being a single hill or ridge of land, and it does not seem to me to be laid out with any remarkable taste. There is no natural growth of trees upon it; trees, indeed, are planted along the principal avenues; but the place is almost entirely covered with a plantation of sickly-looking larches, or some other evergreen resembling it—for they are not cypresses, as they ought to be; they are not fir trees; they are not any trees; but mere shrubs of a uniform aspect, eight or ten feet high, that look as if they would never grow higher. But the greatest objection I felt, was to the crowded aspect of the place. The tombs are so near together, that there is scarcely space for anything picturesque; and the bad effect of this arrangement is increased by the little square palings

or fences by which many of the graves are surrounded, and between which the passages are so narrow, that you can scarcely walk through them. There are monuments, indeed, which have more space, but still they have not space enough. The *position* of this spot is indeed striking, for it overlooks Paris. You look from the city of the dead, directly down upon the city of the living; from the midst of monitory emblems and marble silence, upon a city of pleasures and vanities; the gayest and the most vicious, probably, in the world.

As you go up to the cemetery, the street by which you ascend becomes, on the approach to it, almost filled with shops, for the sale either of marble monuments, or of those little chaplets of amaranthine flowers, of which you have so often heard. I saw many buying and others bearing those offerings of remembrance to the tombs of their friends. Of their friends, I say; yet it was striking to observe that the tomb of Abelard and Eloise—the finest, by the bye, in the cemetery—was loaded with more of these offerings than any other; such is the testimony of human nature to its affections, wild and wayward as those affections may have been.

On coming from Père la Chaise, I passed through the garden of the Tuileries. Nothing in Paris has astonished and delighted me more than the magnitude, and in that respect the magnificence of its public gardens and promenades. The garden of the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, lying contiguous to it, or separated only by the Place of Concord—stretching along the Seine westward from the palace of the Tuileries—these gardens together contain not less than a hundred and forty acres—a hundred and forty acres of pleasure grounds, thrown into public walks, and planted with trees, in the very heart of Paris! Nor is this all. There are other public places—the garden of the Luxembourg—the esplanade in front of the Hospital of Invalids, and the Champ de Mars—almost as large. These places are all crowded on Sunday afternoon; and when I came through the garden of the Tuileries to-day, and paused to gaze upon the spectacle, I did not know whether to think it more beautiful or sublime. The whole space of the gardens was almost literally filled. Tens of thousands of people were walking here—well dressed, cheerful, well behaved, quiet—nobody speaking above the drawing-room tone, which in Paris is very low—family groups, parents and children, old and young—and all seeming to enjoy enough in the bare walk and conversation; all, unless it were the children, who would run around their parents, pursuing one another in sportive circles. Surely it was beautiful—every separate group was so: but when I looked abroad upon the countless, mighty, moving multitude, it seemed to me sublime. All the other public places, I was told, were just as much crowded; and, indeed, I saw the Luxembourg, and found it so. Our people in America know nothing of enjoying out-of-door recreations, as the people of Europe do.

February 25.—It is unfortunate for me that the Louvre is shut up, but there is a fine gallery of paintings at the Luxembourg, in which I have spent two or three hours. There are three capital pieces of Guérin: Cain, with his Wife and Children; the wife is exquisitely done; it is the policy, so to speak, of poetry and the arts, to make her beautiful, as it enhances, by contrast, the atrocity of Cain's deed. Also a Phædra and Hippolytus, very great: and Marius, escaped from

the persecutions of Sylla, and on returning home, finding his wife dead. But I cannot enter into details. Guerin was, I think, a great man.

I have visited, to know for myself what they are, the *hells* of Paris. These are the great gambling-houses. The thing that struck me most in them, was the apparent absence of everything like what the name imports. The scene is marked with entire decorum and modesty in the air of the women, and composure and gravity on the part of the men; and yet the company consists of the most vicious persons of both sexes. So far is this decorum carried at Frascati's, that servants were in attendance in the antechamber, who took our hats, over-coats, and over-shoes, as if we were to enter an ordinary party. This was to me the most instructive feature of the scene: for after all, I suppose it is true, that hell is not found so much in physical horrors, in lurid flames and frightful countenances, as in smooth-faced, decorous wickedness; not so much in groans, and shrieks, and imprecations perhaps, as in soft words and fair pretensions. In short, where hell is, does not appear to the outward eye, and, perhaps, it never will. But who, from the silent depths of the soul, with the eye all spiritual, has not perceived things worse than any outward form can show, or scene exhibit, or words express?

Sevres is the seat of the celebrated manufactory of Sevres porcelain. By the aid of a private letter of introduction to Mr. Brongiart, the superintendent of the establishment, we were permitted to go over the whole of it. I cannot enter into any minute description. Suffice it to say, that the porcelain clay—it is mixed, by the bye, with some substance which is a secret—is a most ductile substance—is moulded into its various forms by the hand—is baked with extreme attention and care—is painted with peculiar metallic paints, dissolved in spirits of turpentine—is painted exquisitely—with as much labour and talent as any other painting can be—and the result, such beauty that I have scarcely admired anything in Europe so much. It is said that a fusion of the metallic paint takes place in the process of baking, so that there is a softness in the picture that no touch of the pencil can give.

With the Sevres establishment I must connect the Gobelin manufactory of tapestry, which I went to see to-day. They are both, *en passant*, royal establishments, and the products are too expensive for almost any but royal revenues. If I was delighted at Sevres, I was *astonished* out of measure at the Gobelins. Here is tapestry—worsted and silk—so woven, wrought, or what you please—it is not woven exactly, the process is something between embroidering and knitting—here it is, so perfect a copy of painting, that at the first glance you would scarcely know the difference. The artist—for so he deserves to be called, rather than a workman—has the painting to be copied, behind him, and the warp stretched before him; and into this warp—looking back every moment at the painting—he contrives to insert his various-coloured threads so exactly, as to produce the amazing result of which I tell you.

Of St. Cloud—which I have passed by a moment, to speak of the Gobelin manufactory—I have not much to say. It is a beautiful palace, six miles west from Paris, commanding a fine view of the metropolis and surrounding country. It is of moderate size, furnished, and in the summer much resorted to by the royal family. St. Cloud

was the favourite residence of Bonaparte. As we came out of the palace, two swans in a large basin of water, swimming, and with their wings lifted, to be borne on by the breeze, attracted our attention—demanded it, indeed, for they directed their course towards us, and came to our very feet. The plumage is far more beautiful than I had supposed. A swan is a very different thing from a large goose with a long neck.

My last sentence is rather an odd sort of leave to take of Paris, and so I will add a sentence more appropriate to its character—for Paris is like anything but a swan in a pond. The grand characteristic of this metropolis is, in short, its boundless ministration to the public entertainment. Its unequalled public gardens and walks; its numerous theatres; its innumerable cafés and restaurants; its perpetual concerts, balls, &c. are all of this nature.

But let me detain the reader a little on leaving Paris, with some thoughts on the subject of recreation, that often presented themselves to my mind amidst the scenes which I have witnessed on the Continent. It is a subject which among us in America, seems to need something more than a passing comment; which needs, indeed, a more thorough discussion than I can pretend here to give it.

There are other things, indeed, belonging to this life, and constituting the largest portion of it. There are grave duties and serious tasks. There are the toils of industry, the calculations of business, the cares that spring from the domestic relations. There are hard studies; or that no less intense energy of mind that is required to meet those trials of virtue, or those assaults of calamity, which, in one form or another, it is the fate of life continually to encounter. But Heaven has not ordained, man cannot endure, perpetual application either of the bodily or mental powers. Amusement, and the cultivation of taste—the indulgence of our natural sensibility to what is beautiful in form, delightful in sound, and graceful in motion—was as truly designed to have its place in life, as labour or study.

That a plan of life embracing these objects is accordant with Heaven's wisdom, is evident from its own express and recorded example. When the Supreme Being chose a people to be his peculiar care, he did not limit his wise supervision of their affairs to the purpose of making them an industrious, comfortable, and wealthy people; but he added recreations and embellishments to life.

The Jewish feasts, festivals, or holidays, let it be remembered, were of divine appointment. They were numerous, also, compared with our Protestant indulgences of this kind; being eighteen festivals in the course of the year, and some of them continuing for several days. They were occasions for devotion, indeed, but also for business—answering the purpose of the great European fairs; for mutual and friendly intercourse among the tribes; and for feasting, music, and dancing. "The harp and the viol, the tabret and the pipe, and wine, were in their festivals;" and Miriam and the daughters of Shiloh, the beautiful ones of the land, led forth their dances.

The expediency of such intervals for recreation has been acknowledged and acted upon by all nations, and we are the first that have seemed to doubt it. Labour grows wearisome, and life grows dull without amusement. The general health, the physical energy of a

people, demand seasons of relaxation. It is an observation of philosophers and physicians, and it is too obvious, indeed, to need their authority, that, in proportion as public sports and games die out among a people, it loses flexibility of nerve, strength of muscle, and the power of adaptation to the various emergencies of war, danger, and difficulty, such as life is continually throwing in our path. And the mind, in like manner, is liable to become too rigid and contracted in the perpetual effort to grasp the same objects, the same studies. It is liable to want flexibility, to want expansion. It is likely to become the residence of low conceit, of rooted prejudice, of a stern creed and a sour bigotry.

If these general observations are just, they certainly do not lose any of their propriety in application to us. We are said to be a people, more eagerly than any other in the world, devoted to the accumulation of property. We are charged, also, with what is called a republican tendency to vulgarity of habits, and manners, and ways of thinking. It is intimated that everything wants freedom and expansion among us, but our good opinion of ourselves; that our mind, our manners, and our very speech, are pressed down and contracted under some weight, either of general example or public opinion; and something, I confess, has occurred to narrow and flatten our national *speech* and *tone* from the force and fullness of the noble English dialect. And as to the asperity both of political and religious disputes, the bondage of prejudice, and the bitterness of party spirit, it is common to acknowledge that we have quite enough of them among us.

I confess, at any rate, that I so far yield to the truth of these allegations and admissions, as to think it desirable that more cheerfulness, more liberality, more freedom of mind from the anxieties of business, and a more expansive social feeling, should be introduced into our national character. This expansion of social feeling we are particularly liable to want. The tendencies of society among us are to excessive private and domestic ambition, to reserve, jealousy, and distrust. Seasons of public amusement, in which all classes engaged, would tend to break up social clanships, and to soothe angry collisions. It has been said that the holiday sports of the old time are dying out in England; partly from the prevalence of a more jealous and aristocratic spirit in the upper classes. So long as those classes were fenced around with exclusive and undisputed titles to respect, they had no fear of compromising their dignity by mixing freely with the people and with their pleasures. But as these imprescriptible titles are falling before the march of modern reform, their possessors are surrounding themselves with other barriers; and the strongest barrier they could seek, is found in the reserve of their manners. The same causes are at work in this country, and they work in absolute freedom from all the modifying influences of hereditary rank and entailed estates. A distinguished writer abroad once said, in conversation, "You, in America, are the most aristocratic people in the world." I was startled with the observation, but I confess there is some truth in it. The fear of compromising one's dignity in our society, the fear of what others will say, the consciousness of being amenable to public opinion, makes men jealous, reserved, and distant; it acts, in fact, as a restriction upon the whole freedom of private life and feeling. The consequence is, I know,

that it is extremely difficult to introduce public holiday amusements in our country; but it is equally, and none the less certain that they are very much needed to spread a common and a kindly feeling abroad among the people, and to counteract the tendencies to social exclusiveness, pride, and dissension. And the day may come when we shall find these tendencies more dangerous to our prosperity, and to our very union as a people, than any levity, aye, or any vices, engendered by public amusements. Nay, and if the miseries of life are proper subjects to be dealt with by the moralist, this is such a subject. For I have no doubt, that directly or indirectly, one half of the miseries of life in our country spring from pride and competition, and from the extravagance in expenses, and the irritations of feeling, consequent upon them.

There is another view in which the subject of amusements, light as it may be thought, goes deep into all questions about our national improvement and happiness. We are making great efforts in America to bring about various moral reforms. At the head of these enterprises stands the temperance reformation. And the public attention, as was natural in the appalling circumstances of the case, has been very much occupied with the immediate evil, and the obvious methods of supplying the remedy. But it seems to me that it is time to go deeper into this matter, and to inquire how the reform is to be carried on and sustained in the country. "By embodying the entire nation in a temperance society," will it be said? I think not, even if that point could be gained. We must have some stronger bond than that of formal association, some stronger provision than that of temporary habit to rely on. We must lay the foundations of permanent reform in the principles of human nature, and in the very framework of society. Suppose that this nation and every individual in it, were now temperate, how are they to be kept so? The zeal of individuals in this cause will die away; the individuals themselves will die; how is the people, supposing it were made temperate, to be kept so? There was a time, in former days, when our people were *all* temperate—when a small bottle of strong waters sufficed for a whole army—when, that is to say, ardent spirits were used only as a medicine. Why, from those early days of pristine virtue and rigid piety, did the nation fall away into intemperance? And how, I ask again, are we to expect to stand, where our fathers fell?

In answer to this question, let me observe, that there is, in human nature, and never to be rooted out of it, a want of excitement and exhilaration. The cares and labours of life often leave the mind dull, and when it is relieved from them—and it *must* be relieved—let this be remembered—there must be seasons of relief, and the question is, how are these seasons to be filled up—when the mind enjoys relief from its occupations, I say, that relief must come in the shape of something cheering and exhilarating. The man cannot sit down dull and stupid—and he ought not. Now, suppose that society provides him with no cheerful or attractive recreations, that society, in fact, frowns upon all amusements; that the importunate spirit in business, and the sanctimonious spirit in religion, and the supercilious spirit in fashion, all unite to discountenance popular sports and spectacles, and thus, that all cheap and free enjoyments, the hale, hearty, holiday recreations are out of use, and out of reach—what now will the man, set free from

business or labour, be likely to do? He asks for relief and exhilaration, he asks for escape from his cares and anxieties; society in its arrangements offers him none; the tavern and the ale-house propose to supply the want; what so likely as that he will resort to the tavern and the ale-house? I have no doubt that one reason why our country fell into such unusual intemperance, was the want of simple, innocent, and authorised recreations in it. I am fully persuaded that some measure of this sort is needful, to give a natural and stable character to the temperance reform.

The reason why the French are not intemperate, is not, as is commonly thought, that their only drink is wine. They have brandy, *eau de vie*, and it is everywhere drunk, but usually in moderation. And the reason of this is partly to be found, I believe, in their cheerfulness, in their sports and spectacles, in the resorts everywhere provided for simple entertainment.

The same principle is thought to be applicable to the late progress of intemperance in England. With reference to this point, I extract one or two passages from the London *Morning Chronicle*.

"The evidence taken by the select committee on drunkenness, proves but too clearly the proposition, that the want of agreeable occupation is the great cause of that beastly vice, the disgrace of our nation. Savages are uniformly found disposed to intoxication, which enables them to escape from the insufferable burden of listlessness. All sorts of mental cultivation—whatever occupies the mind agreeably—counteracts the tendency to drunkenness. Mr. George Garrington, of Great Missenden, Bucks, the son of an acting magistrate, whose evidence is communicated by Mr. Chadwick, says, 'If the labourer is suffered to go from his daily work like a farm-horse, with nothing of his own to think about, he will find amusement for himself in some way or other, and will fall into bad habits. I need not enlarge on the evils of the public-house and the beer-shop.' Some very curious evidence of working people who had been in France, Switzerland, and Germany, taken under the factory commission, illustrates the beneficial tendency of the liberty enjoyed in these countries by the poor."

Again: "But though we contend that in no case ought the *use* of anything not positively noxious to be prohibited on account of possible *abuse*, and that in matters of eating and drinking, the legislature ought never to interfere with individual liberty; we are not the less sensible, that of all indulgences, that of drinking to excess is the most pernicious. The drunkard is not only miserable himself, but he is a nuisance to all with whom he is connected. He is a bad servant, a bad father, and a bad husband; and when he has once passed the Rubicon, he is, we believe, utterly irreclaimable. This we know, that no consideration would ever induce us to give any employment to a man or woman addicted to drunkenness; and the most charitable wish we could utter for a drunkard would be, that his life should be as short as possible. But drunkenness is the vice of people who are listless, and betake themselves to the bottle for relief. The individuals most addicted to drunkenness are not the gay and the cheerful—the men whose minds are occupied with any pursuit, whether study or diversion; but the heavy—the phlegmatic. It is the same with nations. The nations that cultivate music and dancing are comparatively sober. It was

remarked during the Peninsular war, that the German soldiers, who had a variety of amusements, were never drunk on duty; while the great difficulty was to keep an English soldier from the wine-house. The Germans are naturally as heavy a people as ourselves—they were once notorious for their deep potations. They are now comparatively sober. In every village are to be found music clubs. The song and the dance are frequent. But no people are more careful or industrious than the Germans."

Let it not be said, as if it were a fair reply to all this, that men are intemperate *in the midst* of their recreations. The question is not what they do, with their vicious habits already acquired, but how they came by these habits; and the question again is not, whether a man may not fall into inebriety, amidst the purest recreations as well as when away from them, but what he is *likely* to do. In short, to do justice to the argument, it should be supposed that a people is perfectly temperate, and then may fairly be considered the question—how it is most likely to be kept so. It is certain that there is no natural appetite for spirituous drinks; but for sports and spectacles, for music and dancing, for games and theatrical representations, there is a natural inclination: and an inclination, which, though often perverted, must be allowed, in the original elements, to be perfectly innocent—as innocent as the sportiveness of a child, or its love of beautiful colours and fine shows. But grant that the tendencies to intemperance were equally natural and strong: yet, I say, if there were among any people, authorised holidays, and holiday sports, if there were evening assemblies, and a *pure* theatre—if there were in every village a public promenade, where music might frequently be heard in the evening, would not these places be likely to draw away many from the resorts of intemperance? I confess, when I have seen of other nations, tens and hundreds of thousands abroad in the public places, without any rudeness or riot among them, without one single indication of inebriety in all the crowd; when I have seen this again and again, day after day, I have asked what there is to prevent our own more intelligent people from conducting themselves with similar propriety. In seven months upon the Continent of Europe, though living amidst crowds—though living in taverns, in hotels, in public-houses, I have not seen four intoxicated persons! But I have seen in parks, and gardens, and places of public assembly, millions of persons, exhilarated by music, by spectacles, by scenery, flowers, and fragrance, cheerful without rudeness, and gay without excess. There are moralists and preachers among us, who tell us that we enjoy great advantages in our freedom from European amusements; but I very much doubt it.

In saying this, I do not shut my eyes to the dangers that spring from recreation; but I think those dangers are greater, for the ban that is laid on the little recreation there is among us. Some, indeed, are prevented from partaking of it; but they probably are no better for their abstinence, and may be worse. They may be not a whit more virtuous, and only something more proud and uncharitable. Another class of persons does partake, but partly by stealth, and with a wounded conscience; and is just as bad as if it were doing wrong, though it be actually doing right. Another class still partakes and holds it right to do so, and so is not sinning against its own conscience; but I submit,

whether amusements which are not authorised by the public religious sentiment of a country, are not likely to do some injury to those who insist, however conscientiously, upon enjoying them. Will not pleasures be apt to be taken in excess, which are taken in the spirit of defiance? And if not, yet will not those who partake of fashionable amusements be likely to rank themselves with the irreligious, and insensibly to set aside the obligations of religion? Are they not found saying sometimes, when those obligations are urged upon them, "that all that may be well enough for such and such persons; but for their part that they do not pretend to be very strict, or religious?" What must be the state of that man who feels as if it were a sort of hypocrisy in him to pray? There is a principle of consistency in every mind, which leads it to endeavour to act up to its assumed character. What better can we expect, then, than that he who assumes to be of an irreligious class, should be irreligious? We talk much about parties in this country. There are no parties among us, possessed of such deep-seated, mutual dislike, and doing so much mutual injury, as the religious and irreligious parties!

But it may be said, and probably will, by some, "We are afraid of holidays; we do not quite like to have this language of patronage and indulgence extended to amusements; the world is thoughtless enough and bad enough already; the human passions are outrunning all control in every direction; restraint, restraint, restraint, is what mankind want in everything!" Really, I must beg that those who undertake to speak on this subject, would give us something besides their vague impressions and inapplicable suggestions. Let them take some decided ground. Let them tell us what they *would* have. Men *cannot* labour or do business always. They must have intervals of relaxation. What is to be done with these intervals? This is the question, and it is a question to be soberly answered. It is to be met, I repeat, with answers, and not with surmises of danger. Men cannot sleep through these intervals. What are they to *do*? Why, if they do not work, or sleep, they must have recreation. And if they have not recreation from healthful sources, they will be very likely to take it from the poisoned fountains of intemperance. Or, if they have pleasures, which, though innocent, are forbidden by the maxims of public morality, their very pleasures are liable to become poisoned fountains. Is it possible to resist these conclusions?

True, we all wish to see a virtuous and happy society. The question is, how is such a society to be formed? Is it to be done by excluding all amusements from it? Is it possible that that mixture of healthful labour and cheering recreation, which seems so evidently Heaven's ordination since it is man's necessity, should be wrong? Can that be in itself wrong, which belonged to the very system of Jewish polity ordained by Heaven? I have said that the question is, how a virtuous and happy society is to be formed. But I am not sure that the real, ultimate question, after all, is not rather this, what is a virtuous and happy society? I am not sure but a very common opinion in the country, on this subject, is one which would exclude from its chosen sphere of life, all amusement, properly so called—that is to say, all games, sports, and spectacles. I am not sure but there are many, who, honestly and conscientiously thinking much of another world, and little of this, or thinking of this only as a wilderness of temptations, do

seriously hold that nothing is right, reasonable, or happy on earth, but direct, intent, religious action of the mind and life; who would exclude everything that they call gaiety from the world; whose essential idea of a happy society is of one that has its entire employments divided between labour and religious exercises; of one that has no intercourse but what is strictly religious, commencing and closing with prayer; and, in fine, that suffers every free movement and buoyant affection to be bound down under the closest rigours of a puritanic and ascetic discipline. This with many, I suppose, is a perfect, happy community. These are the ideas that belong to it—business, prayer, reading, conversation—and nothing more. If there is anything more, it must be recreation; and this admitted, there really can be no serious difference of opinion; because all reflecting men must be as desirous as they can be, that the recreations of society should be simple, pure, and well regulated. But if they do exclude all amusements from their plan of life, as I believe many virtually do, then let me ask if they do not err on their own principle. For their principle is, that they would have society the most religious possible; that they would have a society in which there should be the highest energy of virtue, and the loftiest elevation of piety. But is this to be attained by the exclusion of all recreations? Will the mind or the heart rise to the highest action of which it is capable, by being continually kept upon the stretch—I do not say continually in action, but continually upon the stretch? Will the bow send the farthest arrow that is never unstrung—that, even when laid aside to rest, is never unstrung? It is a conceded point, that the greatest amount of bodily labour is accomplished by the judicious interposition of seasons of relaxation. I know not how it is possible reasonably to doubt that this is equally true of the mind and of the heart. Tell me of a mind or heart that is always the same—I mean not in principle, which it should be—but the same always in act, and exercise, and state; and you give me the surest criterion and the clearest definition of a dull mind and heart. Tell me of a community in which there is no cheerful or joyous recreation, and you tell me—you tell all the world—of a dull community.

Whether something of this dulness is not stealing over the national mind—whether intent occupation is not weighing it down to an unwonted and unnatural seriousness—whether the one idea of business is not absorbing all the enterprise and enthusiasm of the great body of our youth, is a question which I have sometimes revolved with myself, however trifling it may seem to others. I was riding in a coach one day last year, with some young men from the country. They were on their way, I believe, to one of the great city marts. The conversation turned upon amusements; and I confess I was struck with the manner, so different from that of former days, in which they expressed themselves on this subject, and that with a tone as if they expressed the feeling of the whole community. With all the gravity of syndics, they pronounced certain sports and games of the old time, which I am sure were held in very good repute not many years ago, to be “undignified. They had other things to do, besides playing with bat and ball! They had other things to think of, at their time of life;” for they were all twenty-one years of age, I believe—voters, I suppose, and trading on their own account.

The seriousness of the national mind, indeed, throws difficulties over

the whole subject of recreation. It makes relaxation dangerous, and leads one sometimes to doubt whether holiday sports can be, with safety, introduced among us. I fear that recreation with us is actually more abused than it is among any other people. It is rare and strange, and therefore is made too much of, brings with it undue excitement and unreasonable excess. If men partook of *food* but once in forty-eight hours, hunger would urge them to a madness of gratification. The Romans, I am inclined to believe, are the gravest and saddest people in the world. I should judge so from their general appearance. But the carnival, when it comes to relieve the long pent-up passion for amusement, is a scene of the wildest excess, folly, and debauchery, in Europe.

I am sensible, indeed, that our people cannot be amused with such trifles as many of those which seem to satisfy the populace of Europe. Punch and Judy could scarcely get an audience in America. I am glad to observe that Lyceums, scientific lectures, and reading, are becoming more and more common resorts and reliefs from the toils of life. But these are still serious employments. They do not directly promote cheerfulness. They do not promote health. They do not give buoyancy. The man who is always either working, or reading, or hearing lectures, never suffers the bow to be relaxed. The national mind, and body too, if thus treated, must lose strength. Would the Greeks ever have been what they were, without their races, their wrestlings, their gymnastic contests?

Domestic life, especially in our country towns, is in distressing need of reliefs and recreations. In the winter evenings, there are four or five hours of leisure, to be employed in some way. Suppose that two or three of these hours are spent in reading. That is very well, and it is very common, too. But would it not be well followed with some recreations—games, or music and dancing? Would it not be better than to sink down into a dull stupor, or to go to sleep? There is too much eating and too much sleeping in this country, I verily believe, because there is too little amusement. Yes, and worse evils than these spring from the same cause. What would not happy homes do—happy evenings at home, with music, entertainment, cheerfulness, hilarity—to prevent many of our youth from straying into the paths of ruinous dissipation?

In fine, let me say that the influences under which a great people is to be trained up to intelligence, virtue, happiness, and glory, should be liberal and generous. Nothing should be omitted—nothing should be thought indifferent, which can contribute to the great end. The system of Providence is not a total-abstinence system. The plan of virtue is not a total-abstinence plan. The system of Providence is profusion: in nature, in life, in our affections, our passions, our powers, our capability, it is so—all is overflowing abundance. The plan of virtue, in this scene, is not, I repeat, total abstinence, but moderation. We are to use everything, enjoy everything, in the right place and in the right measure, and in the right season. We are not to extract enjoyment from life as men extract alcohol, and make it an intoxicating poison, bearing disease and misery in its train; but we are to take enjoyment as it is naturally mixed up with the scenes of life, with the fruits of nature, with the blessings and bounties of the whole creation.

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In our position as a nation, in our natural situation as a country, things are arranged for us on a scale of equal magnificence, wealth, and beauty. Verily, we have a goodly heritage. We are placed amidst boundless plains, noble mountain-ranges, stupendous river-courses, lovely valleys, and scenes of perhaps never-surpassed beauty. May our national character take its impression and hue from these bounties of Providence, from this glory and goodliness of nature! May it be generous and liberal, may it be lofty and lowly, manly and beautiful, strong and graceful, powerful and free! May there be in us and among us, restraint without sourness, freedom without licentiousness, refinement without effeminacy, virtue without stoicism, and religion without superstition!

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO LONDON—*MALLE POSTE*—STEAMBOAT—AMERICAN BOATS AND SHIPS COMPARED WITH THE ENGLISH—GENERAL PROGRESS OF THINGS IN AMERICA—ENGLISH ECONOMY—PANORAMA OF LONDON—CHANTRY'S STUDIO—THE TOWER—TUNNEL—GREENWICH FAIR.

LONDON, *March 6.*—Once more in England! Once more in father-land! Once more surrounded by the blessed accents of my native language! It takes a weight from the heart, a burden from the senses, a spell from existence. The air into which the sounds of a foreign speech are for ever rising, is the very atmosphere of exile.

I came to Calais in the *malle poste*, and from thence in a steamboat. The first I found a very agreeable conveyance; the last, far less so than our own. The English ideas of comfort do not seem to have reached their steamboats. And, indeed, is it not very curious that England should suffer itself to be so completely surpassed as she is by America in all water craft—to be surpassed in ship-building—to be surpassed on her own element! I do not profess to be a judge in these matters; I only know from constant observation, that in the beauty and sailing of our vessels, we leave the English far behind. That the self-styled mistress of the ocean should permit this, is very extraordinary; and one asks for a special cause. The cause which I assign in my own mind, is the prevalence in England of long-established ideas and usages; while in our country, every innovation that comes in the shape of improvement, finds favour. We may have our faults and difficulties, and I do not, for my part, think lightly of them; but certainly there is not, and never was a country, where improvement has opened for itself a career so broad, unobstructed, and free. It pervades everything, from the building of a farmhouse and the ordering of a village school, to the planting of states and the forming of their constitutions. It is the very beau idéal of the country. To make a thing better than it has been made before—this is every man's ambition, from the humblest labourer to the highest artisan, from the maker of a plough to the builder of a manufactory. The *all-knowing* and inquisitive spirit of

our people, however unbecoming and annoying at times, is of service here. Invention is not the prerogative of genius among us; it is an endowment of the whole people. While the mass of the people in Europe is content to do, each man like his father before him—each man to plough, and reap, and build, just as his father did—the aim of *every* man among us is to do *better* than those who went before him. I am struck with observing what sacrifices to public improvement are continually made, and what risks are taken, among a people prudent and calculating as we are said to be, and doubtless are. I remember the time, a few years ago, when it came to be a settled point, that the building of turnpikes was an unprofitable undertaking. Everybody knew that turnpike shares always turned out to be bad stock. Well, I said with myself, there will be no more turnpikes made. But not so, by any means. Still these enterprises were engaged in. The people would have better roads; and they had them, without that grand European requisite, the aid of government. Government does comparatively nothing for public improvements among us; and yet they constantly advance, with a rapidity unprecedented either in the history or experience of any other nation. Our reliance for everything of this nature is placed on voluntary individual exertion—to an extent that many among us think unwise—and yet the result shows that we *may* justly put great faith in individual intelligence and enterprise. We are at this moment, according to the ratio of our population and means, building more railroads, and digging more canals; we are building more school-houses and colleges—nay, and we are, with nothing but the voluntary principle to help us, building more churches, than any other nation. We are building more churches than England, with all her immense ecclesiastical endowments and revenues. I know this, because I have seen it.

But to return to my steamboat—I observed that a considerable number of passengers carried a comfortable picnic box or basket with them, and spread their own table. With some, doubtless, this provision proceeded from a fastidious taste that feared some poisonous dirt would be found in the common fare of a steamboat. But with many, I presume, it arose from a habit, which presents a marked difference between the people of England and of America—I mean the habit of economy. In America we are ashamed of economy. It is this feeling which would forbid among us such a practice as that referred to, and not only this, but a great many more and better practices. In England, economy stands out prominently; it presides over the arrangements of a family; it is openly professed, and fears no reproach. A man is not ashamed to say of a certain indulgence, that he cannot afford it. A gentleman says to you, “I drive a pony chaise this year; I have put down my horse and gig, because I cannot pay the tax.” A man whose income, and expenses, and style of living, far exceed almost anything to be found among us, still says of something quite beyond him, which his wealthier neighbour does, “We are not rich enough for that.” One of the most distinguished men in England said to me, when speaking of wines at his table, “The wine I should prefer is claret, but I cannot afford it; and so I drink my own gooseberry.” I have heard that many families carry the principle so far, that they determine exactly how many dinners they can give in a year, and to how many guests—

may more, and how many dishes they can put upon the table, when they do entertain.

This frankness on the subject of economy is among us a thing almost unheard of. Not that we are more wealthy, but, as I conceive, less wise. The competition of domestic life among us is too keen to admit of any such confessions of internal weakness. We practise economy by stealth. Nor is that the worst of it; for one consequence of this habit of feeling is, that we practise too little. When a stranger looks upon the strife of business in our villages and cities, he imagines that he sees a very covetous people; but a nearer observation would show him that much of this eager, and absorbing, and almost slavish occupation, is necessary to sustain the heavy drains of domestic expenditure. It is extravagance at home that chains many a man to the counter and counting-room. And this extravagance is of his own choosing; because he knows no other way of distinguishing himself, but by the style of living. Would he but conceive that he might better elevate himself in society, by having a well-read library, by improving his mind and conversation, by cultivating some graceful but comparatively cheap accomplishment, he might live a wiser man, and die a richer. Who could hesitate to choose between such a family, and one whose house was filled with gorgeous furniture—where the wife and daughters are dressed in the gayest of the fashion, and the husband and father banishes himself the live-long day and half the night, from that pleasant mansion, to toil and drudge in the dusty warehouse? He *sleeps* in a very grand house; he *lives* in a counting-room!

March 8.—One of my first walks in London was to see the celebrated panorama in the Coliseum, as that is said to give a very good general idea of the city. It does indeed; and the painting, besides, is admirable; so much so, that one is tempted at first to believe that the houses, churches, and squares, are built of blocks—the relief to the eye is so perfect.

CHANTRY'S STUDIO.—There is more of that naturalness of expression and variety of character in his portraits, which we find in the collection of *ancient* busts, than I have seen in any studio on the Continent. The cast of "The Child" is there, which gave occasion to those inimitable lines of Mrs. Hemans, commencing—

"Thou sleepest—but when shall thy waking be?"

and the model is touchingly simple and beautiful. My friend, Dr. Boott, introduced us to Chantry, and we had half an hour's conversation most agreeably sustained on his part. Here, too, we were introduced to Allan Cunningham, the author, who is the foreman in the studio.

April 3.—The Tower is more interesting from its associations, than from anything in its actual appearance. The stairs and passage from the Thames are still open, and certainly one cannot look without emotion upon the steps by which so many noble and princely victims have come up to this place of doom. We were shown the spot on which the scaffold was built for the execution of those who were in former days beheaded within the Tower. It is just in front of a small chapel, in which the condemned had the sacrament of the Supper administered to them before they suffered. Through that door, then, had passed

Essex, and Anne Boleyn, and Lady Jane Grey and her husband. Lady Jane Grey's apartment is *over* this spot, and commands the view of it. Those parts of the Tower, also, in which Elizabeth was confined by her sister Mary, and where the young sons of Edward were caused to be put to death by their uncle Richard, are pointed out, but the visiter is not allowed to enter them. Some of the buildings within the Tower wall—for it is quite a cluster of houses—are used as armories. One immense hall, more than three hundred feet long, contains in beautiful order one hundred thousand muskets. Others are filled with naval and military trophies. One of them is appropriated to the celebrated exhibition of kings and knights on horseback, dressed in ancient armour; and to be sure, the effigies looked grim enough. They must have had other thews and sinews than the men of these days, to wear such armour. But they were trained to it from childhood. We saw suits of armour—quite an entire clothing of steel plate, that is—for small boys.

April 4.—To-day I have visited the Tunnel and Greenwich. To reach the Tunnel, you descend by a circular stairway, one hundred and fifty feet, I should think. You are then on a level with the tunnel—which is a finely arched passage under the river, reaching, as yet, not quite half-way across. The work is suspended, at present, from want of funds. It is quite tremendous to think, as you walk along a beautiful road, lighted with gas, under an arch of hammered stone, that a large river is flowing, and mighty ships are sailing, above you.

The Tunnel is lower down on the Thames than the Tower; and Greenwich, the seat of the celebrated and very beautiful Marine Hospital, is farther down yet. I might perhaps describe the fine Greenwich park as well as hospital, if I had not visited them at a season which offered more entertaining matters. It was the time of the Greenwich fair in the Easter holidays, and I was very glad of an opportunity to witness some of the English sports, common on such occasions. They were certainly of a very humble description, like those of all Europe. It was chiefly a Punch and Judy sort of exhibition. Punch and Judy, indeed, *in propriis personibus*, figure among the principal performers on these occasions. We passed through a crowded street, half a mile long, lined on one side with small booths, for the sale of toys, trinkets, cakes, and gingerbread, and on the other, with successive stages, filled with mountebanks and low actors in harlequin dresses, bands of musicians, and troops of dancers. Other methods of entertainment were swinging cars, resembling carriages, which swung up fearfully high, till, indeed, no angle was left between them and the horizon—running down hill in the park—and a game, within a ring formed by the players, in which the principal business and result seemed to be kissing. There was a publicity and grossness about it, to which, I am sure no young country girl of ours, though of the humblest class, would submit.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE ARISTOCRATIC SYSTEM—ITS ESSENTIAL INJUSTICE—TORY ARGUMENT IN REPLY, CONSIDERED: THAT SOCIETY CANNOT GET ALONG WITHOUT IT; THAT UNDER REPUBLICAN FORMS, PROPERTY WILL LOSE ITS SECURITY, LAW ITS AUTHORITY AND DIGNITY, AND MANNERS ALL THEIR HIGH BREEDING AND COURTESY.

The great subject, I think, which a visit to England presses upon the attention of the American traveller, is the all-engrossing theme of the age—politics. The distinction of ranks, the difference of condition, the castle and the hovel, the lord and his liveried attendants, the idler and the labourer, continually present themselves to the traveller's notice, and provoke comparisons and reflections. America knows nothing of such marked contrasts. The idler, the lord, the castle, the entailed estate, the hereditary title to honour and power, have no place with us: and while all this falls in with the natural course of an Englishman's ideas, and seems to him, perhaps, as if it were among the ordinances of nature, it appears to an American, strange and unnatural, if not unreasonable and unjust.

There is no city in the world, perhaps, which presents, in broader contrast, the extremes of the human condition than London. Regent's Park, Grosvenor Square, the whole west end, shows like a city of the gods; St. Giles and Wapping appear like the habitations of devils. Men, women, live there, whose aspect, stripped of almost every lineament of humanity, fills you with horror, and hurries away your involuntary footsteps as you look at them. In London, there are twenty thousand persons, perhaps, who live in all the luxury that their imagination can devise; and there are twenty thousand who know not, when they rise in the morning, where they shall lay their heads at night.

The same contrasts, only in less striking forms, appear throughout England. If you take a journey into the country—no matter in what direction—you will soon find yourself travelling along an extensive park, surrounded by a high wall or hedge, running for miles in length. At a distance, within this magnificent domain, half hidden by embowering groves, half seen across the smooth-shaven lawn, you will descry the stately mansion; a flag, perhaps, floating from its loftiest tower, to show that the lord of the domain is at his castle; everything, indeed, indicating that he keeps the state of a prince. You turn aside, perhaps, to visit this abode of grandeur; you pass through a noble avenue of majestic trees, to the grand portico and portal; you are courteously admitted—you are taken through ranges of splendid apartments—you find them filled with the works of art and the devices of luxury, with paintings and statues, with soft couches, and gorgeous furniture, and costly libraries; you behold a scene richer, if mere cost is considered, than is often spread forth in the palaces of oriental magnificence. You are likely enough to retire from this fairy scene, in a mood to muse and meditate; and it will not be strange, if at every step and turn, you

meet with something that urges upon you, in some new form, the very questions you are considering. You take up your route again, and a few miles, upon one of the smooth and beautiful roads of England, brings you to a village, which presents another contrast to the splendour that surrounds the nobles of England. I certainly speak of this splendour with no unkind feeling; it spreads a fairy scene for the eye to dwell upon; I speak only of the fact. And for another fact of the same nature, enter the village inn, and listen to the news that is circulating there, and you will hear it announced, very likely, that the lord of the neighbouring castle is about to come down to the country; and it will be announced in a tone—I do not say disproportioned to the importance of the event—but yet in a tone as if to shake the whole country with the anticipated roll of his chariot wheels.

And now who is this personage, that cannot move without making all this stir and sensation in the country? He is a person, probably, who is not distinguished either by talent or virtue, or any other merit, from thousands of his countrymen. The consideration in which he is held, is conferred upon him entirely by the institutions of society. It is factitious; and it must be admitted, that in the same proportion, it is unjust to the rest of the people. There is an aristocracy of *nature's* ordaining; the aristocracy of talent, of virtue, of accomplishments and manners, and of wealth, against which no such objection lies. The distinctions of merit are but just to individual exertion, and they are beneficial to the whole people. There is the descent, too, of a good name, and of property, from father to son, which is the order of Providence; a special premium bestowed by Heaven upon good conduct. But that feudal aristocracy, that transmission of hereditary honour, protected property, and actual power, from generation to generation, which obtains in Europe, is, in theory, most manifestly unjust. It takes away from individual respectability and influence, to bestow them upon a favoured class. It depresses the many, that it may raise the few. It tends to deprive virtue of its just reward; nay, and of its *highest* earthly reward; I mean social honour, human approbation. Let it be proposed to any people to take a fifth part of their *property* from them to make a favoured class rich. Would they consent to it? Would they not say, that it was depriving industry of its fair reward? Would they not hold it to be intolerable oppression? But is property the dearest treasure in the world; the highest reward of good conduct that is bestowed on earth? Far from it. The respect of our fellow-beings is a more valued good. There is nothing on earth which men so earnestly and universally desire of one another, no reward of good conduct which they so eagerly covet, as respect, esteem, admiration. Now, it is this special, this highest earthly treasure, which the principle of a feudal aristocracy invades: it is this, of which a certain amount is taken from the people, to make a particular class among them great. Nor is this all; for it is equally true, that hereditary power is given up to this class; and it is equally true, though it may not be so directly manifest, that property is given up to it—at least it is *manifestly garnered up and kept* for the favoured class.

If any one can doubt about the essential injustice of this system, let me ask him to go back in his thoughts to the origin of society. Let me ask him to suppose that he, with a thousand other persons, all standing

upon terms of equality, were about to reconstruct society, or to establish a colony on some distant shore. Suppose this company assembled, at the commencement of their enterprise, to form a civil constitution. At this meeting they all stand upon a level. Now imagine ten of these colonists to propose that they should be made earls or lords; that they should be made an hereditary branch of the legislature, with a negative upon the wishes and interests of all the rest; and that, in order to secure their permanent respectability, they should be permitted to hold their estates in entail. A proposition very palatable and pleasant to the ten, doubtless; but could the rest of the company listen to it? I put it to the veriest Tory in the world to say, whether, as one of that company, he would listen to it. I put it to him to say, whether he would consent that lots should be cast, to determine on whom the mantle of nobility should fall.

It would be amusing—for seriously the case never can be contemplated—to consider the arguments with which the ten would support their proposition. “Good people!” they would say,

“Order is Heaven’s first law, and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest.”

Society cannot be constructed without its base, its columns, and its Corinthian capitals; we propose to be those capitals. You want objects to reverence; we offer ourselves to be those objects. We propose that your sons shall reverence our sons, and so on, in successive generations, to the end of time. Not that our sons will certainly be any better than your sons; they may be worse; their situation will be likely to make them worse, because they will be more independent of public opinion than yours; but then the great point will be gained—your children will have *something* to reverence; they may even learn to hold the splendid vices of ours in respect!—but then, the great essential point will be gained. Besides all this, the institution we recommend will be an indispensable restraint upon the popular will. You cannot be trusted with the care of your own interests; we propose ourselves and our successors as a house of lords to hold you in perpetual check.” Now if all this would be ridiculous in a new construction of society, what is there in the consent of ages to make it any less absurd? Does the perpetuity of folly make it wisdom?

But I suppose it may be safely said that nobody maintains the aristocratic system to be strictly just. The Tory doctrine is, that it is expedient and necessary. That it is so for many nations, I admit. That government is to be constructed or changed, always with reference to the character and capacity of the people to be governed, is undoubtedly true. The question is, Are there any nations in modern times that can bear a more impartial system? Can human imperfection never be trusted with the trial of republican institutions?

This is a question on which the minds, not only of statesmen, but of many private persons, both in England and America, are most earnestly and anxiously employed; and one on which I shall venture to offer a few suggestions. My limits, the plan I am pursuing in these volumes, forbid any thorough discussion, even if I were capable of it. Hints are all that I shall venture to propose; and even these, I anticipate, from my habits of thinking, will bear much more reference to the perils of liberty, than to the evils and wrongs to which it is opposed.

I find in constant conversation, not only in England, but in America, that there are two parties to this great political question of modern times. That it should be so in England is not surprising. But I should be glad to ask the *American Tory* what ground he *does* take. Would he have an hereditary nobility and a king? If he would, if he is such a thorough advocate of the aristocratic system, that he would consent to throw himself into the commonalty, and his children for ever after him, then is he indeed an honest and consistent Tory, and he is entitled, doubtless, to employ every weapon of argument and satire against the popular system in America. But if he would not take this ground, if he is the friend of republican institutions in any form, then I would humbly submit to him whether the course he is taking is agreeable to the highest wisdom and patriotism. "Course!" he will say, perhaps, "he is taking no course!" That is partly what I complain of; for American Toryism manifests itself chiefly in irregular attacks upon the institutions of the country, rather than in any settled plan for their amendment, or improvement, or destruction. But then I conceive, also, that there is a *course* in conversation, as well as in action. "Well, and must not we talk? Is that your freedom?" Every man may talk, indeed, if he pleases; but that liberty, too, must be conceded to the atheist, the blasphemer, the corrupter of society. How *ought* a patriotic citizen to talk upon points that involve all the hopes of his country? I must think that the language of his *distrust* should still be kindly, helpful, and admonitory to the people, and not bitter and disheartening. I speak not this disrespectfully. If there be any one to whom my language might be thought to apply, who is my senior—more experienced, learned, and wise than I—to such a one I speak not. But if I could speak to the young men who are rising into life at this momentous period, I would say, "In God's name come to the help of your country in its great trial and peril; and stand not aloof, coldly to prophesy evil and ruin to it."

In short, I cannot understand the consistency of a man, who, having adopted the republican system in theory, practically gives it up to the Tory assailment, by admitting that our free institutions are too free for human virtue to bear; that all freedom bears in it the marks of inevitable destiny to evil. Let him say that he takes high ground, that he is a republican of the school of Washington and Hamilton; and I object nothing to his position. Let him say that all changes in government or in law should be gradual and cautious, and he will speak wisely. Lord Bacon, in his *Political Essays*, says, that "it is improper to try new experiments in the political body, unless the necessity be urgent, and the utility evident." And again: "Let all novelty, though it cannot, perhaps, be rejected, be held suspected."* Aristotle says, that "even the rust of government is to be respected, and that its fabric is never to be touched but with a fearful and trembling hand."† These are the wise suggestions of great and wise men. Improvement should be slow, experiments cautious, the popular tendencies carefully watched; but all this is very different from saying that they are tendencies to inevitable evil—a language from America most disheartening and provoking to the friends of popular liberty in the Old World;

* Essay xi.

† Aristotle's *Politics*, book ii.

who say, "You have begun an experiment on free institutions, and you have not the courage to carry it through; you have invited us to follow, and you are yourselves pusillanimously giving up the cause; let it then be for brave and hardy Englishmen to do the work."*

But let us see what are these inevitable tendencies to evil. It is said by toryism in the Old World, and partly admitted by some political creeds in the New, that the people, if set free from prescriptive and aristocratic authority, will not long continue to respect the rights of property, or the authority of the law. It is a lesser count in the indictment, but in my judgment not a small one, that all manners and tastes, under republican forms, are tending to the level of vulgar insolence and ignorance.

The people will not respect property? Is that true?

It is easy to say it; but where is the evidence? Is it in America? We have been fifty years a nation, under the complete rule of this reckless and unprincipled multitude. Was property ever or anywhere more secure than it is in America? "But in America," it is said, "there is as yet no pressure of want, to urge the people to invade the property of the rich." Is there then in England any indication whatever of such a purpose, or such a tendency of the popular will? Some legislation there may and will be, unfavourable to exclusive monopolies of property, whether in church or state; but this will affect only that public property which ought to be held in trust for the welfare and improvement of the whole people. Some legislation there may be, that will indirectly bear upon the private fortunes of the rich. I would hope not; and certainly no such proposition has ever been entertained in America or England. I would hope not then, and yet I am willing to admit that some retaliation, some occasional wrong may be inflicted in this way. But that any civilized people, as a mass, should openly lay violent hands on property, seems to me, I confess, not within the bounds of any reasonable apprehension. I hear the language of this apprehension, but I listen to it as to men talking in their dreams. This enforced agrarian division of property would be an act so perfectly and plainly suicidal; it would be striking a blow that must so certainly and instantly react upon the striker, that no civilized and reading people, no people capable of a month's foresight, could possibly be guilty of such folly. Besides, in America and in England, who are the holders of property? The great body, eight out of ten, of that very people, who are to be struck with such unheard-of insanity, as to arise in its fury and destroy that very tenure, that very security of property, which constitutes all its value! Nay, I maintain that the rich few, and not the poor many, have always been assailants of the rights of property!

Indeed, this extreme distrust of the people, implying an equal confidence in the wealthy and noble, seems to be very ill justified either by

* Upon the dangerous tendencies of disaffection to the institutions of the country, I do not choose to enlarge. But as a hint to those whom it may concern, I will put down in the margin a sentence or two from Aristotle. "A great population," says he, "and that condensed in cities, makes the multitude feel, and enables them to exert, their strength. * * * The poor have nothing to care for; the rich are encumbered with the weight of their private affairs; and on every occasion so much outvoted, that they often cease to attend any assemblies whatever, either deliberative or judicial, thus abandoning their country to the licentious and lawless multitude."—*Politics*, book vi. chap. 6.

present events or past history. We have always read of despotic kings and grasping barons, who have sacrificed the property of their subjects and vassals to schemes of unscrupulous ambition or pleasure; but where has been the counterpart? There have been popular tumults, it is true. In sudden outbreaks of public indignation against the lordly oppressor, his estates have been ravaged. But where, I ask emphatically, has there been any settled plan on the part of the commons, to lay oppressive and unjust taxes on the rich or the noble? * In truth it would seem that something of this excessive jealousy of the many might be reserved for the few. Never was political power so little abused as that which has fallen, in modern times, into popular hands; while the history of monarchical and aristocratic power in all ages, has been but a history of its abuses. With such facts before us, I cannot account it rashness and folly to be willing to try the people; and this, especially, when their very multitude, their very divisions of opinion, the very strifes of party passion, are restraints upon their violence, and guarantees for their moderation and justice.

For my own part, I am not ashamed to say that my sympathies are with the people, that my sympathies follow where the mightiest interests lead. To me the multitude is a sublimer object than royal dignity or titled state. It is humanity, it is universal man, it is the being whose joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, are like my own, that I respect, and not any mere condition of that being. And it is around this same humanity that genius, poetry, philosophy, and eloquence, have most closely entwined themselves; it is embraced by the very fibres of every truly noble heart that ever lived. But not to dwell on considerations of this abstract nature, I look at facts; and facts, too, that are enough to stir the *coldest* heart that ever lived. I look upon this fellow-being, man, in the aggregate and in the mass, and I see him the victim of ages of oppression and injustice. I take his part; the tears of my sympathy mingle with the tears of his suffering; and I care not what aristocratic ridicule the avowal may bring upon me. My blood boils in my veins, and I will not try to still their throbbings, when I think of the banded tyrannies of the earth—the Asiatic, Assyrian, Egyptian, European—which have been united to crush down all human interests and rights. This is not, with me, a matter of statistics, or of political generalities. Down into the bosom of society, down among the sweet domestic charities of ten thousand million homes, down among the sore and quivering fibres of human hearts unnumbered and innumerable—the iron of accursed despotism has been driven! At length, from the long dark night of oppression, I see the people rising to reclaim and assert their rights. I see them taking the power, which to them indubitably belongs, into their own hands. I rejoice to see it. I rejoice, and yet I tremble. I tremble lest they should retaliate the wrongs they have

* Neither the agrarian law, nor the confiscations in the French revolution, as I conceive, invalidate the force of this question. The confiscations were only of the estates of persons who were emigrants, or of persons who, for that or other reasons, were considered as traitors to the country. I deny not the injustice of the French confiscations; but I deny that even they were deliberate, legislative attempts upon private property. The agrarian laws, since the work of M. Niebuhr on Rome, are understood to have applied not to private property, but to lands which were the property of the state.

endured. But yet what do I see? I see the people showing singular moderation. I repeat it—I see the people of France and England, in the great reforms which they have undertaken during the last fifteen years, showing singular moderation. Shall I not honour such nations? The people of my own country I know still better; and for that reason, probably, I honour them still more. I firmly believe in the general disposition of the public mind in America to do right. Faults and dangers there are among us, and on these I mean to comment freely; but that there is any general tendency to lawlessness and violence, I utterly deny.*

But there is another point in the Tory argument which I wish to consider. It is said that all reverence must die away amidst the rule of the many, and especially all reverence for the laws. This is indeed a most material point, and one that it most deeply concerns *our own* people rightly to apprehend, whatever use may be made of it by foreign critics.

What then is the law—as it is to be regarded by a free people? I answer, that law is the expression of the public welfare. The very reason of the law with us, is, not its antiquity, not its imposition by others, but its acknowledged utility, its adoption by ourselves. Law is the very expression, I repeat, the exponent, the image of the public welfare. Cannot freemen respect it as heartily, as other men have revered the will of an absolute monarch, or the power of an aristocracy, or the bayonets of a standing army?

On the duty and necessity of strict obedience to the law, I shall have something to say in another place. I speak now of the venerableness of law. The strength by which it is to be maintained, I allow, is a different thing. But ideas have been flung out, which touch the very foundation on which it is to be supported—I mean its intrinsic respectability. It is said, for instance, that the people will not venerate the creature of their own will—the thing which their own hands have made. This declaration, I think, involves a sophism, which greatly

* The friends of liberty in Europe, in their views of this country, are committing the mistake common to people at a distance—that of spreading a few facts which fill the newspapers, over the whole character of the nation. A cloud is rising here and there, and they are so situated, that to their eye the whole land is covered with darkness. A friend in England writes to me thus: "I wish you could restrain your lawless countrymen. They offend us by their violence and savageness. Much as I envy something of the condition of your countrymen, I prefer old England. We have learned wisdom through adversity. Our liberty has been wrung from the grasp of a proud feudal aristocracy, and we have learned to prize the blessing. Your liberty is like the mushroom, a savour to some, but a poison to others. Ours is like one of our native oaks, slow of growth, but graceful and beautiful with its gnarled branches. You want refinement, and elevation, and dignity—and poetry and loveliness." I observe, too, that Sir Robert Peel has lately, in a speech (at Tamworth, I think), made use of slips from our newspapers, to draw a picture of the terrible disorders of the country, and a weighty inference thence, against our institutions. Now what has given occasion for these strictures, friendly or unfriendly? Why, some executions without the forms of law, at an obscure place in the far West, called Vicksburg; and two or three mobs in our cities. And these outrages are to give a character to the whole country! Was not the whole press, the whole spirit, the unqualified condemnation of the country, arrayed against them? Unquestionably. As well might we lay the mobs of Bristol and Birmingham to the charge of the whole English nation.

needs to be exposed, not only for the sake of the argument, but for the sake of the public welfare. Men will not venerate, it is said, what their own hands have made; in other words, a free people will not venerate the laws, because they have made them. In this declaration, as applied to the subject in hand, there are two mistakes. In the first place, it is implied that law, in a republican government, and all that law is, is of human creation; that all the authority of law is derived from human will; which is not true. In the next place, this false meaning is further distorted by the false colouring of language through which it passes. The word "make" is commonly applied to the humblest exercises of human ingenuity. Men make ploughs, and scythes, and steam engines, and the wheels of their manufactories; and because they cannot venerate these, it is sought to be inferred that they cannot venerate the laws they make. It might as well be argued, that because the glorious works of art, that because paintings and statues, because immortal poems and ever-during temples, are productions of human hands and minds, therefore it is impossible that they should be objects of human admiration and reverence. Men *ordain* what shall be the law to them, or rather they choose the wisest among them to ordain it. In grave and deliberative assemblies, with much patient discussion and mutual concession, they ordain what the law shall be—not make it, as things are made in the turning lathe or on the anvil.

But the other is the greater and more serious mistake. It is implied, I have said, that law, and all the authority of law, proceed solely from the will of the people; that law has no dignity, no sanction, no binding force, but what it derives from the voice of the multitude. This is not true. For what, I repeat, is the law? It is the representative of the public welfare. It proclaims, protects that welfare. It demands our homage for this reason and no other. Has the public welfare no authority with us but what it derives from our own will? Nay, the authority of the highest power in the universe is no other than this: the authority of its justice and beneficence. Whatever, then, is just as between man and man, whatever is beneficent for the whole community, is clothed with the authority of God himself. It is not our will that gives the sanction to law; its rectitude, its utility is its sanction; this is made to be a sanction to us by the very power that created us. Our will only gives a form to law; it determines what kind of actions shall be held to be injurious to the public good, and shall be punished as such. And it is the consent, if not the expressed will of every nation, that gives the form to its government and law. Suppose the government to be despotic, or aristocratic, it cannot stand long but in the acquiescence of the people. And that acquiescence, unless it is blind and servile, is founded upon nothing but the sense of the public good—upon the conviction that it is better to take the government as it is, than to run the risk of change. This is the only intelligible sense in which any *king* can be said to reign "by the grace of God;" he reigns in the strength of this conviction concerning the public welfare. This is the only reasonable authority in the world. And this authority, I say, is stronger, and clearer, and higher, in a republican government than in any other. There is no form of authority on earth so respectable, so venerable, as that which a whole intelligent people has established for the public good. If any government can be regarded as the minister of God, if any form

of power can be regarded as the voice of God, that government must be the one which a whole people has chosen and framed for the general good; that voice must be the mighty and multitudinous voice of the elective franchise.

We are told that a people will not venerate the power which they themselves have set up, the law which they themselves have established. But what is the fact? I maintain that there never was a people in the world that paid more respect and veneration to the law than our American people. There are people who fear power more; but there is no nation where law is more thoroughly revered, more wisely administered, or more exactly executed. Our foreign critics may lament that some of the insignia of office, the ermine and the robe, are laid aside in our courts; and they may be right; I contest not this point with them—but dare they pretend that our simple and venerable bench of justice is accessible to bribes, or that it shelters fraud, injustice, or crime? Nay, and with regard to the fact, I go further, and I maintain, not only that the law is revered with us, but that it is less revered everywhere, just in proportion as men are less free. Look at the opposite extreme, the law of despotic rule, the blessed state of pure, unmixed, and unquestioned legitimacy, around which the imaginations of so many in the Old World, and of some in the New, are clinging. The Russian—does he reverence the law that makes him a serf and a bondsman? The Italian—does he entertain any hearty esteem for the power that grinds him to the dust? The Turk—does he venerate the arbitrary order that casts his neighbour into prison, or extorts from him half his possessions? The Spaniard—does he respect the alcade, as the humblest magistrate is, in his office, respected in America? On the contrary, a contempt for office, coupled with a slavish fear of it, is interwoven in the very literature of these nations. Despotic law, law whose only sanction is the will of a ruler, whose only reason is that it has existed for ages, is, to every sensible and acute people, a mockery and a cheat; it has lost all dignity with such a people. It may be terrible, but it is not venerable. It may be as dreadful as the guillotine of Robespierre; but so far will it be from being revered, that men will hoot, and mock, and dance around its most horrible executions. Slavish fear is not an element of true veneration. Hereditary and absolute power is not an object of true veneration. None but beneficent power is so. And surely the power most likely to be beneficent, is that which a people chooses and establishes for its own good. And I should not fear, on the ground of this observation, to compare our country with the best examples of hereditary and enforced authority abroad; with England and France. I believe that no clergy in the world are more truly respected than ours; no hereditary aristocracy more, than the natural aristocracy of our country the men of industry, talent, and worth; no government more than our government.

But there is another count in the indictment against republics. *They have no manners.* Even though property could be secured, and the law sustained, yet the graceful amenities of life, the beautiful ties created by mutual protection and dependence, the high-born dignity on the one hand and the lowly respect on the other—all these, it is said, will be trampled under foot by the multitude. Every man will stand stiffly up for what he calls his rights, for the social consideration and respect

which he conceives are due to him; and all glow, flexibility, and ease of manner, the finest graces of life, will be gone.

So much am I disposed to admit that there is danger of a decline, *for a while*, of national manners, that I am more disposed to turn to that quarter, than to the opposite point of defence. Yet I do conceive that there is a higher state of manners, than that which is produced by feudal distinctions. These courtesies of mere condition seem to me much better to befit the childhood of the world, than its maturity. They ought ever to exist between parents and children. Authority and protection on the one hand, and reverence and gratitude on the other, are here proper and beautiful. And so long as the body of the people are in a state of childhood, we feel that there is a fitness and a charm in the old feudal homages of the humble to the high. In fact, the perfection, the highest tact of manner, consists in its adaptation to circumstances and relationships. The manners of a lady's ignorant page to his accomplished mistress; the deportment of a feudal retainer or tenant-at-will towards the master who fed, clothed, and by intellectual superiority ruled him, would not become those who stand nearly upon an equality in intellect and the independence of condition. It would be absurd and impossible to keep up a style of manners directly at variance with the actual mental relations of men. If I had a servant whom I supposed to be very ignorant—with only half of the intelligence of a well-educated child, twelve years old—my deportment towards him would naturally assume a mingled air of peremptory command and protecting kindness, and I should expect from him unquestioning deference and implicit confidence. But suppose I should discover that my first impressions about him were founded in entire mistake; that he could read Greek, and was conversant with literature, and was every way as intelligent and cultivated as I might be. Is it possible that, on this discovery, no change would take place in my manners towards this man? Would not respect mingle with them? Or should I expect or wish precisely the same deportment from him, that I should from the humblest and most ignorant menial? Should I demand that he should forget everything else, all the dignity of our common knowledge, culture, tastes, and of humanity itself, in the bare circumstance that he was poor, and I rich?*

I suppose, indeed, that most men would say in such a case, Be no longer servant of mine. Few, perhaps, would have enough of the Grecian or Roman dignity, to be willing to have an *Æsop*, or a *Terence*, for a servant. Most of those who have been trained up to the habits and feelings of a feudal aristocracy, say boldly, that the common people ought not to be educated. We know very well what resistance the cause of popular education has met with in England. It would destroy the habits of dependence and subserviency. It would make the people rebellious to lawful authority. It would render the people, some millions though they were, immortal minds—no matter for that—it would render them less convenient instruments for some hundreds of

* "Ha, Will Shakspeare, Wild Will!" says Leicester, in *Kenilworth*, "hark thee, mad wag, I have not forgotten the matter of the patent, and of the bears."

"The *player* bowed, and the *earl* nodded and passed on—so that age would have told the tale; in ours, perhaps, we might say the immortal had done homage to the mortal."

their brother minds. The real question at issue was, and is, whether it is right and best that the body of the people should be raised to intelligence, self-respect, and self-dependence, or be for ever kept down to abject baseness and subserviency. The real question is, whether we will consent to look at this subject as *Christians*. For although I am well aware that Christianity did not, and does not propose, by any positive precept, to disturb the actual relations of society; yet no one will deny that it holds all men in an equal and impartial regard, that it is no respecter of persons, that it assigns to moral worth the supreme value, the highest title to respect, and that it reveals a world to come, in the brightness of whose splendour all earthly distinctions will be lost. I do not say that Christianity will ever abolish the distinctions of employer and employed, householder and domestic, rich and poor; for these belong to the inevitable condition of all human society: but I do say, that this religion will give to these distinctions a character of mutual kindness, consideration, and respect, which has never yet been seen in the *body* of any community. And could all men be Christian brethren, and treat one another as such, I believe there would be a gentleness and gracefulness in the universal manners of society, which no feudal distinctions, no mingling of patrician pride and plebeian homage, has ever produced, or ever can.*

With this contemplation of things, I cannot sympathise much with the alarms that are felt, at the probable decline of all the old reverence and courtesy. Suppose that everything *goes down*, as it is called, to republican forms; that all is levelled, aristocratic pride and kingly state together; will not truth and virtue, science and sanctity, humanity and Christianity, be left on earth? And will there be no dignity in paying homage to these? Doubtless there will be shocking things in the world—things unheard of, and incredible. Not only will “the toe of the peasant gall the kibe of the courtier,” but people will stand face to face—will *meet in the same company and actually talk together—between whom there will be nothing on earth in common, but that they are men!* Alas! what a sad history will be written of those times! “Then,” will it be said, “men were respected, not for their titles, but for their merits. It was an all-levelling age, in which nothing was venerated but virtue. Nay, so besotted were mankind, that they worshipped virtue and truth, though they were stripped of all outward magnificence and power. The highest places in society were sometimes occupied—proh pudor!—by poor men. Yes, it was an age in which the horribly vile aristocracy of talent and virtue prevailed. If there was a man of wisdom

* I have lately read the series of articles, in Blackwood's Magazine, on the life of William Pitt. The writer is evidently an honest man. There is an intensity of feeling pervading every page, which plainly enough shows that. I acknowledge, too, the extraordinary vigour and splendour of the style. But I must say, that the spirit manifested in these articles seems to me absolutely atrocious. By the “people,” he means, according to his own definition, “the prodigious majority” of the English nation. This body of his fellow-citizens he constantly denominates “the rabble.” Scores, if not hundreds of times, he insults them with the name of *rabble*; and in every page he pours out upon them the most cold-blooded and heart-withering scorn. And yet this man persuades himself that he is, *par excellence*, a Christian, and does not hesitate to denigrate those who differ with him in politics, heretics, infidels, and atheists.

and genius among them. men went mad about him; they seemed to feel as if his notice and friendship were as honourable to them, as if he had been a lord or a prince. Yes, *Christians* though they were, they fell towards the degradation of those Grecian and Roman times, when Diogenes was honoured in his tub, and Cincinnatus was called from his plough."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE REPUBLICAN SYSTEM—THE TENDENCY TO IT IRRESISTIBLE—AMERICAN REPUBLICANISM—NATURE OF LIBERTY—OBEDIENCE TO THE LAWS—MOBS—TRADES UNIONS—FREE INSTITUTIONS A SEVERE TRIAL OF CHARACTER—CONSEQUENT DUTIES, INVOLVING FIDELITY TO THE PRINCIPLES OF HUMANITY, COURTESY, AND CHRISTIANITY.

There is one view of the tendency to republican forms of government, which invests the whole subject of modern politics with a completely new character. THAT TENDENCY IS IRRESISTIBLE! Be it good or evil, encouraging or alarming; be it wisdom or folly—wisdom in which all good men should rejoice, or folly which all wise men should execrate—it *cannot be helped*. The progress of reform in England is not more certain in fact, than it must have been certain in foresight, to every thinking man, ten years ago. There are principles, concerning whose operation one may safely speculate in his closet. He who does not see, that knowledge, having once gone down among the people—which it never did before—will *never* turn back; and he who does not see, at the same time, that the spread of intelligence *must* sooner or later break down the entire system of unjust favouritism, whether in church or state, knows nothing of human nature. It is often said that the horse, if he *knew* his power, would not suffer himself to be driven and worn out in the service of another. Does not all the power in the world lie in the people? Are not the people beginning to learn and feel this? The horse is *made* not to know his power, on purpose that he may serve another. Is human nature made so? It is a shaded picture—that of the human heart—and men see everything else more easily! but let any one adjust his eye carefully to the magic glass of experience, and look upon that picture, and it will foreshow to him the coming fortunes of the world. From oversight of this, from the want of this insight, the age does not understand itself. The mighty power that is rising in the world is intellectual power; and the one engine that is to take precedence, if not place, of guns, and battlements, and armies, is the PRESS. The great age of educated human nature—not of educated upper classes alone, but of educated *human nature*—is commencing. But instead of giving this mighty element the chief place in the problem of the future, men are speculating about visible forces and agencies; about the power of armies, the strength of dynasties, and the barriers of *caste*. It is all in vain. It must be in vain, unless human nature shall be radically changed. It is as if a man, holding that it would be

better to have the earth for ever bound in the chains of winter, should set himself to rail against the all-dissolving warmth of spring. It is as if he should dispute—against the sun! Doubtless there will be disputings and railings. There will be checks and disturbances, attending this great progress of things, like the chills and storms that wait upon the advancing steps of spring. Many a blast from the winter of ages gone by, will sweep rudely over the blossoming hopes of the world, and threaten their destruction. The course of things will *not* be peaceful. The elements of the world will be in conflict. There will be overshadowing clouds; there will be many “a raw and gusty day;” the long imprisoned waters will sometimes burst forth in desolating floods. There will be oppositions and struggles in society; the rage of kings, and tumults of the people; but through all these the great year of the world will advance! And I cannot doubt—all agitations, and excitements, and trials notwithstanding—that a progress of things so inevitable, based as it is upon the very principles of human nature, springing as it does from such certain theoretical truths, involving such unquestionable rights—a progress whose origin is education, whose element is freedom, and whose cause is humanity—must, with all its difficulties and dangers, be a progress to good. To doubt it, would be, to my mind, to doubt the providence of the Ruler of the world!

But with us in America the question is not about tendencies. The result to which the whole civilized world is advancing, is, in our country, fully brought out. We have adopted the free system; and our main concern is with its practical working. The Old World has other and complicated questions to consider; old and new ideas, institutions, and claims, are mingling and clashing in the conflict of European politics; but to the New World is presented only one question, How shall the system we have actually adopted be made to work well? And in truth there is no duty which the press of our country owes to it, that appears to me of such transcendent importance, and none which deserves so sedulously to engage the attention of all thinking men in the country, as the attempt to awaken, direct, and guard the public mind, in the new and dangerous paths of experiment on which it is advancing.

If the age does not understand itself, still less, I fear, does our country understand its peculiar situation. Liberty seems yet to be regarded rather as a boon to be carelessly enjoyed, than as a trust to be faithfully discharged. It is rare to meet with any production of the periodical or daily press, that enters deeply into the moral and social, as well as political difficulties and dangers, which are inseparably connected with free institutions. The pulpit addresses our people, precisely as it would address the people of China or Hindostan—taking no account that ever I have observed, of the peculiar temptations, sufferings, discontents, and exposures of a community circumstanced as we are. Meanwhile, there are enough to prate about liberty—demagogues and party orators to tell the people continually of their power and importance—not of their duties—and the people, hearing little else, are led to conclude that their situation offers nothing for them to consider, but occasions for pride and gratulation. In addition to this, there is always a *vis inertiae* in the body of every society, not disturbed by actual revolution—an indolent and passive habit of feeling, as if all must be well, which disinclines, and almost disenables us, from forming any

discriminating judgment of the peculiar exigencies and perils of our situation. That this is all wrong, that we have entered upon a new era in society, an era of as much peril as promise; that society among us cannot adjust itself to its new duties and relations, without much consideration and care, I think I distinctly see; and so thinking, I cannot but deeply feel, that a momentous experiment for happiness and virtue is passing over us.

I am quite aware that the ground which I take is not likely to be popular with any party. The attempt to defend free institutions will satisfy one class of thinkers; the acknowledgment of their dangers will fall in with the views of another; but many of each class, when they look to the counterpart of that which they approve, will probably say that I contradict myself, and forsake my own principles. This I am interested most earnestly to deny, for higher reasons than those which concern my personal consistency. For I conceive that the only true and safe basis for liberty, is that basis of equal immunities and dangers on which I put it. The ground I take, then, is this: that freedom is the greatest of opportunities; but that the great opportunity, with moral beings, always involves great peril. I see in this but one instance of a principle that is established in the moral government of the world. It were easy to conceive of a nature and of circumstances which would expose mankind to but one half of their present sins and sufferings. Cut off one half of their moral freedom; diminish equally the strength of their passions; take away half of their outward temptations too; and it follows, that the exposures to evil would be proportionably lessened. But would not all this detract just so much from their opportunities for moral advancement, and moral happiness? The gift of political freedom is like the gift of moral agency; fraught alike with capabilities and perils. Just apply this to the case of political communities. Take the lowest instance—that of a slave population. All the dangers arising from free and unrestrained action, and especially from the acquisition and use of property, are removed from it. Advance now to a higher condition; that of the peasantry of Europe. They have the rights of property, and a certain degree of personal freedom; but the more delicate questions about human rights, the fair human claim to respect and regard, all aspirations after the higher conditions and honours of society, all that unfettered competition of life, which exists among us, is nearly unknown to them. Now, suppose all these barriers to be thrown down, and a whole people to stand—I had almost said like gladiators, upon the arena of social equality and conflict—and what do we see? A boundless opportunity for the development and improvement of human powers—but an almost equally boundless peril.

The state of things in America has brought about a grand and novel crisis in human society. This crisis requires, I believe, that society should assume a new character. And that there are difficulties attending the adoption of this new character, that there are difficulties involved in the transition of society from an artificial to a natural and healthful state, is not to be denied, but freely and fully admitted. In the untried ocean upon which the world is advancing, there are, doubtless, conflicting elements, there are counter currents, and there may be storms: but, I repeat, we are embarked upon the

voyage, and the proper wisdom of these times is, not idly to rail against the tide that is bearing us on, but to keep a strict watch and a close reckoning, and to bring every energy, and to man every heart, to the great enterprise.

Society is entering upon new trials everywhere—in America it has already entered upon them—and they are of the most serious nature. They demand a discussion among us, which they have scarcely yet begun to receive. Power has fallen into new hands, and hands which are liable enough to abuse it. The relationship of man to man has assumed a new character, and the fair adjustment of the mind to this new situation, I repeat, will require a portion, by no means moderate, both of sense and virtue.

Let me offer some suggestions on these points separately.

Power has gone into new hands. The grand modern form of power is suffrage, and suffrage is becoming universal. In our country, it is so already. We live in that extraordinary, that unprecedented, and, I will say, that fearful condition, where the mind of the whole people is represented in the government; where everything is staked upon the character, the intelligence, and virtue of the people; where the interests of the empire are borne upon the wave of popular feeling. Popular feeling! how fluctuating—this is the constant language of many in Europe, and it is meet that we should hear it—"Popular feeling!" they say, "how fluctuating, how uncertain, how impetuous and uncontrollable is it! How selfish, how unreasonable is it—how inconsiderate, rash, and irritable—and how liable to break out into wild extravagance, into furious excesses, into storms of anarchy, that will sweep through every land, leaving nothing but wreck and ruin in its path! Popular feeling! what is it likely to be, but the feeling of one sectional interest against another, the feeling of the poor against the rich, and of the rich against the poor, the feeling of the ignorant against the wise, of vice against virtue, of licentiousness and misrule against all order and control—feeling without reason, without restraint, without any principle, or any regard or care for anything but its own gratification!"

This is the language of many wise and thoughtful men in the Old World; and it deserves to be heedfully considered and carefully weighed. "Would the waves of the ocean," they say—"would the waves of the sea, without pilot or rudder, or any guidance superior to their own tendencies, bear any ship safely to the desired haven! But you have put the fabric of your government upon the waves. You have based everything upon that most unstable element—popular feeling, popular suffrage!" This is the grand point of difference which the advocate of free institutions would find between himself and them—*they have no confidence in the people.*

I trust that, in our country, we are to show that the people may be confided in. I trust, we are to show that the interests of a country may be more faithfully kept by the many to whom they appertain, than by the few to whom they do not—more faithfully kept by popular intervention, than by despotic authority. But if we are to show this, we must see to it in season, and charge ourselves with this responsibility, and prove ourselves faithful, as no people before us has ever done, and as no people after us will ever have equal advantages for doing. We must see to it, that knowledge is built up, and religion promoted, and

virtue practised; and that every man be sober, that every man be vigilant, that every man stand upon his individual guard and watch, as if he stood a sentinel for the safety of an empire. Especially must we see to it, that the venerableness and sanctity of the law are sustained among us.

I have attempted to show that the law of a free people, the law which they themselves have made, possesses these characters in a peculiar degree. But it is not any abstract shadow of authority that I would set up. I say that such a law is bound upon the conscience, beyond all others.

If all the multitudes in our American republic were assembled, the whole body of them, almost as one man, would pronounce the law and the government which are established among us, to be good and beneficent. Then, I say, it is a matter of *conscience* to obey it. We have ascribed to this law an authority more than human. We have acknowledged in it that which gives authority to heaven itself—its beneficence. It is no longer left to our will to decide whether we ought to obey it. That is already decided. If we break the law, we are moral offenders. We are not mere technical or political offenders; not merely traitors, or thieves, or murderers, according to some arbitrary and unacknowledged rule; we are moral offenders; we are offenders against conscience; we are offenders against God; and we must answer it, not in a human tribunal only, but at the bar of an eternal judgment.

But possibly some one may say, "I do not hold a certain law to be good or right, and, therefore, upon your own showing, I am not bound to obey it." The objector forgets one essential principle of our political system which is as much a part of the law as any other. And that is the principle, that the majority shall govern. This is as evidently a necessary and beneficent principle of law among us, as any provision of the criminal code; and he who sets it aside, as plainly offends against the public welfare, as if he stole or murdered. For who does not see that the government cannot go on a day without this principle? If every man is to decide for himself what shall be law, there is an end of all law. Law for a country must depend upon agreement; and the nearest and the only approach to agreement, is to be effected by submitting to the majority. The business of an aggrieved minority is, to procure as speedily as they can, a change of the law. Resistance to the law involves a principle so fatal, that no temporary advantages can countervail its wide-spread mischief.

We have fallen upon times, when exact obedience to the laws—an obedience so exact, that it shall admit no disturbing interference of private judgment—is a subject that needs to be deeply considered. The disposition on the part of some of our citizens to take the law into their own hands—public executions without legal trial in one part of the country, and the riots and mobs that have spread terror through some of our cities,—these are things, though their importance is likely enough to be exaggerated, which nevertheless demand a fixed and serious, if not anxious consideration.

And the question is, What is to be done to restrain these excesses? And I confidently answer, that nothing can be done, but through a sound public opinion, through a universal and deep conviction spread among the people, that a religious reverence, and an exact obedience to

the law is our only safeguard. The only alternative is a standing army, and it is an alternative not to be thought of. Moral restraint, then, is the only expedient. And let us not think that we have sufficiently tried it. There has been a laxity of opinion among us, that has given some countenance to mobs, or they never would have risen to the strength and violence which they have attained in our country. There has been a want of consideration among us, concerning the necessity both of strict obedience to the laws, and of general moral restraint. We have been too secure. We have idly thought that our system must work well, because it is free and the people intelligent.

The action of a mob, and all action of bodies of men against the laws, is not only fatal in effect, but fatal in principle. It destroys the very end which a mob generally proposes to attain. For let us do the justice to those bodies of violent and misguided men, to say that they usually propose some good end. But the very principle of irregular and unauthorised interference destroys every good end of government and society. For who can be safe, if the passions and prejudices of infuriated multitudes are to decide upon his conduct? Who can speak freely as he ought, the truth, or his true and honest sentiments, if he is subject to such a tribunal?

No matter, then, how *apparently* just the occasion for this violent popular interference may be. There may be some urgent danger to be guarded against. There may be some detestable principle to be put down. There may be some abominable nuisance to be abated. But who, in his senses, would call for the corrective hand of a mob? Who that has ever once seen a mob, would not say, "Heaven rid us of such remedies!"

The trades unions subject themselves to the same censure, whenever they overstep the limits of the law. The prejudice of many against them is so violent, that they probably regard the very combinations as unlawful. But let it be considered, whether any body of people has not a right to assemble to deliberate and act for the common welfare. It never has been denied, that employers have a right to agree together, upon the wages they will give; certainly it must be admitted, that the employed have just as much right to agree together upon the wages they will demand. Doubtless, combinations of a particular class for such a purpose, or indeed for almost any purpose, are liable to do much mischief and much wrong. I regret them, for many of the same reasons that I should regret combinations among merchants and men of wealth, designed to act upon the fears or the necessities of the poor. It is the policy of our institutions not to separate, but to blend the different classes of society. Trades unions are a device of the Old World, naturally enough springing from fixed and repulsive distinctions of classes. The sensible mechanics and labourers of our country ought to see this, and to hold their hands from those association bonds, as they would from manacles. The man who aspires to a higher place in society, should take care how he links himself with a combination, which is likely to embrace the lowest and vilest of the community. He lessens his power by doing so; he lessens his free action; he lessens his chance of rising in the world. I appeal to any intelligent trades unionist, whether the body to which he belongs is not likely to be led by one or two demagogues, who have not more sense, but a greater gift

of speech than the rest, and whether it is not likely to be absolutely controlled by the poorest and most desperate of its class. With these, then, notwithstanding all his mental remonstrances, he must be confounded in the eye of the world. He ought to have something too much of pride for that. He ought also to reflect, that, although such a combination may be lawful in the outset, it is very likely to be lawless in the end. And when it does become lawless, when it assumes the character of a mob, when it breaks in with violence upon the peaceful labours of those who are still inclined to work for the support of their families, or compels them by threats of violence, to desist from their lawful occupations—then, I say, and I say it as much for the sake of the poor as of the rich, that there ought to be an armed police, strong enough to put a stop to such outrages upon the public order! I am, perhaps, as averse as any one can be, to such a remedy. But it would probably, in the end, save more lives than it would sacrifice in the outset; and lives of far greater value; to say nothing of the wives and children of these misguided insurgents, who are brought to the extremity of poverty and distress, to disease, and perhaps to death, by the idleness of their natural protectors—or who, perhaps, are begging at one end of the town, while their husbands and fathers are violently arresting industry, and destroying property at the other—one part of the family levying contributions for charity upon the very wealth, which the other part are laying waste by violence. But I said, that lives of far greater value were lost; and I mean those of our police officers. The policeman, too, has a family: and he goes from it in the morning, knowing, perhaps, that he has that day to encounter a mob. Can he do so without anxiety? Does not his family implore him, for their sakes, to take care of himself? But forth he must go. At the magnanimous risk of everything dear to him, he goes into that wild and lawless crowd. For the public safety he goes there. To shield the whole community from violence, he offers his head to the blows of an infuriated multitude. He falls: he sinks in the crowd; he is beaten to death! Is there no remedy to be used against such a cruel issue as this? Are the public justice and honour to sleep in supine indifference, or to shrink back in pusillanimous fear, when the faithful servants of the public are thus sacrificed to lawless violence?

We have had scarcely time yet, to set up the necessary guards against new and recent forms of popular violence. This is the explanation of that unexampled state of things, in some of our Atlantic cities, and some of our western towns, which is the wonder and ridicule of Europe. That public opinion is entirely right with regard to these enormities, is our security; for the public opinion in America is law. That this opinion will find out some way to repress mobs, and the murderous executions of the too far-famed, but not too odious Lynch law, I cannot doubt.* I believe that these things have no more to do with the perpetuity of our institutions, than the vexa-

* In a letter from Paris to the editor of the *New York American*, dated 14th January, 1836, the writer, speaking of the late horrible atrocities in Spain, says, "God forbid that the United States should ever witness such scenes of blood; but bad as they are, they are not so much dwelt upon by the press of Europe, as the Lynch law proceedings in the United States." It is all very well! Let the indignation of Europe be fixed upon such monstrous proceedings. If in-

tious stings of a wasp, or the irritating attacks of a swarm of flies, with the life of the mighty elephant.

Indeed, I do by no means so much fear for the permanence of our institutions, as for their effect upon the essential well-being and happiness of society. Even the dissolution of our union would probably leave unaltered the form of our state governments. Nor is it easy to anticipate or imagine any change in the national character, that would permit the creation of a nobility or of a monarchy among us. We are often told of coming ages of anarchy and blood, out of which is to rise a military despotism. We are admonished of the fate of the Grecian and Roman republics. I do not desire that the admonition should be scornfully resisted. Occupying as we do a new world, scarcely feeling any ties to past ages, taking counsel of innovation rather than of antiquity, dwelling more upon the bright visions of futurity than upon the sublimity of ancient time, we may be instructed less than we ought by the lessons of history. Still, I cannot help observing, when the examples of Greece and Rome are brought forward, that there are elements in the constitution of our society, which do not seem to be considered in this comparison. I mean those elements of mighty force—Christianity and universal education. They have formed a people in America, such as Greece and Rome never conceived of. This is scarcely a topic for argument; the conclusion here must be the result of observation. But when I look upon such a people as ours, enlightened as they are, and united in the bands of Christian brotherhood, I cannot help asking—and feeling, too, as if there was the force of argument in the question—Where are the elements of universal anarchy and bloodshed? I look at individuals—at those whom I know—at the body of the people in the country—and I say, Can this man and that man be induced to take his musket, and fight with his neighbour in the next state? Can Massachusetts go to war with Connecticut?—or New England with New York?—or the Northern States with the Southern?—What may happen five or ten centuries hence, I pretend not to predict. It is easy to deliver prophecies which are to wait centuries for their fulfilment or failure. With regard to the future, I know no safer augury than past experience. I repose, then, upon the, to my apprehension, undeniable fact, that the intelligence and the right-minded, religious feeling of our people, have been gaining strength, and are at this moment advancing more rapidly than ever before. Can this fact be denied? Certainly our schools and colleges are improving; and the number of newspapers, periodicals, and books—and readers—is increasing in a ratio,* far beyond the progress of population. Certainly the vices of

dignant justice will not otherwise awake at home, let foreign reproach arouse it. Yet, at the same time, let not our favourers or our adversaries imagine that Lynch law is the law of this country, or that it is ever likely to be; or that it *has* been, except in two or three instances of extreme local irritation and alarm.

* Most of the market-women who sell vegetables in the open markets of the city of New York, buy and read a daily newspaper. I suspect the world might be searched over in vain for a parallel to this fact; which is an illustration, also, of the spirit of the country. Let a poor man, moreover, go through the market with his basket, and those women will fill it. I remember the time, too, when this humble but meritorious class of persons was entitled to less honourable mention.—In Geneva, with twenty-five thousand inhabitants, there are

gaming, profaneness, and intemperance, have visibly declined among us. Certainly, the jurisprudence of the country, that great moral gauge and safeguard of a nation, has improved, and improved, I am inclined to believe, beyond all example, ancient or modern. And once more I say, certainly there has been a growth of religious feeling in the country; a deeper interest in the subject is spreading itself among all classes of the people; the churches are more fully attended; the number of communicants is everywhere increasing. Nay, and I cannot help thinking that the preaching is better than it was; at any rate, taking my past impressions with me, I find it, wherever I go, better than I expected. Nor in regard to statistical statements of this nature, does it seem to me fair to reply with strictures or censures upon the religious zeal of our people. Such strictures are very proper in their place; but their place is not in a general estimate of this kind. The religious spirit of the country is strong; it is growing stronger; this is undeniable. And now, if all this be true, what, I ask, is meant by the charge of a national deterioration, that threatens the eventual subversion of our free institutions?

But I have been led, by these observations, away from the point on which I was about to insist. It is not the danger of destruction to our popular forms, that so much impresses my mind, as the trial of character which is passing under these forms. The danger that I should fear, if I were disposed to give way to gloomy forebodings, would be, that while the glorious fabric remains untouched, those who walk beneath it may not reap all the advantages of their favoured condition; that while the fair form of liberty is preserved, the very heart and happiness of it may be eaten out by "carking cares," by domestic competitions, by private discontents—by the jealousies, and distrusts, and vexations, that spring from ambitious aspirings, and undefined claims, and disappointed expectations.

I believe that there is (from certain causes) more suffering among our people, than among the people of any other country in the world! I begin with this assertion, and I make it thus nakedly, that it may, if possible, startle the reader into some attention. It will, doubtless, be thought a bold declaration; but I say it: I believe there is more suffering (from certain mental and moral causes) in our country than in any other. There may be more happiness, too; I am inclined to think there is. But there is positively more suffering.* Nor does this arise alone from the greater amount of intelligence diffused abroad among the mass of our people. It arises in part from the peculiar relationships of society among us. The higher and the lower classes, as they are called, sustain a less happy relation to each other in America than they do in Europe. Domesticity are less happy, as a class, in America than they are in Europe. Does any one ask why? I answer, because in Europe, and wherever aristocratic institutions prevail, servants look upon their state of life as a permanent condition. In America every domestic is

one weekly and two semi-weekly newspapers. In the town of New Bedford (Mass.), with a population of nine thousand, there are three weekly and two daily papers.

* Of course, I should except cases of extreme oppression or poverty, like those of Poland or of Rome.

hoping to rise to a higher place in society. Hence he is restless and uneasy. Hence dependence is a thousand times more galling to him than it is to the European servant. He must be a dull observer, who does not see, I had almost said in a thousand forms of pride, petulance, jealousy, carelessness, unfaithfulness, and unhappiness, this grand difficulty attending the condition of the American domestic. Is the situation of the American householder, employer, man of wealth, compared with the European, any more fortunate and happy? On the contrary, the grand difficulty of the country, so far as comfort, both mental and bodily, is concerned, lies in the state of domestic service. There are exceptions, of course; but the general want of fidelity, attention, kindness, and respect in domestics, is a source of perpetual annoyance in almost all the families in the country. It is to be added, that there is less skill, less accomplishment, less heartiness, in the duties of any situation, where the occupant regards it with disgust, and is determined to escape from it as soon as possible.

It is easy to spread this general comparison into all the shades and details of the social relations. Those who are beneath, where all are free to rise, are looking to the situations above, not as places never to be reached, but, on the contrary, as prizes to be contended for. The sight of splendid dwellings and equipages, therefore, is likely to awaken, in many bosoms, envy and irritation, rather than kindness and deference. On the contrary, those who are above, look upon their inferiors in station as aspirants and assailants, rather than as friends and supporters. In this state of things, all the offices and relations of life are apt to become less kindly. In a country where there are no fixed and impassable distinctions, no protecting barriers of caste or coterie, men are apt to fear intrusion, or else to fear lest they be thought intrusive. Hence, I think, the proverbial distrust and coldness of our manners. And hence, I fear, a want, to some extent, of real heartiness, confidence, and enthusiasm in society.

Do I say, then, that this state of freedom is undesirable? By no means. The most desirable condition for a people, is not that which embraces the greatest immediate comfort, not that which presents the fewest annoyances and difficulties, but that which tends to the greatest ultimate improvement. It is the order of Providence, it is the discipline of our moral nature, that the process of improvement should involve much suffering. The result is happiness; and for that happiness I am looking. But the process, I repeat, is usually trying and difficult. It involves many moral efforts, many severe struggles, many painful questionings. Doubtless it would be more *comfortable* for the master to hold his servants in a state of absolute dependence, so that they should cling to his service as their only means of support, so that they should have no wish, will, or thought, but of implicit obedience; but would this be the *best* state of things for *them*, or even, morally considered, for himself? Doubtless the ignorant peasant, whose thoughts seldom wander beyond the plantation on which he toils, experiences less care and anxiety, and is less tried with questions of social precedence and position, than the independent citizen, who has the world before him where to choose and who knows of no world above him to which he may not aspire. Doubtless, the slave suffers less, mentally and morally, than his master. Push the comparison something further, and you will find a

race of beings that does not suffer at all—animals. Now, advance animals to the state of Hottentots, and Hottentots to the condition of serfs, and serfs to the situation of the modern peasantry of Europe, and a peasantry, tenants at will, to the privileges of free citizens; and at every step you open new sources both of enjoyment and suffering. And the relative degree of enjoyment and suffering, in each state, will be in proportion as the duties of that state are well or ill understood and practised. The more novel, and, in its principles and modes of action, unsettled any condition is, the greater will be the suffering.

Now this I consider to be the condition of our American people. Our political institutions have placed us in a new school, and most of us are yet upon the first form. The Greeks and Romans were not in such a school. The ancient liberty differed almost as widely from our modern freedom, as the aristocratic system itself does. Greece and Rome, crowded with slaves, experienced but few of the peculiar trials of our social condition. The private relations of life among them were more fixed than ours; while at the same time, their popular forms of government were less secure. They were less secure, because the basis of society on which they were placed was not the basis of truth and justice. And I cannot help adding, that, in this respect, we enjoy an advantage over all the modern governments of the Old World. While the right tendencies of mind with us are all conservative, the right tendencies of mind in the European states—the tendencies, that is to say, to diffused knowledge, equalized property, and free thought—are all destructive of their respective governments.

But not to pursue this point—I say that we are placed in a new school. We are learning, from trying experience, many important lessons. Our education has not yet come to its end; and our system, like every formative and disciplinary system, is to be judged of with this just reservation. There *are* systems of education which are occupied with immediate results; there are systems which look to future issues. Ours is of the latter kind. We are in a state of transition. Like our noble forefathers, we are, in some important respects, “living for them that shall come after.” Society in America is contending with many difficulties; it is necessarily sacrificing much immediate comfort, for a magnificent result hereafter. I say a magnificent result. For no vision of patrician honour and plebeian humility, of lofty command and humble service, of baronial dignity and obsequious respect, of generous protection and grateful dependence, of titles, coronets, stars, and banners, with the lowly homage of a surrounding multitude—no such vision, though it may charm the reveries of a poetic imagination, can be so glorious as the spectacle of a great people, living under the gentle rule of impartial law—each one’s welfare equally cared for by the paternal state—each one possessing all the liberty that equal laws can give, for pursuing his own improvement and happiness—each one respecting himself and his fellows as moral beings, subjects alike of the majesty of Heaven; no oppression bowing down the weak to the strong, the friendless to the favoured—no lordship, but that which a man shall make for himself—no power but for the common weal—no end but universal happiness. Herein lies the true nobleness and charm of society; in its impartiality, in its justice—not in sacrificing one part to the comfort or respectability of another—a system degrading to all; but in the im-

provement, happiness, education, of the whole body of the people. And were it not for the yet unexhausted heritage of false, feudal maxims, which past ages have sent down to us, no noble-minded man would be able to see things in any other light: no lofty imagination, nor poetry, would have thrown their charm over a system of oppression and cruel injustice. It is to be remarked, indeed, that poetry, when she has made princes and nobles her theme, has touched the heart chiefly by portraying their humanity, their gentleness, their kindness to inferiors. The *condescension*, alas! seems to have been the grand theme. It *has been such a wonder*, even to poets, that *a man should be a man!* This perversion of almost all genius—this prostration of all truth and right, before power and state, is one of the heaviest indictments to be brought against the entire system of aristocratic distinctions.

Possessed, through a long hereditary descent of opinion, of these views, so favourable to the few, so disparaging to the many, we are, perhaps, but ill qualified to judge fairly and philosophically of that process of improvement, of which I have been speaking. It is necessarily wrought out through much imperfection; the people, in their new position, are committing many mistakes; and not a few of the lookers on, passing by, apparently, all the destructive errors of past times, give themselves up to the dread and the denunciation of these popular mistakes and excesses. They discern not, I am tempted to say, the signs of this time. The upheaving of the popular mass offends them. The growing independence, the insolence, as they regard it, of the lower classes, disgusts and alarms them. Trades unions, those natural, and often, doubtless, misdirected struggles of the poor and labouring classes to better their condition, are to them utter abominations. Those placards which they sometimes see in our cities, appealing to the worst passions of the poor, against the rich, read to them like fearful handwritings upon the wall, proclaiming that the days of liberty are numbered. Now I regard all these things as among the unhappy, but unavoidable processes of the great modern experiment on free institutions. The people, after all, are by no means committing such errors and injuries, as kings and nobles have done. I believe that all will eventually come right. To this political optimism I would hold fast, till I am beaten off by those shocks and convulsions of society, that shall overwhelm all in one common ruin! Heaven avert them!

And that they may be averted, that the experiment may come out well, I admit that we all have duties to perform. Nay, more, and I believe that Providence has it in charge—that our very situation gives some pledges that we shall perform them. Our very comfort demands, our very necessities require, that we should learn anew the duties of humanity, of courtesy, and of Christianity. And these are the particular duties to which I refer.

We are obliged to give to the claims of humanity, of the mass of mankind, a place which they never before held. The demand is urged by an irresistible power—the power of the multitude. It claims to have its rights, its interests, its feelings respected. It will no longer do among us, as is yet done in England with amazing frequency, to call this multitude a worthless rabble. The demagogue will indeed take advantage of this state of things, and the crowd may be, to some extent, misled by him; but it is the demagogue that is corrupted, rather

than the crowd; I believe that the heart of our people is yet sound. An intelligent people may err, but can it wilfully err? Can it harness itself to the demagogue's car, for the sake of drawing it?

It is sometimes petulantly said, that, in domestic life, the real masters in America are the servants. Here, too, is error, doubtless on the part of the great class of domestic assistants. Can anybody wonder that they commit this error? And is it not better that their claims, as human beings, should be enforced by some unreasonable exactions, than to be never regarded at all? The domestic is not, in this country, as he has been in the Old World, a mere instrument in the hands of another. He is to be considered, respected, felt for, as a human being. Let him be so regarded, let him be treated with kindness, let an interest—aye, a Christian interest—be taken in his mental and moral improvement, and the state of our families will be made happier, by every step of that progress in the morality and piety of domestic life. That progress must be made. I lament not that Providence has taken a bond of society, that it shall be made!

Will not courtesy be promoted in an equal proportion? Let the relations of life be just and kind, and kind manners will be the consequence. Let the members of a family take the proper interest in one another, as human beings, as alike children of God and heirs of heaven, and I will answer for their manners—yes, and for the manners of the humblest of its members. What is the beau ideal of a servant's character and manners in England, or wherever else aristocratic institutions prevail? That he is apt and obedient, attentive, respectful, and grateful; that he is a useful instrument, a serviceable person, true to his master. "It is a good creature;" and the master, and the mistress, and their children, are well satisfied, because this person—the old butler, the attentive footman, the kind nurse—is living for their comfort. Does it enter at all into the aristocratic contemplation of this faithful dependent, that he should live for purposes of his own—for purposes proper to him as a human being; that his own powers should be cultivated, his mind enlarged, and that he should cherish as true a self-respect as his master does? I am not speaking of what individuals may do—there are exceptions to all rules—but I am speaking of the general judgment and feeling of society in England, and France, and Italy.

I have known instances in America, where the relation of employer and employed, of householder and domestic, is, to my view, altogether more beautiful than the beau ideal of that relation in the Old World; where the superior in station says of his inferior, "I respect that person just as truly, and just as much as he respects me, and with just as good reason;" and where he treats him accordingly; where that treatment, moreover, has won, in return, a noble confidence and love; and where, in fine, the inferior stands up in his proper dignity as a man—where his manners are respectful and obliging, not because he is afraid of losing his place, but because he respects himself too much to be rude and discourteous to others—where his good manners stand on the just and firm basis of moral affection and mental culture. That is a beautiful relation. It is a relation that becomes men and Christians. It is the only suitable relation for beings, whose ties as a family are soon to be dissolved, and who are to stand as equals before the throne of their common Creator and Judge!

In a country like ours, it is time that some of the old maxims of feudal societies should be done away. The horror of being thought poor and dependent, the dread of being confounded with inferiors, the contempt visited upon the necessity of labour, the scornful reference to certain trades and occupations which infects even our literature, should give place to higher maxims. Make any occupation contemptible, and you take the most direct way to make those engaged in it reckless and vicious. Does not observation verify the remark? Those incognito female working establishments—so to call them—which are known in some of our cities, are a libel on virtuous industry. I do not so much blame those who desire to spread around them this shield against the absurd maxims of society. The wrong lies in that spirit of society which creates such establishments. They stand in a civilized and Christian country, like the guarded old feudal castles—relics of barbarism. It is a curious illustration of the absurd perversions of sentiment, which feudal distinctions have wrought in the world, that idleness—the not being obliged to labour, or study, or to do any useful thing on earth—should have been held to be the most honourable of all positions in society. Nay, the very dependents and menials of some lordly idler have sometimes, by reflected honour, taken precedence of the most honourable and learned professions. Mr. Edgeworth, in his *Letters on the Choice of a Profession*, argues against that of a clergyman in England, on account of its frequent want of respectability. And by way of illustration, he relates the anecdote of a curate, who was so elated at possessing the acquaintance, not of the lord of a neighbouring castle, but of his butler, that he observed, concerning that distinguished personage (the butler), “that he was so familiar with him, that he could say anything to him.”

But for the correction of all errors, and the remedy of all evils incident to our situation, our chief resort must be to the principles of the Christian religion. Our situation is thus far fortunate, that it urges these principles upon us, as it never urged them upon any other people. The relations of society with us are brought down to the bare and simple character of a connexion between man and man. Heart to heart we are brought; and there is not a star, or a badge, or a strip of livery on any man's bosom, to teach deference to one, or to entitle another to the tone of authority. The privileges of rank, the instinct of discipline, the bonds of necessity, are all broken and abrogated. All artificial barriers are removed; the leading strings which have served for the guidance of past times, are completely taken away; and we are placed in the open and unobstructed field of equal rights and fair relations. What now can stand us *in stead* of all that has controlled and coerced the manners and actions of men hitherto, but the laws of rectitude, kindness, and forbearance—the laws of Christian self-respect, and Christian mutual respect? The basis of theoretical equality on which we stand, is really the ground of Christianity. Will not our privileges, as a people, teach us our duties?

It is only under this influence, that the relation of man to man, and the relation of the whole body to each individual, can be safe and happy. A poor man with this spirit, would say, “I am willing to perform a stipulated service for my rich neighbour; I feel no degradation in the employment; it is my mind only, not my employment, that can degrade

me; it is envy, or jealousy, not labour, that is degrading; I respect myself, my soul, my hope, too much to be contending about comparative trifles; nay, according to the Christian law, I love my neighbour too much, and I hold my fellow Christian in too much honour, to think of any injury or indignity to him; let him be honoured according to his merits; let him be prospered according to the good pleasure of God: I am thankful for his welfare: I am happy in my own." What a lofty-minded labourer were that! He might walk behind the plough; but the conqueror in his triumphal procession never walked in a path more glorious. Let the rich man reciprocate that noble feeling, assuming nothing unbecoming the relation of one Christian man to another, thankful for his prosperity, and humble, not proud, under it; and what a state of society would this be! What manners, what graces, both of character and behaviour, would spring from it!

And then, again, as to the influence which the whole body of the people—the mighty majority—possesses over the welfare of each individual—it needs to be subjected to the same control. Public opinion in America is a power fearful to contemplate. There is no aristocracy with us, no throne that is above it. It must be considerate, liberal, and candid, or it will inflict extreme misery and injustice. We have escaped in America from the despotism of the one, and the few; it remains to be seen, whether we shall escape the despotism of the many. Nay, at this moment, and with all our boasts of liberty, there is less private and social freedom in America, than there is in Europe! In some respects this is well; but surely not in all respects. The sovereignty of the many, the sovereignty of public opinion, may become as oppressive and vexatious as ever was the jealousy of arbitrary power. It may beat down all manly independence, all individual freedom—and especially in those who seek for office, or are ambitious to stand well with society; it may make slaves of us as effectually, as any tyranny that ever existed. It may make us a mean, tame, time-serving people, who shall not dare to do anything, even in trifles, that is contrary to the popular will. I confess, that in this view, I look with considerable apprehension upon those great associations, which, however good their end, create a public opinion about their objects, that renders it hazardous to any man's reputation, to dissent from them. I fear that under this influence, charity, and all the virtues, will be liable to lose something of their manliness, freedom, and beauty; that they may become, to some extent, hollow-hearted, and false—that charity may be promoted at the expense of real generosity, and temperance at the expense of sincerity, and much seeming good at the expense of much secret evil.

Here, then, we want firm and liberal Christian principle, to withstand these dangerous tendencies. We want it to enable some to set themselves firmly, whether in politics or religion, against the popular will. Yes, we want men who will sacrifice themselves—who will be martyrs—rather than sacrifice their own free and single-minded judgment. I might hold such a man to be wrong in his opinion; but unless he were very wrong indeed, I should set off his independence, in the account of social influences, as more than a balance for his error. Error can be corrected; but mental slavery seals and locks up the very fountain of truth. We want newspapers that shall dare to be true to individual conviction. And would that there were such a thing as an independent

party in politics—that useless, worthless, powerless, contemptible thing, as the mere politician would regard it—yet it would do a good that the politician does not think of. It would set an example worth a thousand party triumphs. And I fancy, too, that it would act as a balance wheel, to control the violence of party movements. The old Roman virtue consisted in the devotion, the sacrifice of the individual to the state. The redeeming virtue of modern liberty must consist in the devotion, and if need be, *the sacrifice of the individual to TRUTH!* And let me add, that the supreme danger to apprehend, is that of *losing all mental and moral independence!*

CHAPTER XXVII.

JOURNEY TO LIVERPOOL—SENSITIVENESS OF AMERICANS TO PUBLIC OPINION ABROAD—FAREWELL TO ENGLAND—PASSAGE TO AMERICA.

BIRMINGHAM, April 12.—From London to Birmingham I have ridden through a country clothed with living verdure. And yet England is several degrees north of any part of the United States; and this is April. The verdure now is of one deep hue. It is very different in Summer. When I came to Liverpool last year, I was struck with the light green of the fields on the banks of the Mersey. It may have been caused by recent mowing. What attracted my attention afterward, in travelling through England, was the variety of shades upon the landscape. I presume that this arises from the greater variety of grasses, grain, and herbs, cultivated; and also from a more perfect cultivation, that gives to the scythe and the sickle more frequent crops. The country wears every livery of green, from the darkest to the lightest, through the whole Summer. Oh! those rich glades; those noble groves and clumps of trees on every hillside; those cliffs, with their soft screening of ivy; those velvet lawns, with many a sunny nook and shaded avenue, sweet enough to draw the footsteps of the fairies; those embowered cottages; those glorious parks; those magnificent castles—*shall* I not—shall I *never*—see them again?

The lowest class of operatives in Birmingham and Manchester is said to be the most desperate and dangerous population in England; and I was very desirous to see a specimen of it. So I said to a gentleman here one day, “I want to see something of this horrid population in Birmingham, that I hear so much about. Pray, take me, now, to the worst part of your city.” He paused in his walk and looked at me, as if he did not at all comprehend my meaning. “Why, you know,” said I, “these desperate operatives—these people that are sunk so low, as I am told, in poverty and misery. Mr. — and Mr. —, spoke of them as if they were wild animals, that, if uncaged, would break forth, and devour, and destroy, on every side; and would be almost justified in doing so.” The gentleman looked at me with a surprise that would have been displeasure, I think, but for his politeness. “Indeed he knew of no such people in Birmingham. He could take me to no such place. —There,” he said, pointing down a lane that was swarming with women and children, ill clad and dirty enough to merit a pretty strong description—“there are people as poor and miserable as any, perhaps, in Bir-

mingham, but they are neither desperate nor dangerous." *They*, perhaps, if consulted, would have told another story! Heaven forbid that events should!

But it is curious, though natural, this habit of seeing things connected with ourselves, under aspects so widely different from those which present themselves to a stranger, or a distant observer. It really requires an effort of philosophical abstraction, to break that spell of association by which we make ourselves responsible, in a sort, for everything that belongs to our country or our town, to our class, sect, or coterie. For this reason, the unprejudiced stranger, or traveller, is, in the proportion of his knowledge, likely to be nearer right than the people of the country which he describes.

But it is a poor rule that will not work both ways; and there is no doubt that we might well take home this observation to ourselves in America. The Trollopes, Halls, and Hamiltons, have certainly told us many truths; by which, it may be hoped, that our manners, at least, will be mended. Nations have habits like individuals; they have eccentricities, which propagate themselves by the mere force of habit and custom, without any original reason. I am sure I know of nothing in our climate, or constitution, that accounts for that abomination, called spitting; many among us are as free from it as any other people. That we are somewhat given to talking of invoices and prices, has, indeed, an intelligible cause; it "cometh of the multitude of business;" and the fearful rapidity with which we eat our dinners, especially in public places, proceeds, perhaps, from the same cause. We are a business people, in a sense which does not, and never did appertain to any other people. Every man with us has a stake in what is going on around him. This must, of course, give a turn to general conversation, and produce an effect on the general manners and character. It may do evil in some respects; but it is certainly the spring of many energies. If you put a man's fortunes into his own hands, you put a life into him, which, though it *may* do harm to his manners or his morals, is certainly better for a country than to have one large class in it, above the cares of business, and another and larger class, like the operatives of Birmingham, sunk far enough beneath its profits. Better, I say—better, that is, for the development of the energies of a whole people—better for the promotion of ultimate general happiness, and I believe of virtue, too, I believe it, and yet the universal competition and success of business in America, expose us to many dangers which are certainly to be regarded with a serious eye. I could wish that the strictures of our foreign brethren, on all these points, could have come to us with something less of extravagance, that they might have done us more good; that they might have wounded less, and worked more kindly for our improvement. But thus it is, that imperfect beings must help one another, through much imperfection. Minds are flung into the fermenting mass of public opinion, to struggle together, and to strike many a rash and passionate blow; but out of error shall come truth, out of conflicting prejudices pure reason, out of darkness and confusion, light and order.

Our national sensitiveness under such blows, deserves, perhaps, more consideration than it has received. Our situation has been peculiar. No other nation has had its temper put to the same trial. Our country has been a sort of *terra incognita* to the civilized world. The new

forms of society and of political constitution in America, have been the subject of the keenest foreign scrutiny. We have been obliged to be passive in the case—placed upon the table, with half a dozen surgical operators around us, who amuse themselves with our wincing. Quite surprised they are that we feel the knife so much; and the irritation of the patient they count a very good joke. Let them take our place, and they might find the difference between operating, and being operated upon. The truth is, there has been no fair exchange of blows. We read everything that is written about us; we pay that compliment to foreign criticism, and to the literature of older nations. But our productions do not obtain the same currency with them. Nor have we the same number of needy and idle gentlemen to go abroad, with an intention to pay their expenses, and put money in their pockets, by writing an entertaining story, or a clever satire upon the people they visit. Besides, is there no sensitiveness in England or France to foreign opinion? Half of the wars between those nations, have found more than half of the original prompting and long continued exasperation in the irritation occasioned by their mutual contempt. And yet they are nations standing in no peculiar position before the world, possessing a known character and established reputation, and feeling themselves entitled to return, with immediate reaction, blow for blow, and scorn for scorn.

Our situation has been different. We were a new people, under novel circumstances, rising to take our place in the society of nations.

We did not know exactly how we were to be received by the old families around us. America, though she knew that her children were essentially well-instructed and well-bred, yet felt, that they were not, perhaps, so well trained to the conventionalism and *bienséance* of the *beau monde*, and she did not like it, that Mr. John Bull—a haughty, and self-sufficient old gentleman, on the opposite shore—or that dowager old lady across the Straits of Dover, should stare superciliously, or toss the head disdainfully, when they passed by her.

Nor is this all. We are warmly attached to our political system. We have a sentiment of loyalty about it. The constitution is our king. And I hold this warm sentiment towards a mere abstraction that can confer no titles nor pensions upon us, to be quite as respectable as loyalty to a king; even without supposing what a clever English writer fancies to be true—viz. that the love of the king is only a sort of reflected self-love: being, he says, an intense pleasure in seeing a being just like themselves, clothed with such majesty—the very apotheosis of poor, common-place humanity. At any rate, I think we have a right to claim some consideration for this feeling about our political system. And it is precisely this that is both directly and indirectly attacked by our critics abroad. It is this especially that we defend, when we resist the assaults that are made upon our national character. And we think that we are bound to defend it, if anybody is; and that for higher reasons than those which concern our national reputation. We believe that it is a good system: and we, too, have set in modern times, the first example of adopting it. It is the very post, in fact, around which the war of public opinion is to rage, for a century to come; and ill would it become us to shrink from our part in the contest. Heaven grant that we may do something better than

dispute!—that we may furnish that best of arguments for the popular system, an illustration, in our own example, of its benefits!

That we may do so, I am willing to give a hearing to all reasonable admonitions from abroad. It is evident, indeed, that a new form of public opinion is rising in the world; nations are to stand at its bar. Hitherto, public opinion has acted chiefly within the boundaries of the countries and states where it has existed. It has been a most efficient and useful power, on the part of the people, to control the government, and to correct the errors of fashion or habit, that arise among themselves. But now, public opinion is travelling upon swift-winged packets, or steam vessels, and railroads, far beyond its former bounds. The facilities of communication between nations, are rapidly increasing. I believe the time is not far distant, when steam ships will pass from Halifax to Valencia in a week; and guests from New York may dine in London, and the contrary, on invitation of a fortnight's standing. Our railroads will soon stretch from New York to Boston—to Portland—to the Penobscot—and, ere long, to Halifax. With the facilities, the disposition to foreign travel will increase; and if the civilized world may be left at peace, its increasing prosperity and wealth will supply unexampled means. Nations will yet become acquainted with one another, and feel the force of each other's opinion; as districts of the same country have, in times past. It will be a mighty power, and it must be beneficial. It must act upon a broad scale, and will not be, like village opinion, a vexatious, and almost personal interference with private life. It must be mainly sound and wholesome; it cannot skulk into lanes and bypaths, like a penny newspaper; its rebuke will be flung abroad upon the winds of heaven; and no noble act of any government—none that can bear the light, need fear it. It must be powerful. Nothing stung Bonaparte to such vexation, as the London journals. So let it be. Let every unrighteous government fear something more immediate than the faint echoes of distant history. Let the outraged rights of humanity speak in thunders from every quarter of the heavens. Let a summoning voice come from the east and the west, from the north and the south, and call every ruthless despot and oppressor before THE BAR OF THE WORLD, to answer!

LIVERPOOL, *April 18.*—At the parting point, I cannot help saying that I feel ties to England, that I did not expect. It is curious, and could not have been anticipated, but I believe that one may, all in the natural course of things, make more friendships in one year abroad, than he would in ten years at home. It seems as if a thousand distrusts and difficulties were removed, as well with one's own countrymen abroad, as with strangers. From the little I have seen and from the much that I am able to infer, I feel that society in England is clothed with many, many charms. And I know individuals in this fair and blessed isle, to make whose acquaintance and friendship is well worth a voyage across the Atlantic. God bless them! Indeed, I have gone to the length of making poetry, in my enthusiasm about England. Blessings upon it!—devout and grateful, if not poetic. Britain is to me no more a notion, but a being. With farewell tears, I shall gaze upon her receding shores, and say, and for ever say, "Peace be within her gates, and prosperity in her palaces!"

April 24.—To-day I set sail for America.

April 25.—On, on, like a mighty bird, stretching her flight across the illimitable ocean, with night and tempest brooding around her dark way. Our ship is now—leaving the last point in Europe (Ireland)—striking out into the boundless deep. To-day, I laid myself down on the sunny deck, nestling myself, as it were, upon the back of this mighty bird—and as I lay, protected from the wind under the lee of the ship's side, the situation recalled those days when I had thus laid myself down on the sunny side of a hedge, over my father's fields, amidst all the strange and mysterious dreams of boyhood. But what different situations were thus connected by the chain of association! Then I reclined amidst the rustling of leaves, the fragrance of wild flowers, and the wood notes of a thousand merry songsters; and my dreams were dreams indeed—vague, fluctuating, and half unconscious—and passed over my mind like the shadows of clouds over the surrounding landscape. Those dreams passed too within a compass as limited, perhaps, and seldom, probably, stretched themselves to the Old World. Now I return a traveller from that Old World; I repose not on the solid and quiet earth, but on a frail bark that is tossed upon “the fathomless and fitful waters;” I meditate upon a wider experience; I dream upon deeper matters than before; I dream as one, many of whose dreams have turned to cold realities: and yet, so strangely, it may be, am I constituted, that the dreams of my childhood were not fresher, than my feelings and fancies, upon a thousand subjects, are now!

“Oh night,

And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong!”

But ye are not stronger than the brooding meditations and wrestling thoughts, that darken and sweep, in might and mystery, through our souls!

May 1.—This morning, as my state-room chum and myself lay conversing in our berths, and the ship fetched one of those deep lurches into the trough of the sea, that makes one feel so sensibly the depths of his stomach, “There,” I said, “what sort of a curve do you think the ship described then? was it parabolic or hyperbolic?”—alluding, of course, to the mathematical circles. “It was diabolic, I think,” said F. Pretty good, wasn’t it? But how good it was no one can tell who has not been at sea. For, truly, this sympathy with the ship is a thing indescribable. It seems as if the very fibres of your heart (or stomach, at least) were knitted to its mighty ribs. Its motions become, as it were, the motions of your whole interior being—of the very nerves, fibres, and fluids, of your entire system. Its abominable smells are the very breath of your nostrils. You become a being of tides, waves, winds, and all restless elements.

May 22.—Land! land! Were there ever four letters that expressed so much as these four? Yes, there are four letters that express more—the four that spell—HOME.

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